

November
917

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE



Beginning "The Valley
of the Giants"
by PETER B.
KYNE

"The Unardonable
Sin"
by RUPERT
HUGHES



THE MAN WHO PUT CREAM OF WHEAT ON THE CALENDAR

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How a Failure at Sixty Won Sudden Success

*From Poverty to \$40,000 a Year—
A Lesson for Old and Young Alike*

By R. D. RAINES

THE old-time millionaire "made his pue" by squeezing the pennies, by overwork and self-denial. A much bigger army of men today are piling up millions without denying themselves the comforts and little luxuries of life—by giving up poor jobs for better ones, by preserving their health and strength, and by retaining their manhood and independence all through the struggle. Theirs is a new secret and one well worth learning.

Our story is about one who learned it—an old man who got hold of some of these young ideas. If you could have met him in the summer of 1915 you would have pitied him. For forty years he had been true to the old creed—hard work, long hours, patience, faithfulness, and economy. By dint of scrimping and scraping he would save a few dollars only to have them swept away by a season of illness in his family.

And his reward? It came at sixty, when he was thrown out of employment, onto the scrap-heap.

His old-fashioned rules for winning success had failed to work. "What was wrong with them or with him?" He reviewed, one by one, the careers of some of his old business associates who had prospered. A suspicion entered his mind. He turned his attention to several young men who were forging rapidly to the front. Suspicion became conviction. In one respect all those men were identically alike. The climbing youngsters and the prosperous oldsters were strong-willed fellows of determined purpose. It was almost amusing, the way he and others of his kind scurried to get out of the way of these men whenever they set out to accomplish any purpose.

Slowly the full truth came to him. Success was not a matter of age. It was not luck. It was not even a matter of opportunity. It was simply a question of dominating will power—determination that brooks no interference, commands respect, and easily leaps all obstacles.

Somewhere, lying dormant within him like an unused muscle, he too possessed a will. He knew it. He would uncover it. He would exercise and train it and put it to work. For a long time he had believed he could make a success in a certain line of manufacturing. He had some new ideas about it. But he had never been bold enough to even mention his thoughts

to others. Now he sought out some business friends. Instead of begging a small loan with which to pay his rent, he presented and explained his plans for launching a business of his own. His friends' first response was to smile. But as they listened they were struck by a new note in the old man's voice, a new self-confident poise in his bearing; his tone was magnetic, compelling; his argument sound and convincing. This gentleman was not to be denied.

In two days he raised \$600 capital for his plant. Three days later his little factory was in operation. In three months he repaid every penny of the loan and at the end of one year his books showed profits of \$20,000, and his second year's operations promise \$35,000 to \$40,000 more.

A better understanding of the tremendous power of the human will as a force in business and in fortune building may be had by studying the successes of any of our big money makers.

Interesting and inspiring are several cases that have come to my personal attention, because the same methods are open to us all no matter how young or how old we may be.

One is that of a man who was \$6,000 in debt three years ago. Since then he has accumulated \$200,000 without speculating and today is earning \$1,000 a week. He is only one of many who frankly credit their good fortune to Prof. Frank Channing Haddock and his very remarkable book, "Power of Will." Another is a young man who worked in a big factory. One day he met Mr. W. M. Taylor, the noted efficiency expert, who advised him to read "Power of Will." He did so, applied himself to the training of his will, and in less than one year his salary was increased to more than eight times what he had been earning.

Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. After his first examination of Prof. Haddock's methods and lessons in will power development, as published in "Power of Will," he told the author that they would be worth \$3,000 to \$30,000 to him.

Another man, Dr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from \$40 a week to \$150 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. Will power training by Haddock's system has

enabled thousands to conquer drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

In this new book Prof. Haddock, whose name ranks with Bergson, James, and Royce in the scientific world, has given to the world for the first time a practical, simple system of rules and exercise for will power training that has completely revolutionized the lives of thousands of people. For the will is just as susceptible to exercise and training as any muscle of the body.

"Power of Will" is being distributed by the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn. Any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money. If, after five days, you do not feel that this book is worth the \$3 asked for it, return it and you will owe nothing.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the key to wealth and achievement. But intelligent men and women will investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk.

Among the 200,000 owners who have read, used, and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvey of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others equally prominent.

As a first step in will training, act on your present impulse to write a letter or address this coupon to the Pelton Publishing Company, 31-T Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life. Do not hesitate.

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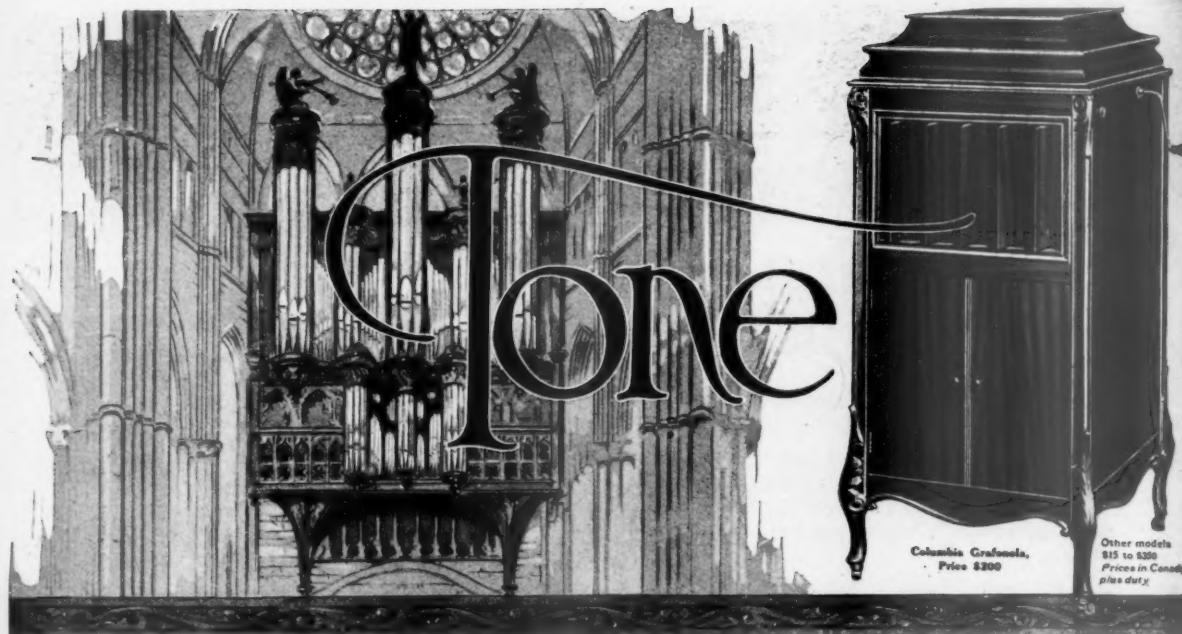
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Volume XXX
No. 1

NOVEMBER
1917

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

The Three Best Serial Novels of the Year

<i>The Valley of the Giants</i>	By Peter B. Kyne	23 1000
Illustrated by Dean Cornwell		
<i>The Unpardonable Sin</i>	By Rupert Hughes	50 1500
Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg		
<i>The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow</i>	By Anna Katharine Green	82 1025
Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger		

The Ten Best Short Stories of the Month

<i>The Guest of Honor</i>	By Meredith Nicholson	31 4000
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<i>High Speed</i>	By Joseph Hergesheimer	37 600
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<i>The Last Night</i>	By Ring W. Lardner	95 300
Illustrated by F. Fox		

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ADVERTISING FORMS close the 24th of the second preceding month (December forms close October 24th). Advertising rates on application.

THE RED BOOK CORPORATION, Publisher, North American Bldg., CHICAGO
LOUIS ECKSTEIN, President CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager

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Do not subscribe to THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally, or you may find yourself defrauded. Many complaints are received from people who have paid cash to some swindler, in which event, of course, the subscription never reaches this office.

RALPH K. STRASSMAN, Advertising Manager, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York.
E. M. PURVIS, New England Representative, 201 Devonshire St., Boston.
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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE is issued on the twenty-third of the month preceding its date, and is for sale by all newsdealers after that time. In the event of failure to obtain copies at news-stands, or on railway trains, a notification to the Publisher will be appreciated.



Everybody in our house uses Hinds ^{Honey and Almond} Cream

It is no longer a luxury but an *actual necessity* because of the many ways in which it contributes to the comfort and health and happiness of the entire household.—Nor is it expensive. The regular bottle will last a long time if only enough cream is applied to moisten the skin. The Cold Cream should be used in the same way.

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Hinds Cream Specialties are selling everywhere, or will be mailed postpaid from Laboratory

Hinds Cream, bottles, 50c. Talcum Powder, 25c
Cold Cream, tubes, 25c; jars, 50c. Soap, 5c, 10c, 25c

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GRACE CUNARD
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in "Rambler Rose"
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Film Play Star

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Film Play Star

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Film Play Star
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in "Pom Pom"
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Film Play Star
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ADELE De GARDE

Film Play Star

Photograph by National Studios, New York

AMERICAN FICTION, FOR AMERICANS, BY AMERICANS

THE novel which Peter B. Kyne always has wanted to write begins in this issue. "The Valley of the Giants" is an outdoor story, filled with the romance of Big Business, love and battle, with the piny odor of the redwood forests in each sheet of manuscript. One hears the cry of "Timber-r-r!" and the crash of trees twenty feet in diameter; one meets in its pages section bosses, swampers, bridge-builders, powder-men, sailors, stevedores, timber-cruisers—all manner of men, and follows as entrancing a love story as ever was written. Its characters are taken from a battle of lumber-kings in which Mr. Kyne himself played an important rôle.

No living man knows the redwood country better than Peter B. Kyne; no living writer tells a story better. The combination has produced a novel which should live.

"The Valley of the Giants" is an excellent companion-serial for Rupert Hughes' tremendously vital "The Unpardonable Sin." Two stories more widely different could scarcely be imagined. Yet they have one great point of resemblance. Each story was written because the author found in the subject the greatest inspiration of his life. Mr. Kyne became a writer because he felt an overwhelming urge adequately to write this drama. Mr. Hughes discarded another novel after he had got well started in it, because he could not resist the call to present the graphic story of two American women trapped in Belgium at the outbreak of the war.

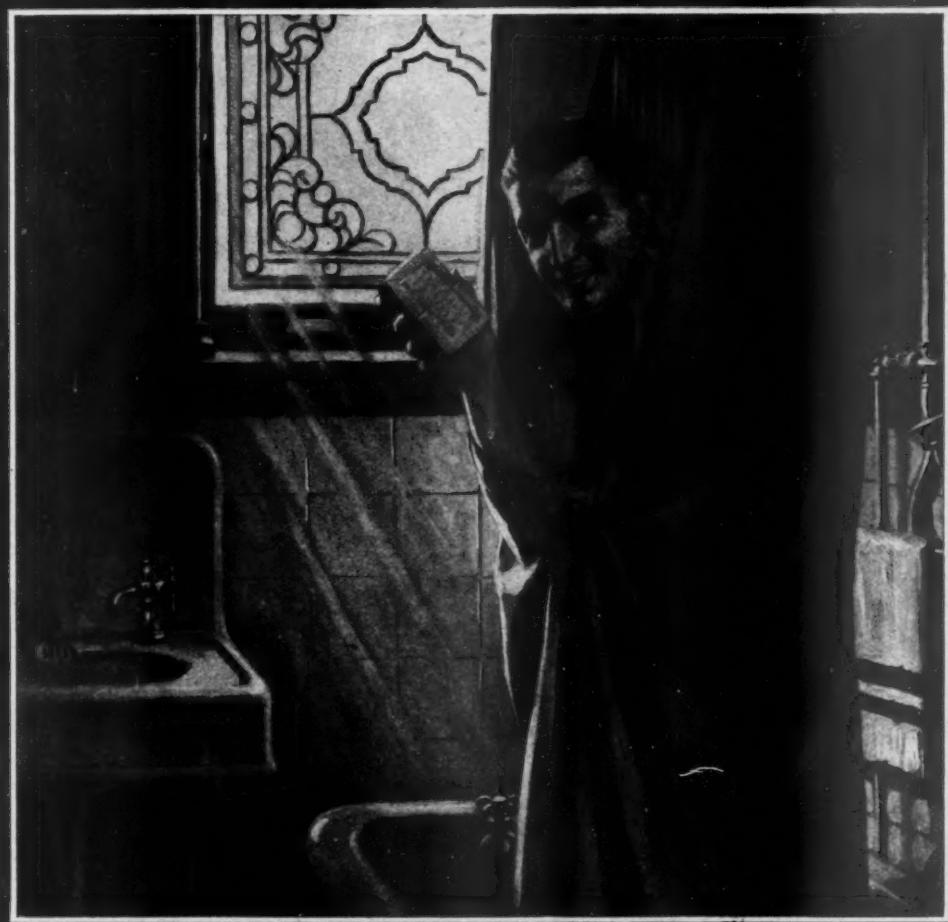
This is American fiction, for Americans, by Americans, fiction with real thought and purpose behind it—the best work of the best writers.

In this issue you find distinguished short stories by Meredith Nicholson, Joseph Hergesheimer, Opie Read, Ring W. Lardner, Peter Clark Macfarlane, Ida M. Evans, Alexander Hull, Freeman Tilden and the first story in a new series by the author of the Boston Blackie stories.

In the next—the December—issue, we will publish the first of the fine short stories Emerson Hough, author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Great Adventure," "The Broken Gate," "54-40 or Fight" and "The House Next Door," has written for you. In "The Good Scout," Mr. Hough tells of the sacrifice of a woman of the business world, the sort of woman who deserved the name, "a good scout." M. Leone Bracker, the illustrator, has caught the spirit of the story in a remarkable set of illustrations.

This will be one of ten short-story features. The best work of the best writers throughout the issue!

As with the copy you now hold in your hands, the December number of The Red Book Magazine, on sale November 23rd, will be the best buy on the news-stands at any price.

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NOVEMBER, 1917
Vol. XXX, No. 1

THE
RED Book
MAGAZINE

RAY LONG,
Editor

The
VALLEY
of the
GIANTS



A
New Novel
by
PETER
B. KYNE

Who Wrote
"A Man's Man"
and the famous
"Gappy Ricks"
stories

Illustrated by DEAN CORNWELL

IN the summer of 1850 a topsail schooner slipped into the cove under Trinidad Head and dropped anchor at the edge of the kelp-fields. Fifteen minutes later her small-boat deposited on the beach a man armed with a long squirrel-rifle and an ax, and carrying food and clothing in a brown canvas pack. From the beach he watched the boat return and saw the schooner weigh anchor and stand out to sea before the northwest trades. When she had disappeared from his ken, he swung his pack to his broad and powerful back and strode resolutely into the timber at the mouth of a little river.

The man was John Cardigan; in that lonely, hostile land Copyrighted, 1917, by The Red Book Corporation. All rights reserved.

he was the first pioneer. This is the tale of Cardigan and Cardigan's son, for in his chosen land the pioneer leader in the gigantic task of hewing a path for civilization was to know the bliss of woman's love and of parenthood, and the sorrow that comes of the loss of a perfect mate; he was to know the tremendous joy of accomplishment and worldly success after infinite labor; and in the sunset of life he was to know the dull despair of failure and ruin. Because of these things there is a tale to be told, the tale of Cardigan's son, who when his sire fell in the fray, took up the fight to save his heritage—a tale of life with its love and hate, its battle, victory, defeat, labor, joy and sorrow, a tale of that unconquerable spirit of youth which

The Valley of the Giants

spurred Bryce Cardigan to lead a forlorn hope for the sake not of wealth but of an ideal. Hark, then, to this tale of Cardigan's redwoods:

Along the coast of California, through the secrete valleys and over the tumbled foothills of the Coast Range, extends a belt of timber of an average width of thirty miles. In approaching it from the Oregon line the first tree looms suddenly against the horizon—an outpost, as it were, of the host of giants whose column stretches south nearly four hundred miles to where the last of the rear-guard maintains eternal sentry-go on the crest of the mountains overlooking Monterey Bay. Far in the interior of the State, beyond the fertile San Joaquin Valley, the allies of this vast army hold a small sector on the west slope of the Sierras.

These are the redwood forests of California, the only trees of their kind in the world and indigenous only to these two areas within the State. The coast timber is known botanically as *sequoia sempervirens*, that in the interior as *sequoia gigantea*. As the name indicates, the latter is the larger species of the two, although the fiber of the timber is coarser and the wood softer and consequently less valuable commercially than the *sequoia sempervirens*—which in Santa Cruz, San Mateo, Marin and Sonoma counties has been almost wholly logged off, because of its accessibility. In northern Mendocino, Humboldt and Del Norte counties, however, sixty years of logging seems scarcely to have left a scar upon this vast body of timber. Notwithstanding sixty years of attrition, there remain in this section of the redwood belt thousands upon thousands of acres of virgin timber that had already attained a vigorous growth when

inevitable death at the hands of the woodsman.

John Cardigan settled in Humboldt county, where the *sequoia sempervirens* attains the pinnacle of its glory, and with the lust for conquest hot in his blood, he filed upon a

She was a big, Bath-built clipper, and her master a widower with one daughter who had come with him around the Horn.



Christ was crucified. In their vast, somber recesses, with the sunlight filtering through their branches two hundred and fifty feet above, one hears no sound save the tremendous diapason of the silence of the ages; here, more forcibly than elsewhere in the universe, is one reminded of the littleness of man and the glory of his Creator.

In sizes ranging from five to twenty feet in diameter, the brown trunks rise perpendicularly to a height of from ninety to a hundred and fifty feet before putting forth a single limb, which frequently is more massive than the growth which men call a tree in the forests of Michigan. Scattered between the giants, like subjects around their king, one finds noble fir, spruce or pines, with some Valparaiso live oak, black oak, pepper-wood, madrone, yew and cedar.

In May and June, when the twisted and cowering madrone trees are putting forth their clusters of creamy buds, when the white blossoms of the dogwoods line the banks of little streams, when the azaleas and rhododendrons, lovely and delicate as orchids, blaze a bed of glory, and the modest little oxalis has thrust itself up through the brown carpet of pine-needles and redwood-twigs, these wonderful forests cast upon one a potent spell. To have seen them once thus in gala dress is to yearn thereafter to see them again and still again and grieve always in the knowledge of their

quarter-section of the timber almost on the shore of Humboldt Bay—land upon which a city subsequently was to be built. With his double-bit ax and crosscut saw John Cardigan brought the first of the redwood giants crashing to the earth above which it had towered for twenty centuries, and in the form of split posts, railroad ties, pickets and shakes, the fallen giant was hauled to tidewater in ox-drawn wagons and shipped to San Francisco in the little two-masted coasting schooners of the period. Here, by the abominable magic of barter and trade, the dismembered tree was transmuted into dollars and cents and returned to Humboldt County to assist John Cardigan in his task of hewing an empire out of a wilderness.

At a period in the history of California when the treasures of the centuries were to be had for the asking or the taking, John Cardigan chose that which others elected to cast away. For him the fertile wheat- and fruit-lands of California's smiling valleys, the dull placer gold in her foot-hill streams, and the free grass, knee deep, on her cattle- and sheep-ranges held no lure; for he had been first among the Humboldt redwoods and had come

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under the spell of the vastness and antiquity, the majesty and promise of these epics of a planet. He was a big man with a great heart and the soul of a dreamer, and in such a land as this it was fitting he should take his stand.

In that wasteful day a timber-claim was not looked upon as valuable. The price of a quarter-section was a pittance in cash and a brief residence in a cabin constructed on the claim as evidence of good faith to a government none too exacting in the restrictions with which it hedged about its careless dissipation of the heritage of posterity. Hence, because redwood timber-claims were easy to acquire, many men acquired them; but when the lure of greener pastures gripped these men and the necessity for ready money oppressed, they were wont to sell their holdings for a few hundred dollars. Gradually it became the fashion in Humboldt to "unload" redwood timber-claims on thrifty, farseeing, visionary John Cardigan, who appeared to be always in the market for any claim worth while.

Cardigan was a shrewd judge of stumpage; with the calm certitude of a prophet he looked over township after township and cunningly checkerboarded it with his holdings. Notwithstanding the fact that hillside timber is the best, John Cardigan in those days preferred to buy valley timber, for he was looking forward to the day when the timber on the watersheds should become available. He knew that when such timber should be cut it would have to be hauled out through the valleys where his untouched holdings formed an impenetrable barrier to the exit! Before long the owners of timber on the watersheds would come to realize this and sell to John Cardigan at a reasonable price.

Time passed. John Cardigan no longer swung an ax or dragged a crosscut saw

It was a tiny mill, judged by present-day standards, for in a fourteen-hour working day John Cardigan and his men could not cut more than twenty thousand feet of lumber. Nevertheless, when Cardigan looked at his mill, his great heart would swell with pride. Built on tidewater and at the mouth of a large slough in the waters of which he stored the logs his woods-crew cut and peeled for the bullwhackers to haul with ox-teams down a mile-long skid-road, vessels could come to Cardigan's mill dock to load and lie safely in twenty feet of water at low tide. Also this dock was sufficiently far up the bay to be sheltered from the heavy seas that rolled in from Humboldt Bar, while the level land that stretched inland to the timber-line constituted the only logical townsite on the bay.

"Here," said John Cardigan to himself exultingly when a long-drawn wail told him his circular saw was biting into the first redwood log to be milled since the world began, "I shall build a city and call it Sequoia. By to-morrow I shall have cut sufficient timber to make a start. First I shall build for my employees better homes than the rude shacks and tent-houses they now occupy; then I shall build myself a fine residence with six rooms, and the room that faces on the bay shall be the parlor. When I can afford it, I shall build a larger mill, employ more men and build more houses. I shall encourage tradesmen to set up in business in Sequoia, and to my city I shall present a church and a schoolhouse. We shall have a volunteer fire-department, and if God is good, I shall, at a later date, get out some long-length fir-timber and build a schooner to freight my lumber to market. And she shall have three masts instead of two, and carry half a million feet of lumber instead of two hundred thousand. First, however, I must build a steam tugboat to tow my schooner in and out over Humboldt Bar. And after that—ah, well! That is sufficient for the present."

CHAPTER II

THUS did John Cardigan dream, and as he dreamed he worked. The city of Sequoia was born with the Argonaut's six-room mansion of rough redwood boards and a dozen three-room cabins with lean-to kitchens; and the tradespeople came when John Cardigan, with something of the largeness of his own redwood trees, gave them ground and lumber in order to encourage the building of their enterprises. Also the dream of the schoolhouse and the church came true, as did the steam tugboat and the schooner with three masts. The mill was enlarged until it could cut forty thousand feet on a twelve-hour shift, and a planer and machines for making rustic siding and tongued-and-grooved flooring and ceiling were installed. More ox-teams appeared upon the skid-road, which was longer now; the cry of "Timber-r-r!" and the thunderous roar of a falling redwood grew fainter and fainter as the forest receded from the bay shore, and at last the whine of the saws silenced these sounds forever in Sequoia.

At forty John Cardigan was younger than most men at thirty, albeit he worked fourteen hours a day, slept eight and consumed the remaining two at his meals. But through all those fruitful years of toil he had still found time to dream, and the spell of the redwoods had lost none of its potency. He was still checkerboarding the forested townships with his adverse holdings—the key-positions to the timber in back of beyond, which some day should come to his hand. Also he had competition now: other sawmills dotted the bay shore; other three-masted schooners carried Humboldt redwood to the world beyond the bar, over which they were escorted by other and more powerful steam-tugs. This competition John

through a fallen redwood. He was an employer of labor now, well known in San Francisco as a manufacturer of split-redwood

products, the purchasers sending their own schooners for the cargo. And presently John Cardigan mortgaged all of his timber holdings with a San Francisco bank, made a heap of his winnings and like a true adventurer staked his all on a new venture—the first sawmill in Humboldt County. The timbers for it were hewed out by hand; the boards and planking were whipsawed.

Cardigan welcomed and enjoyed, however, for he had been first in Humboldt, and the townsite and a mile of tidelands fronting on deep water were his; hence each incoming adventurer merely helped his dream of a city to come true.

AT forty-two Cardigan was the first mayor of Sequoia. At forty-four he was standing on his dock one day, watching his tug kick into her berth the first square-rigged ship that had ever come to Humboldt Bay to load a cargo of clear redwood for foreign delivery. She was a big, Bath-built clipper, and her master a lusty down-Easter, a widower with one daughter who had come with him around the Horn. John Cardigan saw this girl come up on the quarter-deck and stand by with a heaving-line in her hand; calmly she fixed her glance upon him, and as the ship was shunted in closer to the dock, she made the cast to Cardigan. He caught the light heaving-line, hauled in the heavy Manila stern-line to which it was attached and slipped the loop of the mooring-cable over the dolphin at the end of the dock.

"Some men wanted aft here to take up the slack of the stern-line on the windlass, sir," he shouted to the skipper, who was walking around on top of the house. "That girl can't haul her in alone."

"Can't. I'm short-handed," the skipper replied. "Jump aboard and help her."

Cardigan made a long leap from the dock to the ship's rail, balanced there lightly a moment and sprang to the deck. He passed the bight of the stern-line in a triple loop around the drum of the windlass, and without awaiting his instructions, the girl grasped the slack of the line and prepared to walk away with it as the rope paid in on the windlass. Cardigan inserted a belaying-pin in the windlass, paused and looked at the girl. "Raise a chantey," he suggested. Instantly she lifted a sweet contralto in that rollicking old ballad of the sea—"Blow the Men Down."

For tinkers and tailors and lawyers and all,
Way! Aye! Blow the men down!
They ship for real sailors aboard the *Black Ball*,
Give me some time to blow the men down.

Round the windlass Cardigan walked, steadily and easily, and the girl's eyes widened in wonder as he did the work of three powerful men. When the ship had been warped in and the slack of the line made fast on the bitts, she said:

"Please run for'd and help my father with the bowlines. You're worth three foremast hands. Indeed, I didn't expect to see a sailor on this dock."

"I had to come around the Horn to get here, Miss," he explained, "and when a man hasn't money to pay for his passage, he needs must work it."

"I'm the second mate," she explained. "We had a succession of gales from the Falklands to the Evangelistas, and there the mate got her in irons and she took three big ones over the taffrail and cost us eight men. Working short-handed, we couldn't get any canvas on her to speak of—long voyage, you know, and the rest of the crew got scurvy."

"You're a brave girl," he told her.

"And you're a first-class A. B.," she replied. "If you're looking for a berth, my father will be glad to ship you."

"Sorry, but I can't go," he called as he turned toward the companion ladder. "I'm Cardigan, and I own this saw-mill and must stay here and look after it."

There was a light, exultant feeling in his middle-aged heart as he scampered along the deck. The girl had wonderful dark auburn hair and brown eyes, with a milk-white skin that sun and wind had sought in vain to blemish. And for all her girlhood she was a woman—bred from a face (his own people) to whom danger and despair merely furnished a tonic for their courage. What a mate for a man! And she had looked at him proudly.

THEY were married before the ship was loaded, and on a knoll of the logged-over lands back of the town and commanding a view of the bay, with the dark-forested hills in back and the little second-growth redwoods flourishing in the front yard, he built her the finest home in Sequoia. He had reserved this building-site in a vague hope that some day he might utilize it for this very purpose, and here he spent with her three wonderfully happy years. Here his son Bryce was born, and here, two days later, the new-made mother made the supreme sacrifice of maternity.

For half a day following the destruction of his Eden, John Cardigan sat dumbly beside his wife, his great, hard hand caressing the auburn head whose every thought for three years had been his happiness and comfort. Then the doctor came to him and mentioned the matter of funeral arrangements.

Cardigan looked up at him blankly. "Funeral arrangements?" he murmured. "Funeral arrangements?" He passed his gnarled hand over his leonine head. "Ah, yes, I suppose so. I shall attend to it."

He rose and left the house, walking with bowed head out of Sequoia, up the abandoned and decaying skid-road through the second-growth redwoods to the dark green bim that marked the old timber. It was May, and Nature was renewing herself, for spring comes late in Humboldt County. From an alder thicket a pompous cock grouse boomed intermittently; the valley quail, in pairs, were busy about their household affairs; from a clump of manzanita a buck watched John Cardigan curiously. On past the landing where the big bull donkey-engine stood (for with the march of progress, the logging donkey-engine had replaced the ox-teams, while the logs were hauled out of the woods to the landing by means of a mile-long steel cable, and there loaded on the flat-cars of a logging railroad to be hauled to the mill and dumped in the log-boom) he went, up the skid-road recently swamped from the landing to the down timber where the crosscut men and bark-peelers were at work, on into the green timber where the woods-boss and his men were chopping.

"Come with me, McTavish," he said to his woods-boss. They passed through a narrow gap between two low hills and emerged in a long, narrow valley where the redwood grew thickly and where the smallest tree was not less than fifteen feet in diameter and two hundred and fifty feet tall. McTavish followed at the master's heels as they penetrated this grove, making their way with difficulty through the underbrush until they came at length to a little amphitheater, a clearing perhaps a hundred feet in diameter, oval-shaped and surrounded by a wall of redwoods of such dimensions that even McTavish, who was no stranger to these natural marvels, was struck with wonder. The ground in this little amphitheater was covered to a depth of a foot with brown, withered little redwood twigs to which the dead leaves still clung, while up through this aromatic covering delicate maidenhair ferns and oxalis had thrust themselves. Between the huge brown barks of the redwoods, woodwardia grew riotously, while through the great branches of these sentinels of the ages the sunlight filtered. Against the prevailing twilight of the surrounding forest it descended like a halo, and where it struck the ground, John Cardigan paused.

"McTavish," he said, "she died this morning."

"I'm sore distressed for you, sir," the woods-boss answered. "We'd a whisper in the camp yesterday that the lass was like to be in a bad way."

Cardigan scuffed with his foot a clear space in the brown litter. "Take two men from the section-gang, McTavish," he ordered, "and have them dig her grave here; then swamp a trail through the underbrush and out to the donkey-landing, so we can carry her in. The funeral will be private."

McTavish nodded. "Any further orders, sir?"



A rugged wilderness, widely diversified and transcendently beautiful. . . . "What a perfectly glorious country!" she exclaimed. "Yes," Bryce Cardigan replied abstractedly, "it's a he country; I love it, and I'm glad to get back to it."

"Yes. When you come to that little gap in the hills, cease your logging and bear off yonder." He waved his hand. "I'm not going to cut the timber in this valley. You see, McTavish, what it is. The trees here—ah, man, I haven't the heart to destroy God's most wonderful handiwork. Besides, she loved this spot, McTavish, and she called the valley her Valley of the Giants. I—I gave it to her for a wedding present, because she had a bit of a dream that some day the town I started would grow up to yonder gap, and when that time came and we could afford it, 'twas in her mind to give her Valley of the Giants to Sequoia for a city park, all hidden away here and unsuspected.

"She loved it, McTavish. It pleased her to come here with me; she'd make up a lunch of her own cooking, and I would catch trout in the stream by the dogwoods yonder and fry the fish for her. Sometimes I'd barbecue a venison steak and—well, 'twas our playhouse, McTavish, and I who am no longer young—I who never played until I met her—I—I'm a bit foolish, I fear, but I found rest and comfort here, McTavish, even before I met her, and I'm thinking I'll have to

come here often
for the same.
She—she was a
very superior
woman, Mc-
Tavish—very
superior. Ah,
man, the soul of
her! I cannot
bear that her body
should rest in
Sequoia ceme-
tery, along with the
rag, tag and bobtail
o' the town. She was
like this sunbeam, McTav-
ish. She—she—"

"Aye," murmured McTavish huskily. "I ken. Ye wouldna gie her a common or a public spot in which to wait for ye. An' ye'll be shuttin' down the mill an' loggin'-camps an' layin' off the hands in her honor for a bit?"

"Until after the funeral, McTavish. And tell your men they'll be paid for the lost time. That will be all, lad."

When McTavish was gone, John Cardigan sat down on a small sugar-pine windfall, his head held slightly to one side while he listened to that which in the redwoods is not sound but rather the absence of it. And as he listened, he absorbed a subtle comfort from those huge brown trees, so emblematic of immortality; in the thought he grew closer to his Maker, and presently found that peace which he sought. Love such as theirs could never die. . . . The tears came at last.

At sundown he walked home bearing an armful of rhododendrons and dogwood blossoms, which he arranged in the room where she lay. Then he sought the nurse who had attended her.

"I'd like to hold my son," he said gently. "May I?"

She brought him the baby and placed it in his great arms that trembled so; he sat down and gazed long and earnestly at this flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood. "You'll have her hair and skin and eyes," he murmured. "My son, my son, I shall love you so, for now I must love for two. Sorrow I shall keep from you, please God, and happiness and worldly comfort shall I leave you when I go to her." He nuzzled his grizzled cheek against the baby's face. "Just you and my trees," he whispered, "—just you and my trees to help me hang on to a plucky finish."

For love and paternity had come to him late in life, and so had his first great sorrow; wherefore, since he was not accustomed to these heritages of all flesh, he would have to

adjust himself to the change. But his son and his trees—ah, yes, they would help. And he would gather more redwoods now!

CHAPTER III

A YOUNG half-breed Digger woman, who had suffered the loss of the latest of her numerous progeny two days prior to Mrs. Cardigan's death, was installed in the house on the knoll as nurse to John Cardigan's son, whom he called Bryce, the family name of his mother's people. A Mrs. Tully, widow of Cardigan's first engineer in the mill, was engaged as housekeeper and cook; and with his domestic establishment reorganized along these simple lines, John Cardigan turned with added eagerness to his business affairs, hoping between them and his boy to salvage as much as possible from what seemed to him, in the first pangs of his loneliness and desolation, the wreckage of his life.



While Bryce was in swaddling clothes, he was known only to those females of Sequoia to whom his half-breed foster mother proudly exhibited him when taking him abroad for an airing in his perambulator. With his advent into rompers, however, and the assumption of his American prerogative of free speech, his father developed the habit of bringing the child down to the mill office, to which he added a playroom that connected with his private office. Hence, prior to his second birthday, Bryce divined that his father was closer to him than motherly Mrs. Tully or the half-breed girl, albeit the housekeeper sang to him the lullabys that mothers know, while the Digger girl, improvising blank verse peans of praise and prophecy, crooned them to her charge in the unmusical monotone of her tribal tongue. His father, on the contrary, wasted no time in singing, but would toss him to the ceiling or set him astride his foot and swing him until he screamed in ecstasy. Moreover his father took him on wonderful journeys which no other member of the household had even suggested. Together they were wont to ride to and from the woods in the cab of the logging locomotive, and once they both got on the log carriage in the mill with Dan Keyes, the head sawyer, and had a jolly ride up to the saw and back again, up and back again until the log had been completely sawed; and because he had refrained from crying aloud when the greedy saw bit into the log with a shrill whine, Dan Keyes had given him a nickel to put in his tin bank.

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Of all their adventures together, however, those which occurred on their frequent excursions up to the Valley of the Giants impressed themselves imperishably upon Bryce's memory. How well he remembered their first trip, when, seated astride his father's shoulders with his sturdy little legs around Cardigan's neck and his chubby little hands clasping the old man's ears, they had gone up the abandoned skid-road and into the semidarkness of the forest, terminating suddenly in a shower of sunshine that fell in an open space where a boy could roll and play and never get dirty. Also there were several dozen gray squirrels there waiting to climb on his shoulder and search his pockets for pine-nuts, a supply of which his father always furnished.

Bryce always looked

those frequent
"to the place where
heaven." From

forward with eagerness to trips with his father Mother dear went to his perch on his

seemingly content to maintain a steady, dependable average in all things. He had his mother's dark auburn hair, brown eyes and fair white skin, and quite early in life he gave promise of being as large and powerful a man as his father.

Bryce's boyhood was much the same as that of other lads in Sequoia, save that in the matter of toys and, later, guns, fishing-rods, dogs and ponies he was a source of envy to his fellows. After his tenth year his father placed him on the mill pay-roll, and on pay-day he was wont to line up with the mill-crew to receive his modest stipend of ten dollars for carrying in kindling to the cook in the mill kitchen each day after school.

This otherwise needless arrangement was old Cardigan's way of teaching his boy financial responsibility. All that he possessed he had worked for, and he wanted his son to grow up with the business, to realize that he was a part of it with definite duties connected with it devolving upon him—duties which he must never shirk if he was to retain

the rich redwood heritage his father had been so eagerly storing up for him.

When Bryce

Cardigan
was about fourteen
years old, there oc-

curred an important event in his life. In a commendable effort

to increase his income, he had laid out a small vegetable garden in the rear of his father's house, and here on a Saturday morning, while down on his knees weeding carrots, he chanced to look up and discovered a young lady gazing at him through the picket fence. She was a few years his junior, and a stranger in Sequoia. Ensued the following conversation:

"Hello, little boy."

"Hello yourself! I aint a little boy."

She ignored the correction. "What are you doing?"

"Weedin' carrots. Can't you see?"

"What for?"

Bryce, highly incensed at having been designated a little boy by this superior damsel, saw his opportunity to silence her. "Cat's fur for kitten breeches," he retorted—without any evidence of originality, we must confess. Whereat she stung him to the heart with a sweet smile and promptly sang for him this ancient ballad of childhood:

"What are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of?

Snakes and snails,

And puppy dog's tails,

And that's what little boys are made of."

Bryce knew the second verse and shriveled inwardly in anticipation of being informed that little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice. Realizing that he had begun something which might not terminate with credit to himself, he hung his head and for the space of several minutes gave all his attention to his crop. And presently the visitor spoke again.

"I like your hair, little boy. It's a pretty red."

That settled the issue between them. To be hailed as little boy was bad enough, but to be reminded of his crowning misfortune was adding insult to injury. He rose and cautiously approached the fence with the intention of pinching the impudent stranger, suddenly and surreptitiously, and sending her away weeping. As his hand crept between the palings on its wicked mission, the little miss looked at him in friendly fashion and queried:

"What's your name?"

Bryce's hand hesitated. "Bryce Cardigan," he answered gruffly.

"I'm Shirley Sumner," she ventured. "Let's be friends."

"Hear me, stranger," warned Bill Henderson. "When you know John Cardigan as well as I do, you'll change your tune. He doesn't bluff."

father's shoulders he could look vast distances into the underbrush and catch glimpses of the wild life therein; when the last nut had been distributed to the squirrels in the clearing, he would follow a flash of blue that was a jay high up among the evergreen branches, or a flash of red that was a woodpecker hammering a home in the bark of a sugar-pine. Eventually, however, the spell of the forest would creep over the child; intuitively he would become one with the all-pervading silence, climb into his father's arms as the latter sat dreaming on the old sugar-pine windfall and presently drop off to sleep.

When Bryce was six years old, his father sent him to the public school in Sequoia with the children of his loggers and mill-hands, thus laying the foundation for a democratic education all too infrequent with the sons of men rated as millionaires. At night old Cardigan (for so men had now commenced to designate him) would hear his boy's lessons, taking the while an immeasurable delight in watching the lad's mind develop. As a pupil Bryce was not meteoric; he had his father's patient, unexcitable nature; and like the old man, he possessed the glorious gift of imagination. Never mediocre, he was never especially brilliant, but was

"When did you come to live in Sequoia?" he demanded.

"I don't live here. I'm just visiting here with my aunt and uncle. We're staying at the hotel, and there's nobody to play with. My uncle's name is Pennington. So's my aunt's. He's out here buying timber, and we live in Michigan. Do you know the capital of Michigan?"

"Of course I do," he answered. "The capital of Michigan is Chicago."

"Oh, you big stupid! It isn't. It's Detroit."

"Taint neither. It's Chicago."

"I live there—so I guess I ought to know. So there!"

Bryce was vanquished, and an acute sense of his imperfections in matters geographical inclined him to end the argument. "Well, maybe you're right," he admitted grudgingly. "Anyhow, what difference does it make?"

She did not answer. Evidently she was desirous of avoiding an argument if possible. Her gaze wandered past Bryce to where his Indian pony stood with her head out the window of her box-stall, contemplating her master.

"Oh, what a dear little horse!" Shirley Sumner exclaimed. "Whose is he?"

"Taint a he. It's a she. And she belongs to me."

"Do you ride her?"

"Not very often now. I'm getting too heavy for her, so Dad's bought me a horse that weighs nine hundred pounds. Midget only weighs five hundred." He considered her a moment while she gazed in awe upon this man with two horses. "Can you ride a pony?" he asked, for no reason that he was aware of.

She sighed, shaking her head resignedly. "We haven't any room to keep a pony at our house in Detroit," she explained, and added hopefully: "But I'd love to have a ride on Midget. I suppose I could learn to ride if somebody taught me how."

He looked at her again. At that period of his existence he was inclined to regard girls as a necessary evil. For some immutable reason they existed, and perforce must be borne with, and it was his hope that he would get through life and see as little as possible of the exasperating sex. Nevertheless, as Bryce surveyed this winsome miss through the palings, he was sensible of a sneaking desire to find favor in her eyes—also equally sensible of the fact that the path to that desirable end lay between himself and Midget. He swelled with the importance of one who knows he controls a delicate situation.

"Well, I suppose if you want a ride I'll have to give it to you," he grumbled, "although I'm mighty busy this morning."

"Oh, I think you're *so* nice," she declared.

A thrill shot through him that was akin to pain; with difficulty did he restrain an impulse to dash wildly into the stable and saddle Midget in furious haste. Instead he walked to the barn slowly and with extreme dignity. When he reappeared, he was leading Midget, a little silver-point runt of a Klamath Indian pony, and Moses, a sturdy pinto cayuse from the cattle ranges over in Trinity County. "I'll have to ride with you," he announced. "Can't let a tenderfoot like you go out alone on Midget."

All aflutter with delightful anticipation, the young lady climbed up on the gate and scrambled into the saddle when Bryce swung the pony broadside to the gate. Then he adjusted the stirrups to fit her, passed a hair rope from Midget's little hackamore to the pom-

mel of Moses' saddle, mounted the pinto and proceeded with his first adventure as a riding-master. Two hours of his valuable time did he give that morning before the call of duty brought him back to the house and his neglected crop of carrots. When he suggested tactfully, however, that it was now necessary that his guest and Midget separate, a difficulty arose. Shirley Sumner refused point blank to leave the premises. She liked Bryce for his hair and because he had been kind to her; she was a stranger in Sequoia, and now that she had found an agreeable companion, it was far from her intention to desert him.

So Miss Sumner stayed and helped Bryce weed his carrots, and since as a voluntary laborer she was at least worth her board, at noon Bryce brought her in to Mrs. Tully with a request for luncheon. When he went to the mill to carry in the kindling for the cook,

the young lady returned rather sorrowfully to the Hotel Sequoia, with a fervent promise to see him the next day. She did, and Bryce took her for a long ride up into the Valley of the Giants and showed her his mother's grave. The gray squirrels were there, and Bryce gave Shirley a bag of pine-nuts to feed them. Then they put some flowers on the grave, and when they returned to town and Bryce was unsaddling the ponies,

Shirley drew Midget's nose down to her and kissed it. Then she commenced to weep rather violently.

"What are you crying about?" Bryce demanded. Girls were so hard to understand.

"I'm go-going h-h-h-home to-morrow," she howled.

He was stricken with dismay and bade her desist from her vain

Beyond a doubt George Sea Otter was of the West westward.

repinings. But her heart was broken, and somehow—Bryce appeared to act automatically—he had his arm around her. "Don't cry, Shirley," he pleaded. "It breaks my heart to see you cry. Do you want Midget? I'll give her to you."

Between sobs Shirley confessed that the prospect of parting with him and not Midget was provocative of her woe. This staggered Bryce and pleased him immensely. And at parting she kissed him good-by, reiterating her opinion that he was the nicest, kindest boy she had ever met or hoped to meet.

When Shirley and her uncle and aunt boarded the steamer for San Francisco, Bryce stood disconsolate on the dock and waved to Shirley until he could no longer discern her on the deck. Then he went home, crawled up into the haymow and wept, for he had something in his heart and it hurt. He thought of his elfin companion very frequently for a week, and he lost his appetite, very much to Mrs. Tully's concern. Then the steelhead trout began to run in Eel River, and (*Continued on page 106*)





A kind of exaltation had come upon Dr. Andrews' face. The pastor of the Garden Street Baptist Church was making the speech of the evening. Suddenly Ward felt ashamed of what he had done and had yet to do.

The GUEST of HONOR

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ON a particularly cheerless day in December, when Ward Barstow, vice-president of the First National Bank of Kernville, sat with his feet on his desk in the Commercial Club rooms, wondering whether he should ask Mamie McPhetridge or Nellie Canby to go to the dance the Jolly Five were giving at Masonic Hall next week, the door opened and a girl entered—a girl he had occasionally observed on Main Street with languid admiration, without ever definitely placing her.

The nipping December air had imparted to the visitor's rounded cheeks a brilliancy that was indisputably becoming. Her blue eyes opened wide at finding herself confronting a pair of shoes thrown carelessly across a desk littered with letters, pamphlets and trade journals. Ward transferred his feet to the floor hastily, rose and bowed. He grasped firmly in his right hand the pipe he had been smoking and begged her pardon.

"Excuse me," she murmured. "I didn't know you worked here."

Her use of the verb *worked* touched Ward's sense of humor. As vice-president of the First National, an institution founded, controlled and dominated by his father, he

had nothing to do but sit in a swivel chair and entertain customers until such time as his father was able to see them. Occasionally when the cashier, who was nearing seventy, went out for lunch (this meant going home to dinner), Ward, Jr., had the privilege of signing drafts or initialing doubtful checks; but so far as serious responsibilities went, the younger Mr. Barstow might as well have spent all his time playing pool.

This had been in Ward's mind when the girl entered; and so it was that the word *worked* won for her at first only a wry smile by way of welcome.

"I've made a mistake," she remarked, reaching backward for the doorknob.

"That," he replied detainingly, "depends on what you are looking for. My name is Barstow, and this is the Commercial Club. I come over here every day for a little while to rest. At other times I sit in a bank."

"Yes; I know you're Mr. Barstow," she admitted with a beguiling frankness.

He placed a chair for her. In the back room the Club's typist was hammering out the Club's annual report, which Ward had been dictating. For he was a public-spirited

fellow, and more deeply interested in the world's affairs than in banking. He looked enviously upon the local politicians, who had, he felt, an interesting life and could do a lot of good. As a matter of fact, indeed, Ward's ambitions had lain in the direction of the law; he had spent a year at the Harvard law-school and had only yielded with great reluctance to his domineering father's demand that he abandon a professional career and learn the banking business.

"I can't stay," announced the visitor—and then as though to prove that she was a person of engagements, she took the chair Ward had offered. Realizing that she had laid herself open to a charge of inconsistency, she smiled, and her smile gave him additional cause for admiration.

"If you know of any factories that want to move to Kernville, or have any schemes for widening the markets of the Gem City of the Wabash, I'm here to listen," Ward remarked. "Or if you know how we can get an appropriation out of Congress to widen Sugar Creek so the merchant marine of the world can anchor at the Main Street dock, you are doubly welcome."

Ward could afford to joke about the Commercial Club, for he really had done something with it. He had yielded to his father in the matter of his law-course, although, if he had kept on with it, a political career would have been possible to him. Barstow *père* had also shown marked displeasure when Ward permitted himself to be made president of the Commercial Club. But Ward had added a perfectly solvent furniture factory to Kernville's industries and got its account for the First; so when he varied the monotony of banking by spending a couple of hours a day in the rooms of the Commercial Club over Brown's Clothing Emporium, dictating letters, receiving callers and plotting new schemes for thrusting Kernville into the eye of the sun, his father suffered it meekly.

But his caller showed no special interest in widening the markets of the Gem City of the Wabash. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I'm afraid I can't help you about such things. I'm only selling tickets for a church sociable."

A hand emerged from her muff, with a packet of pink cards in proof of this incriminating admission.

"What church?" asked Ward, who had been hoping that she would prove an applicant for the club stenographership. The incumbent had announced her intention of being married to Kernville's best photographer, and he had already filed a number of applications for the position.

"The Garden Street Baptist—Dr. Andrews' church."

"Oh, yes, Dr. Andrews!" He repeated the name as though of course everyone knew Doctor Andrews. And everyone in Kernville did. Dr. Adoniram Andrews had been pastor of the Garden Street Church ever since Ward could remember. The Garden Street Baptist had long ago been deserted by the prosperous members of the denomination, who had erected

an expensive edifice with a tower in the new residential district. The Garden Street Baptists were now stranded in what the literature of the Commercial Club called "our industrial district." Ward recalled Dr. Andrews as a dingy little man who was spoken of patronizingly at times as a good man, but with a weak-minded devotion to the poor and humble. Ward's hand was already in his pocket searching for a five-dollar bill he remembered to have placed there. Slowly the hand withdrew—without the bill.

"I am Miss Andrews, Dr. Andrews' granddaughter," the girl volunteered. "I came here to live with him a year ago; I teach in the George Washington School. It's vacation now, you know, and I thought I'd help sell these tickets."

"I'm glad you did," replied Ward, thinking of something wholly unrelated to religion, education or Miss Andrews' generosity in going forth to peddle tickets. His mind was grappling with an idea, an idea so tremendous that it staggered him.

He took the packet of tickets from her hand and sat down; he must gain time to think out this big idea.

"That used to be the Spring Street School when I was a boy; they tacked George Washington on to it later. What grade do you teach?"

"The eighth B," she replied, with an increasing consciousness that these inquiries were meant to be friendly.

"Is your room the one in the northeast corner of the schoolhouse? I remember it very well—used to sit on the back row where I could feed the squirrels through the window when the lessons got tiresome."

"The boys still do that," she said with another entralling smile.

"College girl?" he asked.

"Smith," she answered.

"Yale for mine. I used to know some Smith girls

—but of course that was before your time."

He played with the rubber band that held the tickets together, still thinking of something else. The risk of what he meditated doing was enormous; if he failed to pull it off he would be everlastingly disgraced; the political future of which he fondly dreamed would be ruined. And yet the nomination for the Legislature was something

worth taking a

big chance for, even though his big idea included a plan so delicate that he could go nowhere for counsel; even his friend Welborn, Republican county chairman, might discourage it. He must hold the girl while he deliberated further.



Mary was as easy to talk to as she was to look at. . . . He was not so sure that she would not see through his scheme.

"Dr. Andrews," he said, "is one of the grandest men we ever had in this town. For years he's clung to that little church down there, even when everything's gone against him. I can remember when the split came in the congregation and the people who were the backbone of the church moved away and left him. Why, he must have been here—"

"Thirty years," she said with a brightening of the eyes that suggested tears.

"Think of it!" he said.

"It's to celebrate his thirtieth anniversary that we're having this supper," said Miss Andrews. "They—the people down there—didn't want me to bother about selling the tickets, but the women all have their work to do, and the men haven't time, and so I thought I'd do what I could. Grandfather is all alone now, you know; that's why I came out to live with him."

"Thirty years!" murmured Ward. His mind was made up now. "A minister who has served a church as long as that deserves something bigger than a testimonial of his own congregation—the town ought to take hold of it. Why, for years Dr. Andrews has gone through the byways and hedges, helping the poor and lifting up the fallen: he deserves the best Kernville can do for him. Such a man is bigger than any church; he belongs to the community—to the world!"

This, uttered with an oratorical ring and a wave of the hand, caused tears to tremble once more on the girl's lashes.

"I've been afraid," she remarked, "that the people here—that is, the people of influence—don't quite appreciate what Grandfather is to his people. But he would be the last person in the world to see that or care. He does his work for the love of it."

"I'm sure of that," Ward assented warmly. "I'm glad you came to see me—even though it was by accident," he added with a smile. "This club"—he indicated the bare, ugly room with a sweep of the arm—"was organized to express the public spirit of this town. The men here see altogether too little of each other—every man playing his own game with no thought for the community. I've been thinking lately that we ought to have a dinner—a big affair—a dollar a plate so everybody could come—to boost the Club and show what it's doing for the town. And it strikes me all of a heap that a dinner"—he deliberated before making the plunge—"to celebrate Dr. Andrews' long pastorate would be a fine thing—a mighty fine thing."

"Oh, but he wouldn't hear to it; it wouldn't be like him to accept any such thing! It is good of you, I'm sure, but—"

Miss Andrews had risen, and her hand, in a neat brown glove, was outstretched for the tickets.

"I'm so sorry I've taken so much of your time; and I thank you for your kindness. You see, of course, that it wouldn't be possible for Grandfather to accept—"

"Eh? Oh, yes—of course!" Ward exclaimed. He was not thinking of the Reverend Adoniram Andrews, D. D., but of matters immeasurably remote from that faithful friend of the humble. "Your grandfather's reluctance is to be reckoned with and discounted in advance. We must

On a day in December, when Ward Bartow sat wondering whether he should ask Mamie McPhetridge or Nellie Canby to the dance the Jolly Five were giving, the door opened and a girl entered.



overcome his scruples. I'm sure I may count upon your help, Miss Andrews."

He saw now that she was taller than he had thought her when she stood in the door. A dark cloak that covered her to the heels spoke for utility and had doubtless served her in other winters. She was trim and neat, and she stepped toward the door with a grace that was not lost upon him.

"I'm afraid it will be impossible; but I shall tell him of your kindness. I'm sure he will be deeply touched by it; but he will never consent—I'm sure of that!"

"Well, we'll see what we can do to win him over. But about the tickets: I'm delighted to take five dollars' worth." And he extended the bill.

"Oh, that's too much! I can't let you do that!"

"But it's a pleasure—a privilege, I assure you."

As her hand closed slowly upon the bill, her eyes met his in a prolonged gaze of wonder on her part, of frank admiration on his.

"I shall call on your grandfather—let me see—may I say Saturday evening?"

"He will be at home then," she grudgingly assented.

"And you too, I hope," he added. "I need your support, you know."

"Yes, I shall be there, but—"

He opened the door and bowed her into the hall. Then he fell feverishly upon a pad of paper and began writing down names in two rows; and when his father telephoned to complain of his long absence, he thrust a dozen closely written sheets into his pocket and walked to the bank with stern resolution written on his countenance.

Not since his father yanked him out of the law-school and put him into the bank had Ward been so cheerful as he appeared next day. His mother, noting his frequent abstraction and catching occasionally a fleeting smile on his face, thought he was in love and speculated as to whether it was Mamie McPhetridge or Nellie Canby who had at last won his affections.

On Saturday evening Ward presented himself at the



If the Reverend Adoniram Andrews had only proved to be a doddering old imbecile, everything would have been simple enough. But the man was sincere, and he was a gentleman. There was something infinitely touching about the light in his eyes as he rose, turning first to Ward and then to Mary. "For the work!" he said gently.

Garden Street parsonage—a shabby little cottage that nestled close under the wing of the church. Miss Andrews opened the door.

"You really hadn't forgotten?" she said as he slipped out of his overcoat: "I'd hoped you would!"

"Remembering is one of the easiest things I do," Ward replied with a look that implied that there are things in this world that the human memory does not relinquish easily. Her blue eyes, which showed gray under the hall gas lamp, he might have mentioned as of this category.

"I told Grandfather you were coming. He's in his study," she said, leading the way into the tiny parlor. "He doesn't quite understand, but you may be sure he was pleased. I've done my best to make him see that a real kindness is intended."

"Thank you; I knew you would help," said Ward.

The Reverend Adoniram Andrews received him courteously. His small figure, which had struck Ward by its pathos as he had seen the old gentleman hurrying through Main Street, was not without dignity, and his clean-shaven face expressed kindliness and good humor.

"I've always wanted to know you, Mr. Barstow, ever since I voted for you for school commissioner. I was grateful to you for the fight you made for us."

Ward smiled ruefully; it was not the people in the Garden Street district who had defeated him for the commissionership but his own neighbors at the other end of Main Street, who kept a sharp eye on the tax-rate and were unalterably opposed to the building of new schoolhouses.

"You were a contributor to the fund to build a neighborhood-house as an annex of my church, Mr. Barstow. You may be sure we all know it down here and appreciate it."

Ward vaguely recalled that twenty-five dollars had been the amount and that he had relinquished the hope of owning a setter pup for which his soul pined, in order to make the contribution.

"Mary," said the old gentleman, "we must have Mr. Barstow down to visit the neighborhood-house. He ought to see what we're doing there."

"I'm sure it would be fine if he would look in sometime," Mary remarked.

Ward experienced a twinge of conscience as he turned from the minister to Mary, who had seated herself near her grandfather with something of a protecting air toward the old gentleman. She sat with arms folded, a picture of composure, and a very charming picture indeed. In her dark gown, with a broad, filmy collar and cuffs to match and with the light finding the gold in her hair, she was even pleasanter to contemplate than on the occasion of her visit to his office. He felt like a contemptible blackguard in using these good people for his own ends, but he had gone too far to back out. He cleared his throat and proceeded to state, with a certain formality, in phrases he had been rehearsing, that as the president of the Commercial Club of Kernville, he had come to express the Club's congratulations on Dr. Andrews' approaching anniversary and to say that the board of directors had decided unanimously to tender him a banquet. (Only three of the nine members of the board had attended the meeting at which Ward had broached the matter, and one of them had said "Oh Lord! that old cuss!" at which the others had laughed immoderately and told Ward to go ahead.)

"More people than you know admire you for the work you are doing down here, and those who don't know ought to find out about it," said Ward. "And I assure you that the affair will be thoroughly dignified in every way. I knew, of course, that you would raise objections—you have never sought publicity; but it's just because you have gone on here so quietly and modestly that we feel the time has come for the community to express its true feeling toward you. You've given the best of your life to this town, Dr. Andrews; there's not another town in this part of the country that can boast a church that's had the same minister for thirty years. You've labored for the good of mankind, making the town a better place to live in for all of us. I shall be sorry, I shall be very greatly disappointed, sir, if you don't overcome your natural and praiseworthy scruples against acceding to our request and allow us to pay this tribute of respect and affection."

The minister listened soberly; several times he shook his head.

"You see, Grandpa," said Mary when the silence became prolonged, "you must see that this doesn't mean you alone; it means a tribute to your work, to all these people down here. You must think of that. I'm sure they would all want you to accept the invitation."

"If it's the work I've been trying to do—if I could think it's that!" said the minister with feeling, and glancing appealingly at Mary.

"You may be sure of that, Dr. Andrews!" Ward replied blithely, cordially hating himself. If the Reverend Adoniram Andrews had only proved to be a doddering old imbecile, misguidedly throwing his life away on a lot of frowsy people who were not worth troubling about, every-

thing would have been simple enough. But the man was sincere, and he was a gentleman. There was something infinitely touching about the light in his eyes as he rose, turning first to Ward and then to Mary.

"For the work—a testimonial to the work, to my dear people!" he said gently. "And I thank you, Mr. Barstow, for your personal kindness and interest. Your name is one to conjure with in this community; I have always heard fine things of you; I thank you, sir, with all my heart."

And then a woman whose husband was celebrating Saturday night by getting drunk came to appeal to the minister to detach her spouse from a near-by saloon.

"You will pardon me if I leave you," said the Doctor, drawing on his overcoat in the doorway; "one of my parishioners is in trouble."

Again Ward hated himself. Mary, who had opened the door for the visitor, was resolutely admonishing her grandfather to don his overshoes before going out. She put them on for him and returned to the parlor, smiling.

"Poor woman! Her husband's been doing better lately; but he breaks loose occasionally, and they always send for Grandfather. It's quite wonderful the way they all come to him."

"It's splendid," said Ward humbly.

Mary was as easy to talk to as she was to look at; and quite unconscious of the motive underlying Ward's sudden interest in her grandfather, she made herself agreeable. Ward quieted his conscience with the assurance that what he was doing wouldn't hurt the Doctor—the publicity might even prove of benefit. And further, if all went well, the Doctor need never know the use that had been made of him. But Mary—

Mary was beyond question a clever girl, and he was not so sure that she would not see through his scheme. Just

now she was talking of winter sports in which she had indulged at college. Presently she confided to him that she had no intention of keeping on in the public schools; she aspired to college work and hoped to take a post-graduate course that would fit her for a chair of psychology.

Psychology!
Ward groaned inwardly, reflecting that a girl who talked so confidently about teaching psychology was not one he would have chosen in a sane moment to practice his arts of deception on. He

thought wildly of confessing everything; but his heart failed him. She was the prettiest and the most interesting girl in Kernville, and if he told her he was exploiting her grandfather to cover a scheme for bringing the Republicans and Progressives of the fourteenth Congressional district together and incidentally making it possible for him to get the nomination to the Legislature, he would forfeit



"I know—I know," he reiterated dully. "He was a wonder, but—but Lord, Mary, I've got to tell you about me!"

her good opinion and win her undying contempt. If his father had only let him go on with the law! Then he would have been able to follow his political bent without all this deception. Now he would have to trust to luck; he had gone too far to back out. After the banquet, he would throw himself on her mercy and beg forgiveness.

He escaped just as the minister came back, and turned homeward with their cordial good nights tingling in his ears.

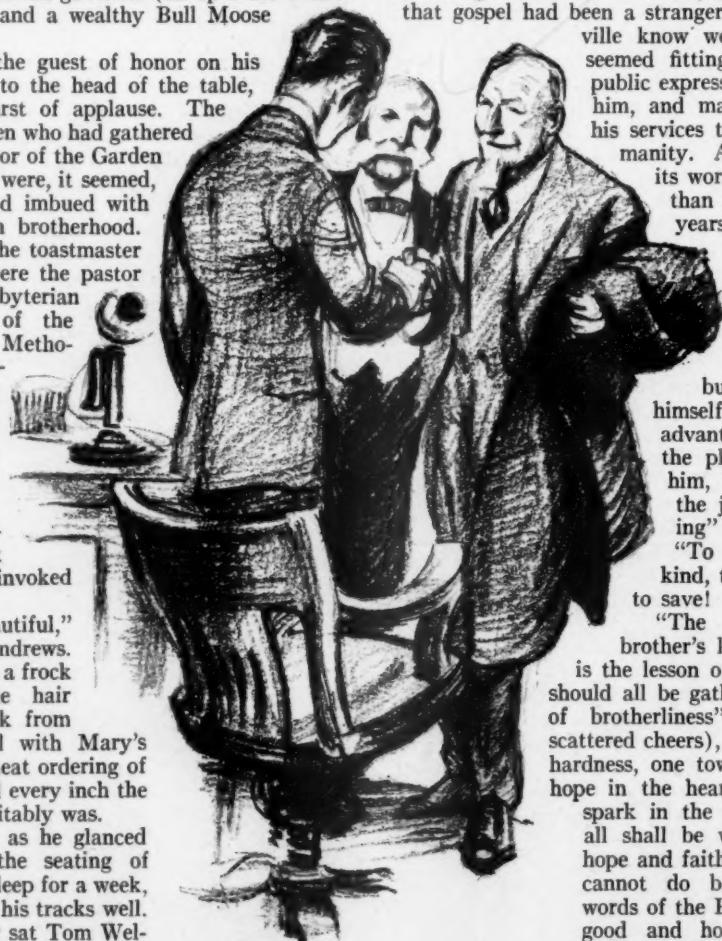
By six o'clock on the evening of the day set apart for the dinner in honor of the Reverend Adoniram Andrews, D. D., the lobby of the Billings House was crowded with gentlemen from afar who had come (quite unaccountably, all things considered) to join with the citizens of Kernville in celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the Reverend Doctor's pastorate of the Garden Street Church.

Mr. Ward Barstow, Sr.—who had rebuked his son sharply for lending himself to the wholly unnecessary business of conferring a banquet upon an old man whom he regarded as a nuisance in the community and bent upon spreading dissatisfaction among the industrial classes—was relieved to learn from the diagram that his seat was between the last Republican governor (an up-State banker whom he knew well) and a wealthy Bull Moose from the capital.

When Ward, with the guest of honor on his arm, walked sedately to the head of the table, there was a great burst of applause. The three hundred gentlemen who had gathered to do honor to the pastor of the Garden Street Baptist Church were, it seemed, in excellent health and imbued with the spirit of Christian brotherhood. To left and right of the toastmaster and guest of honor were the pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, the rector of the Episcopal Church, a Methodist bishop who happened to be visiting in town, and a Catholic priest. No one man, remotely connected with politics appeared at the speakers' table. Before the diners took their seats, the priest invoked the divine blessing.

"It is all very beautiful," murmured Dr. Andrews. Closely buttoned up in a frock coat, with his white hair combed smoothly back from his fine forehead and with Mary's touch showing in the neat ordering of his white tie, he looked every inch the gentleman he so indubitably was.

Ward was satisfied, as he glanced over the company,—the seating of which had spoiled his sleep for a week,—that he had covered his tracks well. In the remotest corner sat Tom Welborn, Republican county chairman, beside one of the leading Progressives of Morris County. Occasionally Tom's arm might have been seen thrown carelessly across the back of the Moose's chair. But such matters passed unnoticed. The broiled chicken was excellent; and the coffee, when it followed the pink ice-cream, was such coffee as only the Barstows' black cook (whom Ward had bribed to join the hotel staff for the evening) could make to perfection.



The visits of the statesmen from abroad to shake hands with his son caused a pleasant stirring in the bosom of the elder Barstow.

At nine o'clock the balcony filled with ladies. The Honorable Shelburne Tibbotts, thrice defeated for the Republican nomination for Congress in the fourteenth district, started a round of applause, and the Honorable Sam Saxton, the most irreconcilable Bull Moose in the Wabash Valley, threw a rose at the prettiest girl discernible. His judgment in such matters was one to be respected. Mary Andrews, in the balcony, was the target of this delicate attention, and she caught the rose and held it. Ward, pale with excitement, observed this. He noted also his mother and Nellie Canby just behind Mary.

The waiters cleared the tables and retired, and when the scraping of chairs had subsided, Ward rose, crumpling his napkin.

"Gentlemen," he began, "and ladies in the gallery" (applause), "love is the greatest thing in the world." (Many eyes were lifted to the gallery.) "We are met here in the name of love to pay our tribute of honor and respect to a citizen whose creed is expressed in that one word—*love*. In the name of love, for thirty years, through light and shadow, he has walked our streets; in his pulpit he has preached the deathless gospel of love. He has carried his message of love to hundreds, aye, thousands, to whom that gospel had been a stranger. We people of Kernville know well his quality; it has seemed fitting that we should give public expression to our affection for him, and make acknowledgment of his services to the town and to humanity. A town is no worse than its worst citizen and no better than its best; and for thirty years our guest has labored to make the worst citizen as good as the best. Greater opportunities, wider fields of usefulness, have been opened to him,

but thinking never of himself or seeking personal advantage, he has remained in the place to which God led him, loving and serving for the joy of loving and serving" (prolonged applause).

"To love, to serve, to be kind, to be generous, to help, to save!

"The great lesson of our brother's long and honorable life is the lesson of brotherhood: that we should all be gathered into the one fold of brotherliness" (hand-clapping and scattered cheers), "with no bitterness, no hardness, one toward another, but with hope in the heart of one kindling the spark in the heart of another until all shall be warmed by a common hope and faith. And in concluding I cannot do better than quote the words of the Psalmist: 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!'

"Gentlemen, will you all rise as a tribute of respect to the guest of the evening?"

Ward stepped back from the table and touched his forehead with his handkerchief as they rose as one man. The guest of honor, deeply moved, sat with bowed head during this demonstration, and then, at a sign from the toastmaster, got upon his feet and bowed his acknowledgments.

Ward introduced the pastor of (Continued on page 124)

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"Nine dollars," he announced, "in the last three hours. Mary, if I owned this old boat, I'd be independent."

THIS man Hergesheimer admits that he takes his work seriously—for which the gods be thanked. He gives you of his best. This, like "Tubal Cain" and other striking stories of his, mirrors a bit of very lively life vividly, painstakingly, with no blurred spots.

HIGH SPEED

By
JOSEPH
HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED
By M. LEONE
BRACKER

THE city was spread like a great, glittering fan on the rim of night and the sea; the short streets—the brilliant sticks—converged on the sweeping marsh that reached landward, and across which an illuminated avenue dropped like a shining ribbon, suspending the fan from the broad waist of the mainland. On the principal avenue that ran the city's length, a boy of twenty was driving a battered Ford and keeping a searching eye on the passing street-corners. Fastened on the wind-shield of his car was a targetlike sign, JITTERY.

He was a boy with a gaunt, grave countenance and intent eyes, and wore a dark sweater and plaid cap, stained and limp but drawn gayly over one ear. Beside him sat a slight girl in a tam-o'-shanter. It was past the first of May, but the night rose chill from the damp asphalt and steel of the street. "There's some that wants on," the girl said suddenly, and her companion turned the car sharply in to the curb.

Three people crowded with difficulty into the back, muttering discontentedly about the lack of space, and gave as their destination a corner on the beach-front. The distance was short; almost immediately the boardwalk swept above them, its murmurous throng elevated, under the globed radiance of arc-lights, in a shifting stream of rose and white and black against the indigo spaces of night. Beneath the boardwalk, beyond the beach, there was a glassy reflection of light on a tide ebbing without a sound; and on either hand the bulks of great hotels, fantastically domed or towering in the bald similitude of Babylon, were visible against the dark in multitudinous tiers of gleaming windows. A drift of music reached to the car turning noisily from the sea; in a grinding of loose transmission the faint, hollow jar of the vast concourse on the boardwalk was lost; the flashing electric signs, turned outward, now only showed a meaningless tangle of wire and running fire.

The girl gazed fleetly back; and then, with a sigh in which there were mingled longing and a relinquishment from which an acquiescent wisdom eliminated any bitter-

ness, she addressed herself to the less resplendent, the darker, Atlantic City before her. A group at a crossing hailed the jitney but when they saw

the contracted room available, motioned it to go on. She said:

"I'd better be getting out; you need the place."

The other laid an instant restraining hand on her arm. "You stay where you are," he commanded; "old Gummey'll have to give me that." She settled with a sigh of deep content against his shoulder, and for a silent hour they picked up and deposited passengers. When, later, the traffic slackened, he counted the returns. "Nine dollars," he announced, "in the last three hours. Mary, if I owned this old boat, if I was driving for myself, why, I could—" He stopped and obviously amended his statement; "I'd be independent," he ended lamely.

Mary Leatherberry got, evidently, a measure of happiness from this fractured speech, for she sighed again and pressed a little closer to his side. "I got to go home," she stated. "To-morrow's my long day at the store." He turned the car into an obscure side-street, but she endeavored to stop him. "I can walk, Martin; honest, I'd like to," she declared. "It aint far, and I've sat all evening. You oughtn't to leave the Avenue; somebody'll see you and tell Gummey." His face grew sullen, determined; his only answer was to increase their speed and with unnecessary vigor sound a warning at a turn. The car stopped in the middle of a small, dark row of frame dwellings, and Mary Leatherberry got out.

"Will I see you to-morrow?"

She nodded.

"I'll get something at the delicatessen for your supper to-morrow," he continued; "you wont need to go home for supper." He swung back upon the Avenue, where he trailed the emptying sidewalks. A fine, cold rain com-





On an evening when Martin made Gummey a substantial payment, he discovered two other men in the office. One was . . . a gun-man from New York. He's been near in the chair more than once, but he's smarter than any lawyer.

"If I get all the dirt off," he said, "there'll be no rims; and better than ten miles, she coughs like a consumptive. I'd as leave be dead as this, but if I was a younger man, like you, I'd be neither: I'd have my own car."

"How'd you pull that?" Martin scoffed. "Ask Gummey for a limousine?"

"I'd buy one of these Fords, and pay in a season, easy. Gummey'd let you have one—for twice its worth, but even that's better than jitting for the old skate."

The thing was so marvelously simple that Martin was astounded that it had not occurred to him before; somehow it must be impracticable; but as he revolved the idea, it took a firmer hold on his imagination. His impulse was to go at once to Gummey, and he actually left his seat and moved toward the office, but when he reached the door, caution was at his shoulder. He had better consult Mary first.

However, he entered, and Gummey, feet on table and formidable cigar in mouth, turned his head. Gummey was an inordinately fat, sagging man, whose face was a smooth, obese mask holding eyes like metal points. A large diamond shone from a cushioned hand; another marked an indifferent white shirt; the remainder of his apparel was negligible.

Martin produced a double handful of small coins. Gummey counted them with practiced speed. "I don't know why you fellows leave the street so early," he complained. "All the best things come off late."

"I've been driving fifteen hours," Martin returned, "and," he added significantly, "I'm a jit, not a night-hawk." He abruptly left the office for his car, which was evidently his home, for stretched across the back seat, he addressed himself to slumber. It was largely due to Mary that he had practically surrendered the subterranean night-trade. He had regarded it without curiosity, as inevitable; but her distaste had been so insistent that he was giving it up. He preferred the day traffic, he told himself; any guy could make a good thing out of it—if he had his own car. Married . . . he would ask Mary.

He met her the following evening. She was tired

menced to fall; nothing offered, and so he returned to the garage. Near the entrance, an office was closed from the main floor, and at the desk, under a green-hooded light, sat Gummey. Martin wondered when the other slept. He was to be seen at that desk, apparently, at any and all hours of the day and night.

Martin dexterously turned his car into its space, killed the power and sat rolling a cigarette. It was past midnight, but he was not sleepy; his mind was full of pleasantly disturbing thoughts about Mary Leatherberry. He knew she liked him—she showed that conclusively in her care of his interests; but he wondered how much. He was aware that he liked her, and he was beginning to discover how greatly, but he was faced by his present inability to put his liking—it was love, really—into an honest and concrete question. He couldn't get married, for the simple reason that he hadn't the price. Driving for Gummey, he would never have it. If he owned his own car, the thing would be a "pipe." He made, in the summer, as high as twelve dollars a day—for Gummey. What Gummey gave his drivers was a joke; as he put it, Martin could take it or leave it. Like the others, Martin took it; he had no clothes, no appearance, with which to make a "front" for a better job. All Gummey's men were like that—too old, or broken down from drink, or too dilapidated, to get places elsewhere. Gummey was smart. There was Jimmy Forge, at present washing the old ruin he drove. Forge had been a famous racing driver, but a smash-up had broken his nerve, and he had sunk finally to a job with Gummey.

Forge looked up, caught Martin's gaze and paused.

after the long day in the "five and ten;" so he said little to her at first, and when a passenger had taken them out of the city proper to where the gray beach sloped openly to the darkened sea and the houses were scattered thinly behind, he stopped and produced the promised supper.

Mary ate alternately at a sandwich and a large sweet pickle. He waited until the last vestige of her repast had vanished before he started the engine and unfolded the possibilities contained in Jimmy Forge's suggestion. She listened without comment till he finished. Then, "Suppose you had an accident," she asked, "and the car got broke?" "There's a chance of that," he admitted; "but I'd be more than careful. It's all chance, anyhow, Mary; if this goes, it'll go good. I can—"

He was interrupted by a hail from the sidewalk, and all opportunity for discussion was lost in a steady stream of fares. It was warmer; a soft air moved in from the sea and caressed Martin's face as tenderly as the touch of Mary's shoulder. His heart expanded with emotion; the constantly changing passengers, the city, were shadowy; only Mary Leatherberry, infinitely desirable, was actual. Suddenly he ceased to wonder how much she cared for him; he knew instinctively that her feeling was as great as his own. Surprisingly the knowledge made him heavy-hearted; the future, before only obscure, became menacing; it threatened him through the happiness, the safety, of Mary Leatherberry.

Because of the weather he was kept busy until late. Mary was silent. He thought once that she was dozing, but she was intent in thought. Finally he turned toward her home and once more approached the subject of a car of—he now instinctively phrased it—their own. "I want some real money," he said almost bitterly. "I want it for you. I'd like to marry you," he added suddenly and unexpectedly.

He had stopped the car before her house, and turned toward her. "Oh, Martin," she whispered, and collapsed into his arms. He was shocked at her thinness; she was working too hard. He would change that; when he drove his own car, she would sit idly at a window draped with a lace curtain and survey the neighbors. "You want to get fatter," he told her tenderly. "I wish you would can the store." His serious face settled into determined lines. "I'm going to Gummey to-morrow," he declared. "I'm going to buy this boat and have it paid for before you know it. Then we'll get married."

"Be careful, Martin," she urged. "You've got me afraid of that Gummey. I—I don't mind the store so much; perhaps we could get along together the way we are for a while yet, until we see—"

"Nothing doing!" he answered decidedly. "I can keep a family, or I can't. I'll brace Gummey like I said. He'll have nothing on me—I'll get a paper from him that will hold. I will paint the car up and catch the hotel trade, take sports over to the golf-clubs, hustle after the early Sunday masses. Why, we'll have a twin six in no time."

She smiled at his optimism. "Can you come in some evening, earlier, and see the family? They know about you—that is, they know I meet you; but now we're engaged they'll be curious. Papa'll joke you, but don't care, Martin. There's something else—" She hesitated and then went on rapidly: "You might as well know now: Papa borrows money sometimes, and he don't

never remember to pay it again. Don't you lend him any," she directed; "we need every cent we can get."

"I guess I can help the old man to a beer," he replied gayly, lifting her to the pavement. She clung to him, shivering with emotion, when he kissed her; then she disappeared into the small, dark porch.

Martin Pindar drove slowly to the garage. Gummey was still in the office, feet on table and cigar in mouth; he counted the day's proceeds, entered it in his ledger and returned to the veiled contemplation of the wall. "I wanted to see you about something else," Martin said after a brief pause. The other grunted incoherently. "I thought I'd like to buy the car I'm driving and pay it off every week, like."

Gummey deliberately removed his feet from the desk. "We might get together on that," he suddenly acknowledged. "The car you drive, 66079, is in pretty good shape; a half-day and a can of varnish'll make it like new. You'll still have it five years from now. About two hundred and seventy-five dollars would be right."

Suddenly that amount seemed enormous, prohibitive, to Martin; the possibilities of a hundred mischances occurred to him. But he knew Gummey would not recall a dollar. The boy drew a deep breath—it was for Mary. "All right," he agreed. "I'd like to start to-morrow."

"Of course," the other went on, "there'll have to be some limit on this; you might go on paying in jits for the next twenty years. Say in six months—you can make it easy by then, with summer coming."

"In November," Martin thought, "we will be married." The preliminaries of his purchases were surprisingly simple and few. At noon on the day following, he drove out of the garage the master of his own destiny and car, and when he picked Mary up after five o'clock and she gazed at him with an apprehensive query, he nodded. "Sure it's ours," he stated. "And we're going strong. I got nearly seven dollars in a half-day. I'm to lay over to-morrow and paint her up, and I want to see a guy that has some second inners and shoes cheap, too."

A deep, visible pride took the place of Mary's apprehension. "Ours," she repeated. "The carpet's awful ragged, Martin. I'll get a fresh square from the store; and we have a soap-paste that will clean your hands fine." When he left her at her door, she said: "If you're not working to-morrow evening, you might come in. I told the family this morning."

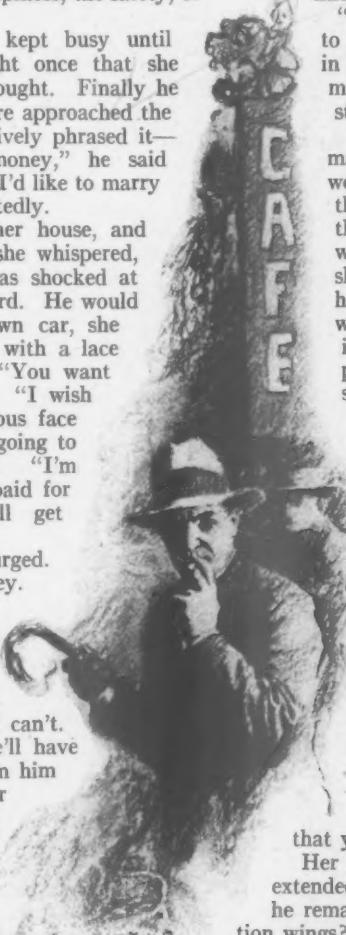
When, the next evening, Martin rang the Leatherberrys' bell, his sweater had given place to a relentlessly irksome coat and he wore a new satin tie, but on his red and abraded hands there were unmistakable traces of his day's occupation. Mary met him at the door of the little hall and ushered him in with the announcement: "This is Martin, that you know about."

Her father, a man with a long, solemn countenance, extended a long, cold hand. "I don't see the wings," he remarked in a serious aside. "Didn't Mary mention wings?"

His wife, a bowed figure in black, mechanically remonstrated: "Now, Papa, let the young man set before you start in on him."

"The twins are in bed," Mary went on a little breathlessly. "And Augustus—he's next to me—is working away."

Martin sat down. A heavy silence closed about them.



Mary smiled encouragingly, and he cleared his throat. "Gasoline's higher," he pronounced.

Mary was instantly apprehensive. "Rubber's awful dear too," she informed her family. "It's no snap, any way you work it," her father essayed. Martin obligingly laughed. Mary nodded more urgently, and Martin resolutely made his declaration. "Mary and I are looking to get married," he announced. "I'm paying off on a Ford car, and by next year we ought to be fixed fine. I can get a good name from Gummey; I don't use liquor, and—and—" His prepared speech unexpectedly broke down.

"And we love each other," Mary conclusively stated. Mr. Leatherberry solemnly welcomed Martin to their midst. The older woman was silent—skeptical, it appeared, from long adverse experience of life and men. A desultory conversation followed, and the question of Martin's lodging developed. His assertion that the car, with summer coming, was a good place to sleep in, Mary routed with energetic scorn. She wouldn't have it. Augustus wouldn't want his bed for a spell; they could put him in there.

"About terms—" Leatherberry commenced.

But his daughter shut him up. "No 'terms'; this is no actors' boarding-house." Then she swept Martin on out to the porch. "Take care of yourself, Martin," she begged. "I don't care for anything but you now."

He kissed her devotedly, with the familiar heaviness of heart—life threatened him again through love. "I will," he assured her.

"And be good, Martin—Martin, be good," she whispered. "Keep away from the crooked lot. We don't want their money to get into our happiness and spoil it."

He promised once more and silently reasserted this determination on his way back to the garage. His car gleamed like new under the gas-globes. Jimmy Forge nodded approvingly. "You'll be soon out of here," he said. "Once I was on top, but a bad valve did for me." He paused to curse the maker of the defective mechanism that had ruined him. "Just such a little thing!" he ended.

ALL next day Martin went back and forth on the Avenue, or made short trips, at extra fares, over the side-streets. He was so successful that he decided to stop early in the evening, and on the steps he was approached confidentially by Mr. Leatherberry.

"Martin, a little matter of a dollar sixty I'm short at the drugstore. How about it till Thursday?"

Martin recalled Mary's warning, but he decided to ignore it for the present. Indeed, with Mr. Leatherberry's solemn countenance regarding him, he had little choice. He could not start now, at the commencement of his connection with Mary's family, by being crabbed. "Thanks," the other said, instantly closing his hand over two one-dollar bills.

Mary appeared in the doorway and regarded them suspiciously. Mr. Leatherberry went hastily up the street. "It's a shame!" she exclaimed. "I have no patience with you. He'll lose it all playing pinochle."

Martin advised her to forget it, and they sat on the steps while he recalled the petty, absorbing incidents of the day. "Perhaps we won't have to wait till November," he ended. "With luck, in four months—"

And indeed, in the prosperous days that followed, success appeared to guide his car; the stream of passengers was ceaseless.

On an evening when Martin made Gummey a substantial payment, he discovered two other men in the office, obviously not connected with the jitney interests; one was slender and dark, apparently hardly older than Martin, with a smooth, shapely countenance and conspicuously fine clothes. All that Martin noticed of the second was that he had red hair, curiously thatched on a low brow, and that one arm was shorter than the other.

When Martin left the office, Jimmy Forge gripped his arm. "See the guy in there?" he demanded guardedly.

"He's a gun-man from New York, and one of the best—or worst. I've ran across him on the tracks."

"The red-headed one."

"Not a chance! The slick-looking dark boy. He's a wop—Spin Carnotti. He's been near in the chair more than once, but he's smarter than any lawyer. Where do you suppose Gummey got hep to Spin? A bad actor, Spin is. The other don't look like no school-superintendent."

Martin was idly curious. He saw both again, after dark. Carnotti was leaving one of the select cafés, and the red-haired man with the short arm was lounging on a dark corner. On another occasion the latter drove a short distance in his car. With the outset of summer the streets were busy later into the night, and occasionally a gay party from the hotels would take him to the end of the beach, several miles beyond the city, and he would not turn in his car until past one in the morning. He was returning from such an excursion when he was hailed in the center of town, and stopping by the curb, found a volubly inebriated individual and the red-haired man. "Cairnsbrook Avenue," the first articulated, fumbling with the door. Martin paused—Cairnsbrook Avenue was far in the direction from which he had come, and he had little inclination for another extended trip that night. The second, noting his hesitation, put in:

"I seen you at Gummey's, didn't I? Well, I'm a friend of his, and this is a friend of mine. Load him in before he passes cold on the street. He's a good fellow, and'll pay you right." Without stopping further, he guided his companion into the car and followed.

The Avenue was empty; Martin was in a hurry to get back, and so he drove with increasing speed. Absolute silence reigned in the tonneau. The beach opened; the houses grew fewer, the lights farther apart. Suddenly a hand fell on Martin's shoulder. "Stop in here," the red-haired man commanded. Martin turned. "But," he objected, "he said Cairnsbrook."

"He don't know what he wants. He'd as likely say Long Branch. This is it." Martin drew in doubtfully to the side of the street; there was no walk here, and only shapeless mounds of sand and sedge visible. The door opened, and a shape was vigorously projected into the night. "Now," the red-haired man declared, "we can get back." Martin peered into the gloom. "It's hardly right," he objected, "to leave him like that—he's full to the hat." The other broke into a string of curses. Martin's mouth, he intimated, opened with far too much facility. Was he, the other demanded, a jit or a qualified philanthropist?

MARTIN was uneasy about this episode till he fell asleep. But when he saw the morning paper, his uneasiness changed to acute apprehension and anger. The drunken man had been robbed, cleaned out; even his cuff-links had been taken. Martin Pindar cursed his stupidity. For the first time in his memory, Gummey was not in his office. A man temporarily in charge of the garage didn't know when the other would return—perhaps to-morrow. Martin was consumed by a fever of impatience. His first impulse was to proceed directly to police headquarters with his information. If he had been seen, it would be difficult to convince anyone of his innocence. But on the street, headed toward the city hall, a new doubt was born. He had first seen the red-haired man with Gummey; he had himself traded on Gummey's friendship. It might be that the latter would prefer to make the charges. His doubt persisted, deferring action, while he worked uninterruptedly for the remainder of the day. At nightfall he stopped at the garage, and with supreme relief he saw Gummey in his familiar place.

Martin carefully closed the office door behind him and advanced through the perpetual haze of tobacco-smoke. "Mr. Gummey," he said abruptly, "that man that was robbed last night was in my car."



"The police are looking
for a well-known New
York crook, Luigi, alias
Spin Carnotti. . . .
"He's been locked up.
They've got a statement out
of the Eyetalian."



Without stopping further, he guided his companion into the car and followed. Absolute silence reigned in the tonneau.

The other swung deliberately around in his chair. His huge round countenance was without a trace of feeling; his eyes resembled minute pieces of clouded steel. "The hell you say!" he remarked conversationally.

"And," Martin continued, "the man who went through him was in here last week talking to you. It was that fellow with the short arm."

"You're mistaken," Gummey declared positively. "No short-armed fellow's been talking to me."

"The evening I paid you the last forty-five dollars. There was him and another dark, smooth one—Spin somebody, a dago."

"You've got me wrong," Gummey reiterated. A semblance of anger flushed his pendulous cheeks. "What are you trying to prove?" he demanded. "The next thing you'll have me in that drunk's pockets."

"He was in here with you," Martin said stubbornly for the third time. "And he did that job in my car. His friend wanted to go to Cairnsbrook, but he threw him out ten squares this side. I was going up to the front with it this morning, but I thought I'd see you first."

"I do remember some one like you describe in the office—he was begging. But he's left town—see?" Gummey's gaze bored relentlessly into Martin's consciousness. "He went that day. Now forget it."

A hot and angry resentment took possession of Martin, mingling with slow realization. "What are you trying to put over me?" Martin demanded. "You can't run that funny stuff in on me. I won't stand for it. I won't get in wrong with the city, and maybe get sent up, because you want to cover a crooked get-away. I don't have to."

"You heard me," Gummey replied. "Whoever that was, he's gone—see? What have you got to beef about? Who'd listen to any such crazy tale?"

"You can't hold me up," Martin reassured, a little incoherently. "This car's more than half paid for; I'm independent of you."

Gummey asked blandly: "Don't you never read any-

thing but the hold-ups in the papers? Ain't you interested in the economic situation? The jitney-bill before the State now ought to hold you."

"I'm too busy with my job to read all the stuff those grafters print," Martin responded impatiently.

"You didn't know the jits had lawyers hired to look out for them in the Legislature? I ought to—it cost me some dollars. They were good lawyers, too; for all that, the traction-company near run us out of the city. It's fixed now; it ain't out yet, but I had it straight. Every driver's got to enter a five-thousand-dollar insurance-bond." Gummey paused and held a light to his dead cigar.

A cold dismay overlaid Martin's rebellious anger. "They won't pass a bill like that," he stated without conviction.

"It's all but in print; and it'll go into effect within a month."

"What'll it cost?" Martin asked.
"About two hundred a year."

Two hundred dollars, perhaps within a month! The summer passing at headlong speed—gasoline and tires leaping in price. Two hundred!

"Not many jits will have that in their clothes, but them with anything to them, will get it easy. The men I have confidence in here will get it on the nail, and pay off over a liberal time. But there's some no man would invest a cent in."

Martin stood lost in hurried, desperate thought. There was no one in the world to whom he could go to for security except Gummey; and Gummey was crooked. It would mean an agreement to say nothing more about the short-armed man. He heard again Mary's voice. "I don't care for anything now but you." She had grown thinner with the hot weather, too. A great beat of pity and love hammered at his heart. He could work night and day and discharge this new indebtedness with the other. Maybe the weddng would have to be put off until spring; but then they would be clear. They must be clear.

"Well," he said hoarsely, "I should think you'd have confidence in me. I never held back a fare on you, and you know it; and I'm showing you I can pay back another favor."

Gummey swung back to his first position—feet on desk, cigar in mouth. "Get out on the street," he said, "or the nickels'll all get away from you. I guess you and me won't have any more trouble."

Martin had, until the present, found enjoyment in his long hours of work; but now he collected his fares with a bitter persistence that kept him on the Avenue through the cold, empty hours of dawn and late night. He constantly dreaded an accident to his car, and laboriously added and compared the increasing cost of gasoline. He saw little of Mary; there was a common, unvoiced agreement between them that for a while he needed all the car's room. He had said nothing to her of the impending regulation for insurance, nor of the robbery.

Martin lived in a perpetual dread of what Gummey might sanction next. Martin had no "come-back." Without, he told himself, the slightest questionable move on his part, he had been made a participant in all that Mary had begged him to avoid. He paid Gummey regularly, although less than formerly, for he was already putting something aside against the bond. He had the current sum for that purpose, ten dollars, in his pocket when one evening he went back early to the Leatherberrys and

Mary. The radiator of his car had leaked, and he had tinkered with it until in a fit of anger and dejection he had left it for the day.

The evening was heavily hot, and the Leatherberry family were on the porch. Martin was wet from his struggle with the radiator, and his hands were coated with grease; so he went inside to wash, and left his watch and money on the bureau in his room. He returned in shirt-sleeves to Mary, and sat with her hand on his arm. The heat increased incredibly. Mary went into the house for a drink; Mr. Leatherberry followed silently; after a little they returned severally, dejected. Finally, after midnight, they rose to retire, and Martin mounted the stairs to his room.

He lighted a small glass lamp—and discovered that the money he had left on the bureau was gone. For a moment he was startled; then he reassured himself with the belief that Mary had seen it carelessly exposed and had put it away. She often slipped into his room to open or shut the windows, sometimes to leave a little message for him, when he was away. It was too late to say anything about it now.

The following day was a holiday; the store was closed, and the Leatherberry family slept far later than customary. When, at last, he was awakened, Martin hurried through his breakfast, but paused in leaving.

"Keep the money on the bureau last night," he told Mary.

"What money?" she demanded blankly, and instantly her face grew pale.

"Why," he stammered, suddenly constrained, "—I thought you got it—ten dollars—"

She stood gazing at him, wide-eyed and rigid with apprehension. "Martin—" she said, and then stopped.

"Why, Mary," he

added hastily, frightened by her concern, "it's all right. It must have dropped on the floor. I didn't look right good."

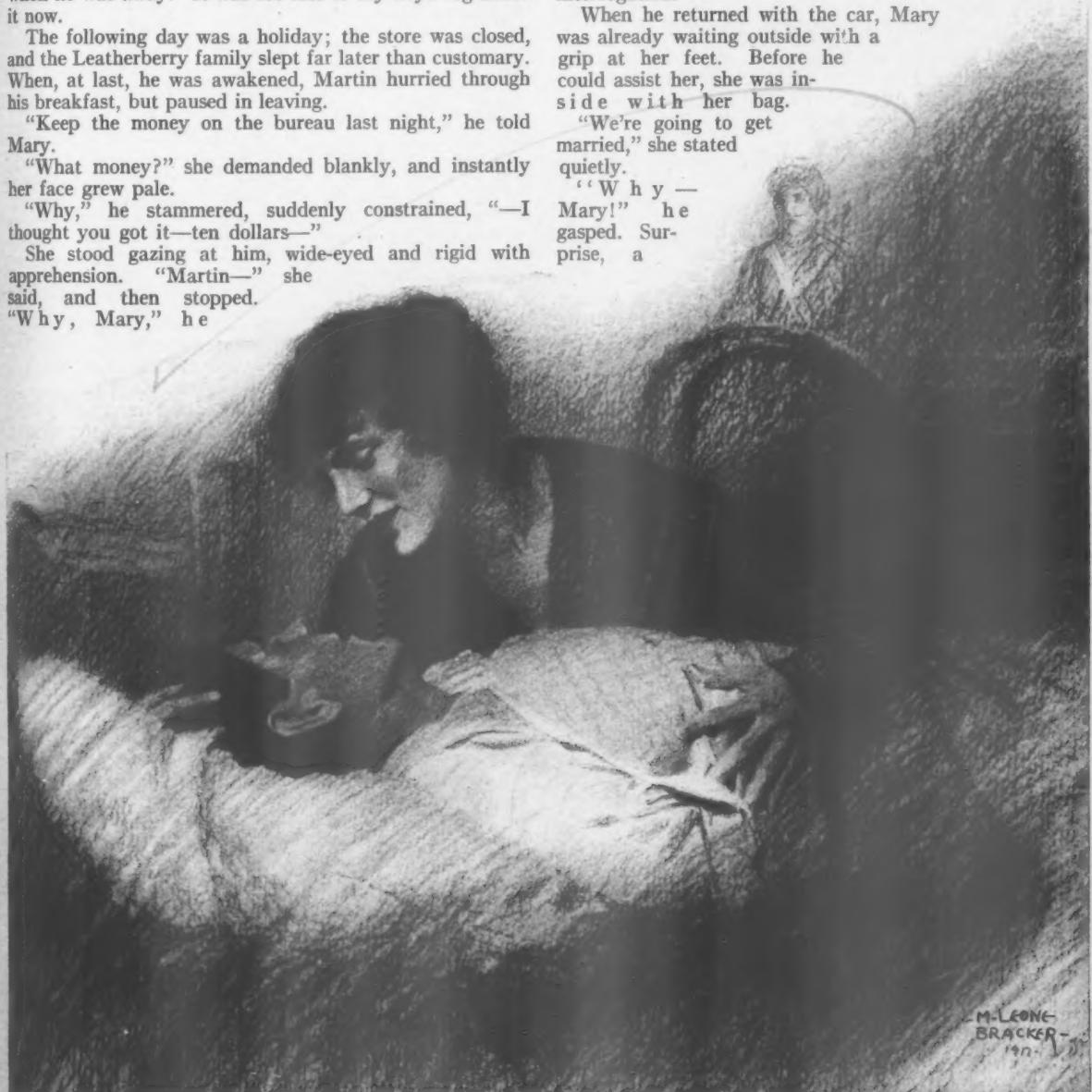
"No, it didn't. I was in there after you and cleaned up. There was no ten dollars." She grew whiter and wavered. "Martin," she said in a strained voice, "I don't want you to go to the garage just yet. I want you to wait on the porch for me. No, don't come along. I—I won't be long." She stifled a sob and turned hurriedly.

An interminable period seemed to intervene before Mary returned. She stood in the doorway, pale but composed except for a slight trembling of her lips. "You go get the automobile and bring it right back here," she directed. "Things will be ready then. No, don't ask me a single question." She endeavored to smile at him through the traces of tears on her face. He moved slowly, reluctantly, to the street, and wondered desperately what she intended. But there was a quality in her voice that would not be questioned; she looked older than he had ever remembered seeing her; he recognized that she was beyond interrogation.

When he returned with the car, Mary was already waiting outside with a grip at her feet. Before he could assist her, she was inside with her bag.

"We're going to get married," she stated quietly.

"Why—
Mary!" he
gasped. Sur-
prise, a



"And there's a reward for you, a pile of money, Martin." She stopped and dropped on her knees. "But Martin, it's all nothing without you. When I heard that—that you were here, I only asked to go back to the five-and-ten, to work for you."

tangle of emotions, filled his throat. For a moment tumultuous gladness was uppermost; then, on realization, his joy slowly ebbed. "Sure, we're going to get married," he reassured her, "—but not this week, Mary. Things aint fixed just right yet. The car's not paid for—and that's all we have; and another thing's come up too, a thing we didn't count on that's got to be met. I'll turn around and go back home with you. We wont say any more about that money, and it'll blow over. Maybe it fell out of my pocket somewhere else."

"We're going to be married to-day—that is," she added in a set tone, "if you love me. That money didn't fall out of your pocket; you know where it went—my father stole it. And when he knew how we needed every penny! He's been asking money off you all the time, too; and you've let him have it. Even the twins have been coming to you for nickels and dimes. I warned them all when you came to let you be, but it did no good.

"Why,"—her voice grew more bitter,—"I give as much in to that family as Mamma does. Augustus needs all he makes for his own. The old man—he's tired all the time, he is; or there aint any opening that would pay him like it should; or the boss is jealous of him, or—oh, what's the use? You know. I worked hard for them, too, and kept precious little. The store asked me to get some new clothes, I was that careful. But now I'm done with them. If you want me, you can have me."

"It's not that I don't want you," he replied helplessly. "You hadn't ought to say that. But I haven't anything; I don't know where'd we'd go—"

"There's lots of places we can go, and comfortable. We can get along easy on what the family thieved and twisted out of you. I don't want to hear any nonsense about the 'five-and-ten,' either. I'd be happier there for a while than I'd be sitting alone all day, with you on the Avenue. Then, when the car's paid for, we'll see. We will get along swimming."

He felt there was no answer that he could successfully bring against her impetuous decision; reason would be powerless to touch her now. "There's been a new bill passed," he temporized. "All the jits have got to put up an insurance-bond, and it'll cost them two hundred per. I couldn't have got it if Gummey hadn't been willing—" He stopped at Gummey's name, and the feeling recurred of being caught in a trap of circumstance.

"Where'll we go?" she queried. She laid her hand—and for the first time he noticed that it trembled—on his arm. "Don't you want me, Martin?"

A wave of insuperable tenderness choked his utterance. "Want you!" he stammered. "Why, Mary!"

"We could go over to Malaga," she said in a softer, happier voice. Mechanically he turned toward Malaga, the village on the mainland from which the boulevard crossed the salt marshes to the sea. It was a broad, yellow way, humming always with speeding motors. The sun rose higher, and the heat increased. A bank of hot air struck their faces as they approached the inland trees and bushes. Martin's hands, where he held the wheel, were wet. He saw that Mary had on a fresh white dress and a blue ribbon about her throat. Suddenly and surprisingly he gulped down a sob.

"I'll take care of you," he declared savagely. "Gummey or nobody else sha'n't bother you. I'll make you happy, Mary."

"Why, of course you will," she replied with a serenity that frightened him. "Don't you s'pose I know that?"

"I guess we could go to a magistrate or minister, either?"

"The minister, Martin. The other seems so—so cold and businesslike."

MARTIN PINDAR drove as slowly as possible back to the city. He could hardly realize that he was actually married. The thought made them both happy

and sober; a vast determination to free himself utterly from Gummey took the place of the more uncomfortable dread. The heat was deadening, and he stopped before a confectionery-store. Inside, it was cool; the store was partly darkened, and filled with the odor of fresh mint candy. They took their places at a small marble-topped table, and ordered strawberry and orange ice, mixed with macaroons.

"You ought to get right out on the Avenue," Mary told him when they had finished. "There's a big crowd about to-day. I'll come along this once, and supper-time, we'll look for a place. I noticed a room for rent above a fish-market not far from the garage; I know the people, too."

They found a passenger waiting, and throughout the remainder of the day the car carried Martin and Mary Pindar from the city's end to end, the money that was to win their independence accumulating in a thin, continuous stream.

They secured the room Mary had seen. Martin was soberly but unbelievably happy. All that he cleared he turned back again to Gummey, and they lived on Mary's wage. The sense of oppression gradually left his thoughts; he ceased worrying about Gummey and the future. The red-haired man became unreal, fantastic as a half-remembered dream.

THEY were sitting in chairs on the pavement in front of the cool, damp cavern of the fish-market in an evening washed by a brief thunder-shower when the proprietor, thick-set, bare of collar and sanguine of face, read aloud the details of a local robbery and murder. The owner of a pretentious jewelry-store on the esplanade had been surprised and killed, and a notable number of pins and rings had been taken.

"A strict watch," the reader proceeded aloud, "is being kept upon all outgoing trains and persons leaving the resort. The police are looking for a well-known New York crook, Luigi, alias Spin Cornotti, who was seen here within twenty-four hours."

All Martin Pindar's vanishing dread returned with a sickening and unreasoning force. He instantly recalled the slender, carefully dressed Italian in Gummey's office. In vain Martin told himself that no possible connection could be established between him, Martin, and the outrage in the jewelry-store. Yet the inchoate fear persisted. If Gummey had virtually owned him before, now with Mary—He had a feeling of helplessness before the sheer, blind complexity of life. With it his love and pity for his wife doubled and trebled. He was swept by such a wave of tenderness that he leaned over and pressed her thin hand. He heard obscurely the reading continue:

"The associated merchants of the city have offered a reward of two thousand dollars for the apprehension—"

He was, he felt, wasting time sitting before the fish-market; they needed every cent he could collect; and he rose and went to his car, resting by the curb. He found, testing the tank, that his supply of gasoline was insufficient for the remainder of the day, and he turned back to the garage. Gummey, in his veil of cigar smoke, was in the office; and when he saw Martin, he rose and came out upon the main floor.

"Just who I was wanting," he said with an unusual display of geniality. Martin's heart sank. "I got a little job for you," the other continued, "and it'll pay you good. Some of the boys are going over to Malaga for supper—understand?—and are taking their skirts along—quiet party out of town, see? I wanted to get off an hour ago, but I've been delayed here, and I expect my dame's some sore. I may be held up till midnight, but she might as well get in on more of the fun. You stop for her—I'll telephone and explain—and take her along to the Malaga Arms, and I'll drive over myself."

"But that'll take near an (Continued on page 104)

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Antonia's facial contour had the suave insolence that comes from intimacy with real pearls, sable collar, genuine marble bathtubs and diamond-tipped hair ornaments.

ANTONIA KALUPSTI'S early biography was more eventful than restful. She was born in a West Side tenement-shack that a decent Russian peasant would have been ashamed to house his oldest cow in. When she was five years old, Illinois decreed that her black-haired father, because of a too-often-indulged tendency to draw a knife in a friendly drunken quarrel, should demonstrate to his own and to the State's satisfaction that—

.... it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air!

Antonia, luckily, was too young to read the newspapers. Her young brown-haired mother could not read English, but no newspaper could have added to her knowledge of the affair. She died two years later, when Antonia was seven—bringing Chicago's pneumonia total for the month to four hundred and eight.

Antonia was straightway taken in by a sister of her dead mother. But gaunt, glum Mrs. Theresa Balepsti, having already one of the hungry, gaping broods that have inspired the birth-controlists to their fierce outcry, was possessed of more charity than capability for charity. At the age of nine Antonia turned solemn brown eyes on the world and saw that it was exceedingly bad. Hunger to the right of her, hunger to the left of her, hunger in front of her stalked and—in her lean, small vitals—grumbled and rumbled.

She could not remember when it was not a painful ordeal to pass a hot-dog wagon or popcorn pushcart. Ice-cream-cone pushcarts she could endure equably. Ice-cream is a pleasant thing, but it has no luscious, torturing smell that reaches clear down into your small stomach and causes it

The story of a starved child who became a lady of fashion—by a writer who understands men, women and even department stores.

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ANTONIA

By IDA M.
EVANS

ILLUSTRATED
BY R. F. JAMES

almost to rend itself apart with longing. But hot, garlicky wienerwurst! A-ah! At the first steaming sniff of them, Antonia's eyes became dark fires of desire! And at the buttery fragrance of popcorn—o-oh! Her small stomach went clear back and curled itself tight against her small, lean spine in a very ache of delirious yearning.

Antonia's character might have been early analyzed from the fact that some days she glumly avoided the street whence shrilled the siren whistle of sandwich or popcorn cart, while on other days she deliberately and stubbornly walked her small self right down the street and past the odorous things—as though to discipline a desire that mutinously refused to bow to necessity!

However, at the age of ten she decided to do something to make her world a better place. "I wanna go to work," she told her aunt.

That gaunt person raised from the washtub weary eyes that might have been, from appearance, two glum holes burned into a privation-seared face, and muttered fiercely: "G'wan, then! No one's stoppin' you!" And perhaps not even a James or a Freud would have deduced that the fury of tone came wholly from self-rage that her gaunt, glum self had been unable to provide better for the dead Tonia's little daughter.

Antonia had a certain psychic power of comprehension. Gravely she regarded the gaunt, down-bent visage. "I wanna go," she persisted. And the emphasis was tactful.

She went. This was before the days of strict child-labor laws.

And she worked well. Antonia Kalupst had her faults—big, unsightly ones, her life proved. But she had too that virtue which comes near compensating for all faults, big and little—the virtue of pure energy, or as some term it, vitality. In the Jerensky department-store, which stood on Milwaukee Avenue not far from home, she soon came to be held up as a model for such slower, duller cash-runners as round-shouldered Ann Vittoz and pasty-complexioned Bianca Nordberg.

However, this distinction did not cause any swelling of Antonia's small head. That tight-brown-braided affair was too busy turning itself in every direction, that Antonia's greedy brown eyes might take in everything in the bewilderingly big store—big not only in so far as Antonia's judgment and Milwaukee Avenue were concerned, for it was an open secret throughout Chicago that



At the age of ten she decided to do something to make her world a better place. "I wanna go to work," she told her aunt.

State Street managers in the vaunted prosperity of their downtown location calculated, at odd half-hours, the yearly profits of old Adolph Jerensky and his sons, and then became somberly reflective. Out of those neat profits had evolved the Jerensky Real Estate Company, of which son Ivan was president, and also the Jerensky West Side Bank, of which son George was president—which was some evolving, considering that fifty-odd years before, old Adolph had landed at Ellis Island with all his worldly possessions in one none-too-clean bandanna handkerchief.

Antonia knew nothing of all this. But her brown eyes popped at sight of the Jerensky tinware section. So many wash-boilers in the world, and never a leak among them! Also Antonia's small nostrils dilated incredulously at sight of the grocery, meat and vegetable sections. Such aisles of food—counters of food, shelves of food!

She occasionally shot pert, furtive looks after the old owner of it all. But the short, fat-paunched figure with faded sharp eyes and bushy beard that ambled about the aisles was too vaguely uninspiring to get much of her vivid young attention.

"His whiskers look like a bunch of gray hay," she snickered to Ann, who giggled back: "I wonder if he washes 'em every time he washes his face! Must be an awful lot of work."

The two stout, middle-aged sons the pert young observers commented upon more scathingly—especially George, the stoutest.

"No wonder he's so fat it takes a yard of watch-chain to go over his white vest!" said Antonia resentfully. "An' no wonder his cheeks puff out and hang clear down over his collars! Look at all the stuff he's got to eat!"—waving a cold hand at the near-by counters. "Meat an' pies an' bananas an' potatoes an' wienerwursts—why, any time he feels like eatin', he can reach right around and get a hunk of something!"

"Don't I wish I was him!" sighed scrawny Ann.

But if the Fates had dealt Antonia poor cards where food was concerned, they had flung her a royal flush in regard to eyelashes. Her brown eyes had fringes of an extraordinarily long chestnut silkiness. And something in her ancestry made for early maturity. At ten she was a lean,

sullen youngster; at twelve she was a lean, eager-eyed little girl; but at thirteen she was merely a lean girl—no longer little. Her tight brown braids almost topped the henna pompadour of Stella Wethers, head saleswoman of the hosiery section. And by the time she was thirteen, Antonia knew calmly well that no cash-boy had yet joined the Jerensky pay-roll who would not neglect his work when she, brown-eyed, lean, impishly self-possessed, strolled by him and slowly raised her long silky eyelashes.

Willy Anderson was the other actor in her first heart affair. Most of the heart-part of it belonged to Willy; Antonia's share in the affair was mostly to consume the sweet offerings which Willy mostly "took" while he ran cash in the bakery section.

"It's awful!" more than once condemned pasty-complexioned Bianca. "He's swipin' all that stuff he gives you!"

"Huh! I should worry," said Antonia coolly, her silky lashes fluttering coquettishly. "Here—I've had seven cookies to-day; want half of this one?"

Bianca hesitated a virtuous second—but took it.

"Bianca's jus' mad because no one gives her anything," giggled Ann, who pattered after the popular Antonia like a crumb-seeking dog.

Discharged for inefficiency, Willy Anderson was sucked elsewhere in the city's maw of industry, and Antonia knew him no more. She did not care—much. He had successors:

Walter Klewert, Louis Serak, Henry Sundler, Sobel Chincelewski, Arthur Hitcher, Felix Quinn, Abe Maloney, James Horina, Edward Shankin, Morris Kritzberg, Joseph Taylor, George Tack, William Lambe, Harry Mogenheimer, Otto Hofer, Clarence McCarville, Manuel Kunow, Ben Ottenstrower, Jacob Haslwanter, Max Schmidt, Sammy Almsquist, Bat Orlanski, Hi Kuhrich, John Williams and Milan Meinhart.

Antonia liked them all.

She especially liked George Tack and Ben Ottenstrower. George, who was fat and tow-haired, worked in the meat section, and nearly every afternoon about warm, weary four o'clock, he brought her a cold and delectable frankfurter or a slice of baked ham. Ben, who was bony and brunette, ladled sundaes at the Jerensky base-meat soda-fountain.

But about the time Milan Meinhart joined the line, it began to dawn upon her young mind that there are other things than food in the world. Antonia began to glance often at Stella Wethers' graceful ankles; Stella was addicted to silk stockings.

Stella read her glances astutely.

"Don't worry, kid. Your time's comin'. You've got the eyes and chin and hair to get you plenty of whatever your heart desires."

"It's comin' slow," retorted Antonia. "I'm going on fifteen."

"Aint that awful!" mocked Stella, who was going on thirty.

Antonia tossed her small, creamy chin, resenting the mockery. But at the same time she glanced complacently in a near-by mirror. Undeniably there had come to be a certain satisfied look in Antonia's golden-irised brown eyes. Possibly Cleopatra and other masters of the masculine tribe had the same look.

"She certainly don't hate herself," sniffed Bianca Nordberg.

"Well, why should she? She's terrible pretty," declared Ann Vittoz, whose soul was too flattened by circumstance to puff its sad self with envy.

Antonia paid no attention to either comment. She was thinking. Of late Antonia had begun to treat cash-boys with a certain condescension. Milan Meinhart was nineteen years old and head of the delivery wagons. This week he had asked Antonia to go to a dance—in a hall somewhere.

Presently, when Ann and Bianca had strolled away, her big brown eyes went slowly down to her feet and thence up to her long calves. The stockings covering those calves were black, stodgily thick and cheap. Once Antonia (and Aunt Theresa) would have counted it good fortune to boast any stockings that were holeless. But once, also, Antonia had known no other way to wear thick brown hair than in tight braids. Now, for a month or so, those braids had been fluffed into a riotous imitation of Stella's elaborate henna coiffure. Even middle-aged Jane Hanson, who had the

counter next Stella's, had stared with reluctant admiration after that brown fluff of coils.

Perhaps in Antonia's soul, the desire to have things appropriate exceeded all else. At a dance, in a brilliant hall, a fluffy, beautiful head would certainly draw undue attention to a cheap, thick, black pair of legs. At any rate, three minutes later, with a curiously furtive drooping of her silky chestnut eyelashes, Antonia Kalupsti stepped behind a hosiery counter, stooped, pulled forth and pushed into her skimpy cotton waist's front something white, folded and silky.

Stella saw her. So did Jane Hanson.

Stella scowled fiercely and muttered: "Gawd, I aint surprised—but I aint no detective." And she hastily turned her plump back.



"That was—stealing!" he said. . . . "It—it aint honest not to pay for things!"

Antonia Kalupsti stepped behind a hosiery counter, stooped, pulled forth and pushed into her skimpy cotton waist's front something white, folded and silky.

What Jane Hanson, who was not a mean woman, might have done another day is uncertain. But this day she was perspiring (it was warm), out of temper for ten reasons—one being some impudence from Antonia ten minutes earlier—and in a mood to punish where punishment was needed. And perhaps Jane decided that the cruellest course might be the kindest in the end.

She caught the girl by the arm, drew the pair of white silk stockings from Antonia's waist and then marched her forthwith up the stairs to the glass-enclosed offices gold-lettered JERENSKY & SONS, PRIVATE.

Only old Adolph Jerensky was there—half asleep in a big chair. But he sat up, wide awake indeed, when Jane (by then half regretting her action) uncomfortably told him what had happened.

He motioned Jane to go out. She went. Then, over bushy, gray-bearded cheeks, between wrinkled parchment-dry lids, his eyes peered at Antonia.

She stood before him, stolidly silent.

"That was—stealing!" said he querulously.

She was silent, her silky lashes sullenly low.

The old man turned the silk stockings over on his dry, parchmentlike palms, inspecting them. Then his faded sharp glance went back to the girl.

Squarely on both feet, stolid, she stood silent before him. Her face had neither flushed nor paled. It was glazed with sullenness.

Again old Adolph Jerensky thoughtfully turned the stockings over on his palms. Then he said, in a gently impatient old voice: "It—it aint honest not to pay for things!"

Antonia's lashes raised slightly—enough to enable her to look into the old man's eyes, which were curiously gentle at close range.

"You mustn't do it again, little girl," he said coaxingly. "That's all. You can go."

Antonia went, still stolid, still silent.

But outside the office door her small face flamed scarlet. She put up both her hands, fingers outspread, and pressed them tight to cheeks and eyelids, as though to press back the burning sensation.

It happened that George Jerensky happened to pass her. Entering the office, he inquisitively asked his father: "Hullo! What's that pretty brat been doing?"

"Oh—nothing much," sighed the old man.

While the middle-aged George was making this query, Antonia happened to meet, two floors below, Otto Hafer of the Jerensky bakery. Otto's eyes, pale organs, and blue, filled with pleasure. His lank left hand was already filled with a fresh-from-the-oven cream-tart.

"Thanks," said Antonia curtly. "I—aint hungry."

Another floor down, she met Milan Meinhart.

Milan's eyes, narrow organs, and sensuous, lighted. "Say, honey, remember that dance's coming! And it'll be some—"

Milan did not understand at the time. Nor is it likely that Milan ever will understand, though he live to a ripe, ripe old age, just what impelled Antonia, hitherto as care-

lessly genial as her lovely irises were goldenly brown, to raise furiously a tense, flat pink palm and slap his narrow face.

It was a hard slap. He flung a hand up to his tingling narrow cheek and began to scream: "Why, you little dev—"

But by the third word Antonia was three swift aisles away.

Eleven months later old Adolph Jerensky died. Antonia contributed twenty-five cents to the wheel of ferns and sweet peas sent by the employees—though the cash-girls and -boys were expected to put in only a nickel apiece.

In the year Antonia had changed somewhat. At the end of it she was made salesgirl. It might have been remarked that the sulky discontent in her eyes had increased. But her silky lashes, which seemed even longer, mostly veiled it. Also her neck had lost a certain scrawniness of her early teens and taken on a satiny, flowerlike graceful slenderness instead.

The slap had irretrievably spoiled her "friendship" with Milan Meinhart. But like Willy, he had successors, Bianca—also promoted to a sales-counter and growing into a pasty sort of good-looking young womanhood—sneered: "Heavens, you'd think her brown eyes were made of gold, the way the fellows at this store and dances tag around after them!" Bianca had her own following, but it was small and mostly Antonia's discard—which may have been the reason Bianca so often mentioned Antonia's father's rope's-end end.

Finally there came Albert Grayson,—young, gay, blue-eyed, with a full though rather irresolute mouth,—who gained from Antonia, sixteen and a half years old, an admission that she really was fonder of him than of any other man so far introduced into her young life.

"Why, that's all that's necessary to be said!" crowed Albert. "I'll get the marriage-license right away. I'm getting eighteen dollars a week and I'll strike old George Jerensky—there he goes!—for a raise right away!"

"Eighteen dollars—h'm!" soberly and reflectively said Antonia. Antonia had picked up quite a few pages of arithmetic, even though her schooling had been brief; one does—in most department-stores. Her lovely eyes filled reflectively with sorrow—so that stout, middle-aged George Jerensky, passing, paused and wondered what that young chap was saying to hurt that pretty brown-eyed thing.

"Eighteen!" repeated Antonia sorrowfully. "My, I'd like to be rich, Bert—and have the clothes that rich women wear."

"Oh, I'll be rich some day," readily promised Albert—and untruthfully. For at the moment he had a suspicion that he might be laid off, instead of raised, that week. Dull summer was coming on, and the

crockery section had about six unnecessary men.

"Do—do you think so?" asked Antonia, so big-eyed and so dubiously that George Jerensky edged near, out of kindly and irrepressible curiosity.

And two months later Antonia married George Jerensky.



"No wonder he's so fat it takes a yard of watch-chain to go over his white vest!" said Antonia resentfully. "Look at the stuff he's got to eat!"

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Bianca looked up in time to catch Mr. Greminway's irritated manner toward his employer's wife. "I wonder!" Bianca murmured spitefully to herself. "I've always looked for something of the sort."

SEVEN years later Alton Greminway, a bright and shining representative of the modern cult of clever, university-sponsored efficiency-experts, stood in a center aisle of the Jerensky department-store—to which he had come a week before to take high-salaried charge—and stared quizzically and rather incredulously after his employer's young wife.

She had passed him swiftly. He got merely a glint of satiny hair, a whiff of perfume, a flash of golden-brown iris, a shimmer of white sleek throat rising insolently from a high, rolling sable collar (for which collar George Jerensky had personally sent clear to Moscow!) and a flare of perfect and satisfied profile.

Oh, a very satisfied profile! Not at all the profile of a person who knew of such unsightlinesses as hot-dog push-carts, ten-cent undershirts culled from slovenly basement bargain-tables, or black-rotting bananas pounced upon greedily because cheaper than hale yellow sisters. Nay! Antonia's facial contour had the suave insolence that comes from excellent intimacy with real pearls, sable collars, paté

de foie gras, chauffeurs, waiters, sheer silk underwear, ermine-lined evening coats, December strawberries, genuine marble bathtubs and diamond-tipped hair ornaments.

Ten minutes before, Alton Greminway had left Antonia's husband in his office six floors above—and stout, bald, pursy-jowled George Jerensky had settled himself in his big office chair for his usual after-luncheon doze.

"Huh!" said Mr. Greminway cynically to himself now. And his eyebrows, which were lighter but about as shapely as Antonia's own, arched themselves unkindly above his bright blue, clever eyes.

By this seventh year the Jerensky aisles and counters had become accustomed to Antonia's elevation. Department-store pay-rolls shift, sandlike; new names replace old names as new days slide into old days. Few of the old heads were left to turn after Mrs. George Jerensky and recall when her slim, brown-eyed self ran cash instead of her own big satin-cushioned limousine.

Among the few were Albert Grayson and Bianca Nordberg—who now was Bianca (Continued on page 150)

A Complete Résumé of the Opening Installment

THE first great American novel to grow out of the tremendous times in which we are living is this daringly intimate story of American women caught, like the Sabine women of old, in the frightful struggle with a victorious soldiery.

The story opens in a quiet, leafy, dimly lighted street of a small Midwestern town after nightfall. Mrs. Winsor, an elderly woman, thinks she sees a pair of strolling lovers as she sits waiting for the coming of her son Noll. She watches the two shadows in the gloom. They disappear behind a tree; only one emerges and glides hurriedly down the street. Mrs. Winsor's feeling of loneliness deepens, and she sobs her welcome when Noll finally comes in.

Almost immediately they are startled by a scream. Ward Pennywell, a town youth, and a girl companion have stumbled over a body lying behind the tree, and a few minutes later Pennywell brings the limp form of a girl into Mrs. Winsor's house. Noll, Mrs. Winsor and Pennywell all stare in amazement as the girl is stretched on a couch. Her clothing is fine and well cut; her hands are delicate; and her set and deathlike face shines beautiful with a kind of wild foreignness.

The town marshal and a physician are called. The physician finds no signs of violence and says the girl still lives.

Mrs. Winsor has her put to bed. No distinguishing mark is found on the girl's clothing and no papers, but in a silk money-belt around her waist they find two diamond rings and new money amounting to nearly five thousand dollars.

The doctor works all night but fails to revive the girl and leaves her in care of a trained nurse. He tells Noll the girl must be awakened soon if she is to live, and that her state has probably been caused by some terrible shock.

The sleeping girl, so mysterious in her strange beauty, holds an absorbing fascination for Noll. And her peculiar coming has saved him from one of the bitterest heartbreaks known to youth. Noll Winsor is of mixed blood. His father, now dead, had come of a family, mostly English, that had been American since 1600. His mother is of German parentage, of that stock that fought for freedom in Germany in the rebellion of '48 and '49. So, while he has no liking for the country of his German mother, he feels her reverence for its institutions. And while he is that complex thing called American, he loves the solid, peaceful, lovable people of German birth who are her friends. So when his neighbors who have no German blood began to attack everything German and spoke of his mother's people derisively as "Huns," he resented it. One of his outbursts precipitated the unhappiness that had come to him.

Isolde could not bear to look, but turning aside, played with all her might.



Noll was fond of Edna Sperry, but he had quarreled hotly with her violently anti-German brother, and Edna had taken her brother's part. She did not invite Noll to her party. This amounted to a beginning of social ostracism for Noll, and he was bitter. When he met Duncan Guthrie, a successful rival for Edna, in a drugstore, and talk of the war began, Guthrie tauntingly tossed the hated word "Hun" into the argument. Noll let go and sent Guthrie spinning.

Such attacks as Guthrie's always surprised Noll; for the previous year his cousin from Germany, Nazi Duhr, a young lieutenant in the Reserve, had found no difficulty in getting the young men of the town to imitate him, and the girls had listened eagerly to Nazi's pretty speeches.

Now, however, the new interest of the mysterious girl takes such hold of Noll that he forgets his troubles. All the next day at the bank he thinks of her. And when he reaches home he is nettled to find old Professor Treulieb and his daughter Isolde visiting his mother. Isolde is asked to play on her violin. Soon after her high, soaring tones begin, the nurse appears and with asperity asks her to stop because the music makes her patient shiver.

That night, after promising to get some money across to the now needy sister of his mother, all of whose menfolk (Nazi, of course, included) are at the front, Noll decides that by tracing the sleeping girl's money he may be able to find out who she is. He finds that something hard has been sewed into the money-belt. It is a letter without date, salutation or signature, a letter of one sister to another, from a convent somewhere in Belgium. It tells of the German occupancy and of the arrival of their mother to fetch her out of the stricken country. Then the letter says:

Oh, my dear little sister, the only bright thing in the world is that you will escape what Mamma and I have had to go through with.

One regiment—I won't tell you its name—settled down near the convent. There was terrible carousing by some of the men and the officers.

One of the novices tried to run away after dark. We saw her from the window. A few men caught her, and others came up laughing and tried to take her away. They were told "She is ours. Go get one of your own."

I was so scared. Mamma tried to hide me somewhere. But they found us in a little cell. They fought each other, and then one of them laughed: "The mother is not so bad." They drew lots. I can't write. I hope you don't understand. I wanted to kill myself, but my religion made me afraid to murder myself and die as I am.

That wicked regiment marched away, and another halted. These officers were different. They beat the men who insulted us. But others came—more brutal even than the First Thuringians.

What the future will bring I don't know. Mamma and I are to be mothers, and we don't know who the—so many—I can't write—I can't die. Don't tell Daddy when he comes back, if he ever does. Tell him we were killed in the burning of this town, and you had a letter saying we were dead, and lost it.

Good-by, blessed little sister. We shall never see you again. Think of us as if we were what we wish we were, dead.

Noll sits dazed and stunned. He now knows some way must be found to awaken the lovely girl; some way must be found to help her on her holy mission. "Those-Huns!" he mutters, and starts. He himself has used the hated term.

The Second Installment of
the New Novel by

RUPERT HUGHES



While the beautiful girl played to the beautiful girl, no one seemed to hear Isolde or heed her, the sleeping girl least of all. It was she that the two men and the nurse watched, all eyes.

The UNPARDONABLE SIN

Illustrated by

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

INDIAN summer ruled for its little smiling-while, and warmed the early night of fall with a pleasant dream of October remembering April. The long belated spring wind was as impudently inappropriate as youth astray in a graveyard. It crept through the lifted window and teased the light ringlets of hair about the ice-white brow of the weird girl who had drifted into the life of the solemn young man as curiously as the spring wind that blew through the October trees.

They told Noll that she only slept, but she gave no proof of life. He thought of the old tradition that hair does not die with the body. He wondered if it were true. He was at the age when he was finding out that traditions are not often true. But the hair of the girl before him was so uncannily merry and the girl so mournfully still.

The frightful letter that he had filched from her money-belt seemed to explain death but nothing more, and young Winsor kept asking that silent figure silent questions: Who are you? Where are you from? What brought you here? What robbed you of your life at my door, of all the doors in the world?

She did not answer. There was no motion visible to his keenest scrutiny except that light and frivolous flaunt of curls at her brow, a mockery of gayety about a face where frozen anguish gave youth and symmetry a dreadful beauty. She seemed herself engaged in deep reverie, locked motionless in complete devotion to one thought.

If he could only waken her! He bent and spoke in deep,

low tones, lest his mother hear him in the other room.

"Who are you? Tell me! Tell me who you are. Let me help you!"

But she gave no sign. Once by inadvertence his lips touched the delicate conch of her ear, and they were chilled as if they touched frost, burned and chilled as if they touched frosted iron.

Noll was afraid of the mute witch, afraid for her, afraid with her. He was young too, and without love. He longed to be able to help some one. She seemed to need him. But he could not get word to her that he was there.

He sank into a coma of helpless thought. He read and reread the letter till he had to put it from his sight in his pocket. He put in another pocket the money-belt his mother had found on the girl's body. He fell so still in his meditation that he grew almost as lifeless as the girl was. He was so lost to the room, the town, the world, that when the nurse returned and from habit tiptoed into the room and whispered, "I'm back; I was detained," he was as startled as if he had fallen out of a dream.

He sprang to his feet, knocking his chair backward with a clatter that made his heart race. He was afraid that he might have startled the slumberer. He forgot that his one ambition was to break into her sleep. He looked apologies toward the girl, but there was no stir about her except the little ringlets at her temples.

The nurse, Miss Stowell, whose business it also was to get the patient awake, kept whispering too, and asked: "She hasn't moved?"

Noll shook his head and would have mentioned the letter he had found but that the nurse, yawning and eager to be asleep, dismissed him with a nursish authority.

"You needn't wait up any longer."

She bustled about, dressing the couch, patting up a pillow and murmuring:

"I'll just make myself comfortable and—and read."

She had no book, but she said she would read!

Noll, disgusted, went to his room. He thought he ought to speak to Miss Stowell about the letter, but as he turned, he heard the key click in the lock. He sniffed at the dubious compliment she paid herself and him in the precaution.

He sank down on the edge of the bed and unfolded the letter, but was too tired to read it again. It had worn him out with its terrific story. He hated to think that the pretty young girl in the other room had seen it and had understood such things. He wondered what other terrible knowledges were stored up in that whist soul of hers. His brain exhausted its strength with the energy of its wonder.

Just what had happened when the German herd trampled Belgium was visualized in his eyes in an intolerable brutality. He saw the spiked helmets fallen from the close-cropped heads of the soldiers who held the American mother and her daughter in their gorilla arms. He remembered the song of Lassen's that his German cousin Nazi Duhr had sung a year ago about the German in a foreign land who had been "kissed in German," and the honey of the melody turned to gall. He saw hideous struggles, heard drunken laughter stitched through with vain shrieks for help when there was no help.

He blazed with an ambition to go to their rescue, for the sake of the sister smothered in an avalanche of disaster, though he would have had to cross land and sea and dash backward through time.

The maddening thing about the situation was that the letter contained no mention of places or people except the name of the Thuringian regiment, and that had slipped in through an evident oversight. He had no idea where to go to rescue whom. He simply must get a few names. It annoyed and baffled him not to know what to call the sleeping girl. To think of her as "the girl" or as "she" was becoming unendurable. He would have to make up some title for her. He wondered what the name of the Sleeping Beauty was. He wondered if he might wake this poor little *Snow White* with a kiss.

Perhaps Doctor Mitford would be able to resuscitate her in the morning at least long enough to ask her who and why and whence. But if not, if she should never open her eyes and her lips, whom could he notify? Where could he send her exquisite clay but to an anonymous grave?

CHAPTER VIII

THE next morning Noll went to his mother's room. She had an unbidden guest to worry over, and the knowledge of her sister's woes in Germany belittled her own distresses. She reminded Noll of his promise to start money on its way to her hungry sister Konstanze. Noll reassured her, but his feelings were bitter against all Germans this morning. He wanted to tell his mother that it was his aunt's own fault if she starved. Why did she select such a country to be born in? Why had she brought up her sons to be parts of the German machine where every man became a mere soulless cog and rolled on when the engineer pulled a lever and gave the word *Vorwärts!*

Already an individual experience was turning him against a whole race as readily as he had been turned for it by another individual experience. In other countries old admirations were suddenly turned to contempt; old friends were being regarded as Judases because their nations had ranged themselves on the opposite side. People were hating even the beloved dead, the artists, the poets, the saints of

The Unpardonable Sin

the hostile tribes, and loving their ancient hates because of their alliances.

Noll remembered a legend that the Kaiser, having cut his finger once, had let it flow a moment, saying: "Now I've got rid of my English blood." Noll was tempted to free himself of his German heritage by the same ingenious device.

But he excused his mother from blame. After all, he told himself, her father had been good enough and wise enough to abandon such a country, and his mother had been good and wise enough to marry an American. He helped her down the stairs to a chair by the window as if he forgave her something.

As he was about to leave the house, Doctor Mitford arrived. Noll found it hard not to speak of the letter, but he held his peace. It was his mother who mentioned the odd fact of the nurse's complaining that Isolde's violin had disturbed the sleeper.

"Disturbed her how? When?" Dr. Mitford gasped.

"Yesterday afternoon," said Mrs. Winsor. "I'm so sorry."

"And what did you do?"

"Isolde stopped playing, of course," said Mrs. Winsor. The Doctor roared.

"Of course! Damn it—excuse my French. But why didn't somebody tell me of this?"

"It didn't seem important. We expected you to call."

"Important! That nurse is a fool. Where's Isolde? Get her as soon as you can!"

"Telephone to her, Noll," said Mrs. Winsor.

"I'll be late to the bank," Noll mumbled. He had found office-hours contrary to nature as well as to romance.

HE called up Isolde's house. Her father replied with exuberant morning enthusiasm, but his warm-heartedness irritated Noll, who felt hypocrisy in the cordiality. He forgot the old man's rage against the rulers of Prussia. Everything and everybody German was damned for him by the sin of the Kaiser.

Professor Treulieb, when Noll asked for Isolde, explained that she was not to house, she had by the neighboring village outgone and would not till noon back come.

"Tell her to come over here and bring her fiddle as soon as she gets home—will you, please?"

"Shoo-ur!" said the Professor and would have clattered on amiably—if Noll had not slapped the receiver on the hook. He abhorred the old amiable.

Noll came home from the bank at noon. He had not finished his luncheon before Isolde arrived. Her too he found strangely altered overnight. In her wistful ashen meekness he saw a Hunnish motherhood, the sort of future *Hausfrau* who would take her place meekly as a stolid breeder and trainer of Hunlets and Hunlettes into a state of idolatry for the Emperor and his God-given anointed powers. She would breed more subjects for an emperor who said that his crown came not from peoples or parliaments but from God direct, an emperor who was sublimely ludicrous enough to treat the great wise manhood of Germany as priests to his glory and consign all German womanhood to the four *K's*, the service of *Kirche, Kleider, Kinder* and *Küche*. Isolde's little Hunlets would grow up and fall into line, march past the Kaiser at the goose-step and salute him with their toes, give him their lives as his due and take from him with gratitude what crumbs of privilege he swept from his banquet-table.

Doctor Mitford explained to Isolde what he had called her for. He did not know what Noll knew, and Noll took an almost malignant delight in his monopoly both of the information and of bewilderment. He was like a scientist who is puzzled about things that other people do not even know that they do not know. Noll was conceited about his higher ignorance.

Isolde took her violin from the case, asked Noll to "give her the A" at the piano, brushed the quaint fifths with her thumb and struck a Venus of Milo attitude plus a pair of excellent arms while she steadied the violin against her thigh and tightened or loosened the pins, brushed the strings again, tightened the pins again and so on till she had the instrument in accord.

Then she took up the bow, drew a sweet phrase or two from the singing strings and said: "I am ready."

She followed the Doctor up the stairs, and Noll followed her. She was excited with a new kind of stage-fright which did not diminish when she entered the room and saw before her her most unusual audience of one.

The mad king of Bavaria when he befriended Wag-

ner had been wont to have operas performed for him alone in the empty opera-house where he hid somewhere behind the curtains of a box: Isolde's mission was to find her solitary auditor still more shy, still more hidden. Noll had once been very fond of Isolde, and it did not help her to see that she was now hardly more than a musical instrument for the sweet awakening of another love.

"What shall I play?" Isolde whispered.

"You don't have to whisper," the Doctor said with a twang that jarred. "What did you play yesterday?"

"The 'Serenade' of Drdla, I think," said Isolde. "Wasn't that it, Noll?"

He nodded, and she began, faltered and paused to

When he reached for her again, she dropped to the floor and hunched along the carpet with grotesque awkwardness. She whispered: "Don't touch me or I'll tear your eyes out. No, we are not Englishwomen. We are Americans."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

say: "It does not sound very well without the piano."

Mitford motioned her to go on, but it needed all the resolution she had. She could not bear to look, but turning aside, played with all her might.

At another time Noll would have seen how fair she was, and modeled with as clever a scroll-saw as fashioned the violin she held under chin and cheek.

She played with shut eyes, her body bending and swaying as her left hand tapped the strings with uncanny wisdom and her right arm with the bow for a long eleventh finger kept up its seesaw always in the same plane. It was uncanny that such manipulation of such a machine should educe from a box tones beyond the magic of the nightingale that sings sometimes of nights in Avon near Shakespeare's tomb.

While the beautiful girl played to the beautiful girl, no one seemed to hear Isolde or heed her, the sleeping girl least of all. It was she that the two men and the nurse watched, all eyes.

When the last note ended with no success visible, the Doctor cast a reproachful glance nurseward, and Miss Stowell protested:

"I'd have sworn she moved yesterday."

"How?"

"Her eyelids seemed to—well, throb, and her mouth quivered."

"It was probably your imagination," Mitford grumbled. "But try something else, Isolde."

"What shall I play, Doctor?"

"How should I know? What do I know about fiddle-music?"

"What shall I play, Noll?" Isolde pleaded, and then remembering a tune he had loved once when he thought he loved her, she began the "Liebestod."

Noll flushed. It seemed hardly the time to be raking up old follies. She had played it for her cousin when he visited America.

"No, play the—the 'Träumerei.'"

She played it, and also that cavatina of Raff's, a familiar bit of Mendelssohn's concerto, a part of "The Kreutzer Sonata," Bach's "Chaconne," and various other garments from the well-worn wardrobe of all fiddlers. She played, of course, the "Humoreske" of Dvôrak and also Maude Powell's arrangement of his poignant lyric "Als die alte Mutter."

But the soul on whom this serenade was wasted would not come to the window. Mitford grew dogged and insisted:

"Try something more cheerful."

She played Fritz Kreisler's "Caprice Viennoise," a reminiscence of the time when Vienna was the home of all cheer, not the fountainhead of blood.

The composer was lying in an Austrian hospital even then after being wounded in battle and trampled by Russian horses whose hoofs threatened the future of that priceless arm. Later he would recover and tour America, devoting himself and his art to the conduct of a fund for foreign musicians interned in Austria, so that music should have some other life in the war beside "The Hymn of Hate" and the clangor of march-tunes.

Isolde played the "Caprice" deliciously. It was a rich mingling of tinkling bell-tones and syrupy harmonies; so gay and so tender it was, that it inspired what Dante called the saddest of sorrows, the remembrance of happier things.

The Doctor grew tired of watching for an effect that was not achieving. He turned away in disappointment. But Noll gripped his arm and whispered: "Look!" He turned again to the girl and saw that among the lashes of one eye there was a spot of wet light. A tear grew and globed and slowly, tarryingly, slipped down her cheek into her hair, where it glistened a moment in jewel brilliance, then vanished.

The eloquence of it was beyond words or music. It quenched with its own pathos the joy it created.

"She weeps! That proves she lives!" said the Doctor, not meaning to stoop to an epigram or rise to a sentence.

"Play it again—the same thing!"

Isolde's violin repeated the "Caprice," but now it carried new and solemn connotation, as a street-song does when soldiers have sung it on their way to the wars.

On the repetition, however, the music evoked no glint of a tear, no token of any response till the end of it, and then there was barely manifest a slow, a very, very slow, prolonged, mournful taking-in of breath and a deep, complete, deliberate exhalation—that strange business with the air that we call a sigh.

"Play it again! Over and over!" the Doctor stormed.

Isolde fought silence with melody under the whip of the Doctor's excitement till her muscles ached and her spirit was fagged out. She played and played, weakening like a groggy boxer. Her skill and her toil had no further influence on that rigid taciturnity. Noll knew why, or thought he did. There were sorrows in that heart which the feigned and artistic woe of music could not reach.

"I can't—play—any—more."

THE watchers over the slumberer heard a faint cry and looked round to see Isolde collapsing to the floor in a swoon. By instinct her arms sheltered her violin instead of herself, and she fell heavily. Noll ran to kneel and pick her up, but the Doctor thrust him aside and left her on the floor. He placed a cushion under her feet, and the blood ran back into the machinery of her brain. Then she began to cry hysterically.

But Noll somehow could not feel sorry for Isolde. It seemed to his freezing heart that German women ought not to partake of pity, since their men denied it to women. Cruelty is the most contagious of diseases. Noll was ashamed of his new heartlessness a little, but he told himself that it was the German's own motto announced frankly as their military policy in occupied countries: better that many innocent suffer than that one guilty escape.

Doctor Mitford was regretful of Isolde's defection, but enough had been accomplished to prove that the girl's soul was not altogether inaccessible.

Isolde accepted her dismissal with characteristic meekness and left the room. Noll went to the door with her. He waited while she wrapped the fiddle in its silk swaddle and set it in its cradle.

Suddenly he remembered that the only name mentioned in the letter was that of the First Thuringian regiment. He remembered the words, "Others came who were more brutal than the First Thuringians." He said to Isolde:

"Isolde, you remember my cousin Nazi Duhr?" Her blush answered before she stammered:



Dr. Mitford,
smuggling a load
of bafflement in a
sack of confidence.



JESSE WILLCOX SMITH

CHAPTER IX

THE wonder was not so much that she should be overwhelmed by such a disaster as that she should survive it at all. It seemed to Noll strange that the whole world was not stunned by what had happened and was happening in Belgium.

Yet "Business as usual" was still the watchword around the globe, while atrocity was piled on atrocity in a little realm innocent of war and ignorant of its approach.

Suddenly Noll seemed to see Belgium itself, and all the peace and security of mankind as the shattered victims of just such outrage as had crushed the girl asleep. The conscience of America must be asleep too, to have tolerated it and accepted it as merely sensational news. Noll felt his gorge rise at the nausea of things. But he felt also that he was on the way to an understanding of Doctor Mitford's patient.

The Doctor came down the stairs now with that particular way doctors have of coming downstairs from sick-rooms, smuggling a load of bafflement in a sack of confidence. He went out to his little old-fashioned car, cranked it up, was about to get in, remembered something he had forgotten to tell the nurse and hurried back into the house and up the stairs. The engine of his car went on chuckling like a cozy sewing-machine.

Noll was struck by a notion that the girl's body was like that. The driver was away, "upstairs" somewhere; but the engine without budging from its place ran on and on and would run on as long as the gasoline did not fail.

It was an odious sort of fact. But mysteries must be reduced to mechanisms if they are to be solved. The main problem now was to recall the driver of that car to the wheel before the engine wore itself out.

When the Doctor came down again, Noll asked him:

"Well, what do you think now?"

"Just what I thought."

"Just what was that?" The Doctor had thought and unthought several theories.

"It's a plain case of hysteria," he said, "a form of somnambulism, a fit of sleep."

"Yes—yes, of course, why?"

"Do you remember what regiment he was in?"

"It was—let me see—wasn't it—yes, Nazi was in one of the Thuringian regiments. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; I just wondered."

Isolde mused: "Do you suppose he is fighting? Of course he is. Isn't it awful? He might have been killed."

"If he hasn't been, he ought to be," Noll growled.

"Noll!" Isolde gasped. "Why do you say that?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Are you still jealous of him?"

"Maybe I am. I guess I am." But he was not thinking of Isolde.

Isolde smiled sadly. "Auf wieder—"

"Good-by!" Noll snapped.

He stood on the porch as she wended her way along the street, but his eyes were turned inward with thought.

He was thinking about the victim of her music, seeing again her tear and her long, deep sigh. The idea flashed into his brain that the violin had not so much wakened her from inanition as it had invaded the intense activity of her thought, had disturbed her at her meditation as a catchy tune had often interfered with some precious mood of his own or annoyed him when he was casting up accounts.

That was what the girl upstairs must be doing. She had reason enough for profound consideration of a life where such infamy was possible.

Noll had read somewhere the old dogma of certain theologians who were content to imagine a God who was content to spend his eternities in the contemplation of his own glory. If so much time were needed for infinite wisdom to debate its splendor, surely a few days of utter repose were not too much for a girl to spend in a study of the problems raised by such a cataclysm in her little sphere.

Mrs. Winsor clasped her close and spoke to her motherly: "My dear, you are with friends. You have been ill, but we love you and you are well again." Dimmy acknowledged the affection by returning the embrace; then she disengaged herself a little to say: "Thank you. You're very good. But who—who—please—who are you? And where are we?"

"How long will it last?"

"God knows!"

"How long can she live without food?"

"She is being fed artificially now."

"She is?"

"Six times a day with a mixture of beef-extract, white of eggs, glycerine and whisky. That will keep her going for a while."

"How do you explain her—trance?"

"Only fools can explain things. Wise men merely study them, describe them and watch how they work."

People nowadays like to know what their doctors are driving at; so Noll ventured:

"I wish you'd tell me a lot about hysteria."

"I haven't the time to, nor the ability," Mitford confessed. "I don't know much about it. Nobody does. But I've got a few books with the latest guesses on the subject. Want to read 'em?"

"Indeed I do!"

"Come over to the office and help yourself."

NOLL got into the car, and at a touch of the hand the engine gripped the axles and the machine left the curbstone with a leap. Noll felt that somewhere there must be a lever that would set the sparks to flying also in that stationary soul upstairs.

Doctor Mitford took Noll to his office, and finding other calls waiting, left him alone with the most terrifying literature ever written, the psycho-analytical works describing the aberrations of the human mind and its mutual enemy the body.

These were not the occult balderdash of the all-credulous who endow the subconscious mind with divine powers beyond the reach of the conscious, nor the inane chortlings of infantile glee over senile transcendentalisms. These were the ransackings of the lower brain, the dust-bin and garbage-barrel of memory, where, as in other garbage-cans, disease lurks and the products of waste and carelessness ferment.

It was hard for a young small-towner to meet on a plane of high intelligence these investigations in mental sewage or to regard them as the purified and purifying sciences that they are. The language appalled him alternately by its technical jargon and by its bluntness. Its Oedipus-complex, its libido-principles, symbolisms and dream-explanations offended him with wrath.

Hours afterward, when Mitford came in to find Noll buried under a landslide of new ideas, Noll broke out:

"If this is science, give me a nice, sweet fertilizer-factory. The scheme seems to be to sprinkle the Greek dictionary over a heap of smut. This fellow Freud builds everything on the memories people don't remember. He nags at some poor half-witted wreck till he or she drags some ghastly thing out of the past, and then he's as proud as little Jack Horner. He pulls out the plum and says: 'What a great boy am I! Now you're cured.' He bases it all on erotic repression. He ought to be repressed himself."

The young doctor smiled with an ancient tolerance. "Wouldn't it be a pity, though, if the prudishness of narrow-minded people like you should prevent science from investigating these ailments? They're much more common than you dream of, Noll."

"Even as a child you knew of fearful things that any novelist would be lynched for mentioning. They're mighty important. Some children can't forget their black pages, and the battle between primeval instincts and the moral lessons they learn is a frightful battle to some poor souls. People set themselves a fleshless standard, and suffer hideously when they fall back to nature. They try not to think. They sprain their brains and rupture their pride. The memories fester like abscesses, find outlet in unsuspected places, fill the system with poisons."

"It does them a marvelous good just to tell somebody all about it. It's exactly like lancing an abscess. The old secrets come out like pus. The psycho-analysts call this cleansing process the catharsis. Some souls need a brisk cathartic as well as some bodies do. That's all there is to psycho-analysis. It's nothing to be so horrified about."

"You are not morbidly moral; you don't worry over your childish mistakes. But numberless quiet, respectable people are seething with struggles inside their souls. Secrets are better out than in, especially if they're foul secrets. And so this patient of mine—of ours—"

Noll broke in hastily: "None of that, now! Don't try to pin any of those ghastly Freudian tags on her. These psycho-fellows seem to have minds for nothing but the dirty and the eccentric."

Mitford was patient with him: "You're making what Stanley Hall calls 'the complicated protest of normality.' But whatever that girl's secret is, secrets are poison. Some people tell them to the priests and do their penance, but the doctors ought to be told about thoughts as well as pains, for thoughts are symptoms, causes as well as by-products of disease."

NOLL knew that the girl had a secret, and a venomous secret, but it did not concern her own conduct. It was from without. He protested:

"You're barking up the wrong tree this time. These Germans don't understand us Americans. But maybe they know their own people. Let 'em keep their ugly science and turn it on themselves. Come to think of it, this

Freud fellow may have the explanation of the Prussian atrocities in Belgium. That may be an explosion of erotic repression. The race has been studying too hard and being decent too long, I guess. They had to go out on a terrible drunken spree. They'll have a frightful head when they wake up, and my God, what remorse!

"I see that one of these psychologists, Adler, doesn't agree with Freud. He explains everything by the theory of masculine inferiority—perhaps he's cleared up the mystery of the Kaiser. He says that a sense of inferiority makes people hide their weakness under a bluster or a pretense of some kind. Do you suppose that's why Germany is trying to trample everybody else down? Do they burn and bombard and outrage and slaughter for fear people will think they're afraid to?"

"That may be it," said Mitford; "but it sounds funny, coming from such a pro-German as you!"

Noll realized that his eloquence had carried him too far. His sudden and ferocious change of heart had come from reading the letter he had found. He had felt that he had no right to tell even the Doctor of it. It was the girl's own wish that it should (*Continued on page 136*)



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Peter Clark Macfarlane's stories are to appear regularly in the enlarged Red Book.
He is well known for novels like "Held to Answer;" his short stories are even better.



Illustrated
by
F. R. Gruber

THE FAMILY HONOR

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

DENNIS DONAHUE, father of twelve and husband of the dynamic Nôra whose shrill voice just now was echoing loudest, appeared cautiously in the door of the woodshed, cocked a bleary, weatherly eye and listened, translating the babble of sound as a mariner translates the moanings that precede the climax of the storm. The hour was half-past one on Saturday afternoon. Clamors, childish wailings, confusions of tongue and stridenties of tone were issuing from the rear of the Donahue house, a two-story unpainted wreck that should haunt the landlord on the day of judgment.

Since by reason of the profligacy of his habits Dennis had been evicted some six months before from the family nest and domiciled in the woodshed, his free and open visits to the house were now confined to those irregular occasions when his wife came to the door and announced shortly: "Come an' git yer grub, ye loafer!"

Dennis, admittedly, was a drink-sodden wretch, but with intentions unbelievably fair; he was short of leg, long and round of body, wore the amiable map of Erin broad upon his face and notwithstanding the decayed state of his affairs, was particular about several things. One was his personal appearance. Just now, owing to an event of last night which he could not certainly remember,

Dennis was collarless; but the dignity of somebody's cast-off Prince Albert, buttoned close under the chin, concealed this lack in his sartorial array and comported well with that pride of bearing which seemed to increase in exact proportion as the ground of it crumbled and washed away in the stream of his alcoholic absorptions.

Listening thus keenly to the sounds from within, the sensitive father-heart of the man was pained that Nôra should be so rough with children. Indeed, this got so upon his nerves that he required urgently the soothing of a cigarette. A cigarette, however, was something which at the moment Donahue did not possess; yet inasmuch as the makings were sometimes to be found in the spare garments of his nineteen-year-old son Tim, who occupied the middle bedroom upstairs, Dennis wet a wistful lip, pushed the door of the woodshed wider and considered.

Only one invitation to partake of food had been extended to Dennis to-day, and that was soon after the family breakfast. In the excitement of getting the five younger Donahues ready to make a fit appearance at the birthday party of Miss Daisy Dugan, daughter of Detective Dugan, two houses down the block, the stomach of Dennis had apparently been forgotten. But this was not the sole reason why he felt a weakness in his bones and a

stretch of "no man's land" at the pit of his stomach. So far, the day had not brought to his tongue one single exciting drop of that beverage whereto his family traced his downfall. Two pleading, hopeful hours at Schwarzburg's on the corner had failed entirely to achieve results, and Dennis had returned in pathetic emptiness to await the luncheon-call that never came.

With excitement added to this emptiness, a bit of a smoke became doubly imperative, and the crafty Donahue was not long in venturing upon a raid of exploration. Gaining surreptitious entry to the lower hall by way of the front door, Dennis slipped upward as softly as his weight would allow, with the machine-gun fire of Mrs. Donahue's chidings rising around him, interspersed by the querulous appeals and plaints of excited and impertunate childhood.

"Me pants!" wailed a childish treble. "I'm wait—"

The voice was smothered suddenly, as if the sought-for garment might have been flung with petulant force into the seeker's face, and immediately the mother was heard inquiring in hurt tones: "Now, who took them garters? I had 'em in me hand this minute."

"They're in your other hand," was shouted gleefully to the accompaniment of a chorus of juvenile laughter.

But no sooner was one problem solved than another arose.

"If I had my guimpe," piped a twin, "I could be puttin' on my dress."

"Yer guimpe!"—in a tone of complaining patience utterly outworn. "Well, I give it to ye twice. 'Twas on the top of that pile. I s'pose it's at the bottom of it now."

Dennis shook his head sadly. Some years in military barracks were tucked away far back in his life, and these had stamped the value of those twin virtues, tidiness and order, upon the man so indelibly that not even drink could wash out the impression. At this moment his bunk in the

woodshed and such belongings as could not be bartered—for only that sort remained there—were disposed with irreproachable neatness.

"Ah, Nora," he sorrowed, teetering on up the stairs, "confusion! disordher! distraction!—no place for annything, nor annything in its place. 'Tis thus that ye ruin yer temper and ruin yer disposition and ruin yer—" The melancholy stream was abruptly throttled as Dennis gained the threshold of Tim's room.

"Fer the love of Mike!" he gasped with fresh disapproval toolled upon his brow. "Wad ye bend yer eye on *that*, now?"

The "that" which gave Donahue's order-loving nature such new and keen distress in a spot already lacerated was the spectacle of a suit of "best clothes" flung recklessly upon a chair, where it clung rather than hung, wrinkled and hopelessly mussed.

"And yit," Dennis mused forgivingly, "what could ye expict av the lad wid such an example set to him? I have been negligint' me duty. I must rayson wid the bh'y ag'in' these loose habits that is destroyin' the younger generation. Ah, there ye are!"

A triumphant chuckle interrupted Donahue's reflections as his practiced fingers detected the feel of cardboard. Cardboard suggested that sheaf of small papers which was one of the objects of his quest. Instead of that, however, Dennis stood presently with a green card in his hand, which had come from the inside pocket of the vest.

"John Jones—gold watch—twenty-one dollars," he read, and stared at it in disappointment.

"The rascal has been pawnin' his watch," he deduced. "The childer av this day is plumb ruint be extravagance. At Tim's age civil a gold watch did I have, let alone pawnin' one."

But a pawn-ticket was not cigarette-paper, and Dennis was returning it dejectedly to its place when the great idea came to him that pawn-tickets were negotiable, that

"Look at ut!" she declaimed, halting Dennis at the door. "Who done ut?" "Ordher," he announced with a feeble attempt at grandiloquence. "Ordher—efficiency—progress!"





"I never bate you in me life," contradicted Dennis doggedly, from out of sight behind the half-open door. "'Tis not for beatin', but for stealin'," explained Officer Dugan.

there was always somebody gambler enough to buy a pawn-ticket. Thrusting the green card into his trousers pocket, Donahue made for the stairs, salving his conscience with the assurance:

"'Twill be wan howlin' good lesson fer him, the spindrift! Wan howlin' good lesson!"

Meantime a weak desire to gloat over the spectacle of domestic chaos he knew that the children's bedroom afforded, led Dennis to risk making his way out through the back hall. The same weakness lured him into halting before the open door.

A quintet of half-dressed figures was posed about on chairs, beds and boxes, as being thus more accessible to the ministering hands of Nora Donahue, a flushed, tight-lipped, eyebrowless little woman with iron-gray hair and quick, nervous movements, who boxed an ear, twisted a curl or caught up a rent in a stocking with equal facility. A heap of indiscriminate garments covered the bed, from which the resourceful mother made her selections as dressing proceeded and her decorative plans for the day developed; for it was not alone necessity, but taste and a love of variety, on the part of Nora, which made the wardrobes of the younger Donahues so largely a community affair that it could be said of them, as of the church at Jerusalem, "They had all things common; neither said any of them that the things which he possessed were his own."

This was made feasible by the fortunate circumstance that the five were nearly of a size, although some years separated

by ages, except in the matter of the twins. By taking a reef here or expanding a stitch there, it was Mrs. Donahue's pride that she could always send her children forth garbed in a certain freshness that, while no mystery to those who knew the Donahue system, might have conveyed a bewildering sense of opulence to a stranger who chanced to see but one of the children on successive gala occasions.

Just now all the small folk were in the grip of unsuppressible emotions, some of these betrayed in smiles, some in tears and some in both.

"There now, Terence, darlint," Mrs. Donahue announced with glowing pride as she expanded the bows of a huge Windsor tie upon the pinafore of her youngest, a six-year-old angel-face with freckles, "ye're dressed. Set where ye are on the bureau, and if ye move, I'll brain ye. Now where the—where the—where in the name of St. Patrick is that stocking? Harry! If ye haven't gone and put on Robert's pants. I told ye Robert was to wear them to-day. I told ye!"

For once Mrs. Donahue's inflexible courage seemed to fail her; her hands rose in a gesture of despair, and her voice soared into wailings. From the hall Donahue was tempted to place himself in jeopardy.

"'Tis the confusion and disorder of it all, me darlint," he patronized. "'Tis that that's breakin' ye."

The expression of Mrs. Donahue's face changed completely, and her small gray eyes gleamed with fire.

"'Tis *you* that broke me, Donny-hoo!" she retorted

resentfully, pronouncing the last part of her husband's name as if it were the second accent of a sneeze and putting into it the distilled essence of her scorn.

"Systhem!" ventured Dennis, trying to make his air of assumption good. "Tis systhem ye need, Nora, me girl; and ye should be teachin' it to the chil'der."

"Systhem!" barked his wife, her hands upon her hips. "Systhem, is it? Ye drunken, impudent, no-account loafer! Throw that in me face, will ye? How did ye get in the house, annyhow? Who told ye to come in?"

"I come for me lunch," fended Donahue, beginning to weaken.

"Well, ye could have saved yerself the trouble. There aint anny. There wont be anny—until Tim brings home his money to-night. Now shmoke that, will ye?"

"The lack of systhem!" reproved Donahue with a final burst of bravado. "Tis sheer mismanagement that l'aves yer husband widout his meals on Saturday. Ye should have read that piece I cut out av Schwarzburg's paper about the woman in Newark that keeps a family on seventeen cints a day."

"Siventeen cints!" Nora took a step nearer her husband, and Dennis took a step nearer the door. "Siventeen cints! Dinnis, if the time ever come that ye give me siventeen cints a head for this family in anny wan day, I'd be so proud I'd bust. Dinnis,"—appealingly,—"ain't ye got a bit av shame to yer heart, ye proflig, disripitible parent that ye are, pourin' yer money down yer throat, niver bringin' home a cint or a bite o' bread to put in the mouths o' the chil'der? Livin' off av thim, that's what ye are! If it wasn't for Flo and Mignon slavin' in the laundry, with Nettie and Fan takin' care of the rint, where would we be?"

"And Tim!" Mrs. Donahue's tones grew eloquent. "Think av that boy, Dinnis, the fine manly lad that he is, drivin' the Ford all day at the grocery for the pittance that dago Napoli gives him, and sittin' up half the night studyin' for his law-examinations. Niver a bit of dissipation, niver a bit of relaxation, niver takin' a cint for himself till I've had me pick out of his pocket on Saturday night. Ah, Dinnis,"—and Mrs. Donahue's voice broke suspiciously, while an apron went to her eyes,—“if it wasn't for Tim, if it wasn't for that bh'y, if it wasn't for knowin' that the soul av him is as white as the robes av angels, d'ye know what I'd do? I'd git as drunk as ye do; and thin I'd bate ye, Dinnis—bate ye till ye'd niver dare git full again as long as yer sinful life hangs on. Git along out av here before I do it now!"

Mrs. Donahue, having successfully controlled one rising set of emotions, yielded to another by an impetuous dash at her husband, who executed a hasty withdrawal.

A MINUTE later Donahue stood in the woodshed, a trifle downcast for him, with the value of a drink in his pocket. He was turning his hat round and round in his hand, looking at the age-green and battered crown, and pondering upon himself and his ways. As he reflected, a tear rolled down his nose and took the precipitous plunge from its upturned tip to the crown of the old hat. Tears, it might be explained, came easily to Donahue. His was a tender nature, and Nora in that one moment of sympathetic appeal, rare with her, had struck him deeply—to wit, to the extent of tears. Not, however, to the extent of going upstairs to return the green card to the inside pocket of that vest!

Yet neither could Donahue make immediately for Schwarzburg's. Father-pride held him fast, waiting to see his children start for Dugan's. Presently they came, filing down the back stairs, stiffened with starch and sobered by the stern eye of a mother whose parting injunction was: "Now, thin, me beauties, behave as well as ye look, and ye'll do better than I exptic."

First marched tiny Terence, in the comet-splendor of

that red Windsor tie which gave no hint of being a mere bow borrowed entire from Nettie's hat; then came the twins, hand in hand and all in white, with the red sash on Betty and the blue distinguishing Mary. Robert followed in the luminous glory of those custard-yellow pants that had been bought for Harry, while the latter, envious and with lip protruding, brought up a lonely and gloomy rear, refusing utterly to walk with the brother who had so despoiled him.

In each child's hand was a gift—all gathered by the mother or the older children with painstaking care in the days since the invitation had been received, gifts designed at once to make happy the heart of Daisy Dugan and maintain the self-respect of the house of Donahue.

Dennis, through a crack in the woodshed door, with swelling breast watched the children depart. There were no finer in the land than his.

"Glory be!" he sighed. "Tis wondherful to be a father!"

WHEN the echo of footsteps had died away, and the sharp slap of the kitchen door marked the going of his wife within-doors, Donahue made hasty tracks for Schwarzburg's. That stolid German citizen scrutinized the pawn-ticket with satisfying care and then contemplated the appealing, artless, shameless features of Dennis Donahue with a head-shake and a sigh. After having divested himself of the sigh, Schwarzburg purchased the pawn-ticket from Dennis for one dollar. Dennis immediately thereupon bought some spirituous refreshment at the cost of one dime. With this warming in his vitals he had an attack of conscience and was resolved immediately to go out and earn one dollar, repurchase the green ticket and return it to its place. It was a mean trick to play on Tim, honest, it was!

Dennis was glad, however, that he waited for another drink before acting on the first mad impulse, for after the second his resolve was much larger. He was determined to earn not one dollar but twenty-one, to regain the ticket, redeem the watch and then give Tim the talk of his young life.

But Dennis had his third drink sitting, and by this time Tim had faded from his thoughts. Instead there rose the vision of the hard-working Nora, assailed, compassed about and overwhelmed by the tyranny of domestic confusion.

"Systhem!" he lamented sonorously. "Tis systhem that women require to cope wid the high cost av existence." The more he reflected upon the sad condition of his wife, the more sorrowful he became—and presently he lowered his face upon the table and wept copiously.

"So?" inquired Schwarzburg with ready sympathy. "Vat iss der great grief?"

Donahue lifted his streaming eyes; their lids were red, and there was a teary pool upon the doubtful green oil-cloth of the table.

"Efficiency!" moaned Dennis in a voice thick and quavering with pathos. "Efficiency is the keynote av our times; and woman, who is the keynote av our lives—woman is not efficient!"

"So!" admitted Schwarzburg noncommittally, wiping the tears from the table with a towel.

Stirred by the violence of his emotions, Dennis arose and oscillated gently upon his heels. He was not drunk,—far from it,—but impelled by a new and powerful purpose that had come up to him out of the pool of his tears. It was the exhilaration of this that made him step so high as he piloted his footsteps once more in the direction of the bar, where he obtained another drink.

Thus fortified, Dennis set forth to launch a drive in behalf of womankind, meaning this very afternoon to emancipate at least one member of the sex from that galling yoke of inefficiency whereby the juices and joys of life were being pressed out of her. (*Continued on page 131*)

The SURPRISING THING About Edward

By FREEMAN TILDEN

THE *Burnside Courier*, published weekly, one dollar a year in advance, advertising rates on application, contained this batch of "correspondence" in the issue of August 2, 1914:

SWIFT RIVER

Last Monday evening a surprise party was tendered to Edward Cumner by his many friends on the occasion of his leaving town to take a position. Many games were played, and a fine time was had by all. Those present were Miss Alice Brown of Burnside, who is visiting Miss Elsie Cosden of this burg, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Stier, Arthur Stier, Lafayette Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George Dutton, John Dutton, Edith Dutton, Gertrude Dutton and others too numerous to mention. A collation was served.

Miss Alice Brown of Burnside, daughter of the famous owner of the Brown Toy & Game Company, has been visiting Miss Elsie Cosden for the last few days. Come again, Miss Alice!

Edward Cumner, a well known local young man, has accepted a position with the Brown Toy Company of Burnside and will leave at once for the same. All join in wishing him the best of luck.

Mrs. George Cumner is better, and was able to join in the festivities at the surprise party of her son, Edward Cumner, though retiring early.

Your scribe, Edward Cumner, hereby resigns his position as correspondent for *The Courier* as he is about to leave town to take up a position. Miss Nellie Nolan, teacher in the River District, will hereafter be glad to receive items of interest concerning this burg.

(Congratulations, Edward!—Ed. *The Courier*.)

Laugh as you will, you self-satisfied urban dwellers! Snicker your most contemptuous snick at such features of country journalism; but the fact remains that this batch of correspondence from Swift River is a masterpiece of tabloid revelation.

Cumner was working hard all day and doing a bit of thinking at night.



ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

In five paragraphs the whole prologue is told. Nothing is omitted that should be included; nothing is included that might properly be omitted—and the "scribe" of *The Courier*, Edward Cumner, shoots forth from Swift River like a comet, leaving a trail of admirable scintillations behind him—also prudently preparing the path before.

The party—oh, that was a classic. It is true that the young man in whose honor the affair was tendered was not surprised. Nobody in Swift River ever was quite completely surprised by a surprise-party—because, you see, you have to get the permission of the surprised beforehand; otherwise he or she might be out of town or in bed or, if it were Saturday night, at tub.

But there was a better reason why Edward Cumner was not surprised. It was Edward who always suggested the surprise-parties in Swift River. He had been for three years the surpriser par excellence. He was to the surprise-party what smoke is to bacon, or egg to nog. If he didn't invent it, at least he made it a thing of bloom.

There had been surprise-parties in Swift River before Edward Cumner began to wear linen collars, but they were dreary affairs. By half-past nine all the men wished they were at home with their shoes off. They were the kind of feverish meetings where the men gather in the kitchen and talk about their neat cattle, and the women are collected around the family album in the front room and conduct a patient, scientific research into the past life of the new minister.

Ed Cumner changed all that. When Ed ran a surprise-party, nobody ever got home before the desperate hour of midnight, and nobody wanted to go home at all. There was something doing every minute. The old felt young,



and the young felt younger. Rheumatism vanished under his magic touch, and nobody spoke of funerals, contagious diseases or sudden death. Before one game had a chance to pall, you had already played something else, and were busy on the third. "Good time was had!" Well, say!

Before Edward Cumner took hold of the surprise-party idea and whiffed ginger into it, a girl would squeal if she were kissed. Afterward, she would have got peeved and left if she hadn't been kissed at least twice. None, however, were ever known to leave.

A short intermission at this point, beloved dweller in the crowded places, while you snort with glee at the simple festivities of Swift River. But remember, O brown-lunged ones, that up in that blessed country where you can wear a starched collar four times before laundering, and where it is possible to cross the main highway without the aid of a traffic superintendent, a little of the bacchanalian stuff must go a long, long way. It was no small thing for one young man, unaided, to put Swift River so much on the map that people over in Burnside (four thousand population, census of 1910) as well as the humbler dwellers in Hawkins, Doolittle, Baird's Crossing and Ashdod were wont to say enviously: "Well, that Swift River place is certainly a live one. Something doing there all the time. They get a little fun out of life over there."

But Edward Cumner is now leaving Swift River, and we must hasten on. In the matter of that surprise-party:

Among those present, as we have seen from *The Burnside Courier*, was Miss Alice Brown of High Falls, daughter of the owner of the Brown Toy Company. She was visiting Elsie Cosden of Swift River at the time. Both advanced young ladies, having chummed recently through college, and having acquired the sophisticated outlook that comes from making fudge three times a week and clandestinely hearing a real anarchist speak, attended the surprise-party to see how the lower and uneducated classes disported themselves.

"I know it will be perfectly killing, Alice," said Elsie Cosden.

"What an old-fashioned idea!" said Miss Alice. Miss Alice was just turned twenty-two, and so of course she remembered the good old days distinctly.

"Who is Edward Cumner, anyway?" added the distinguished visitor. "Is he the young man who is going to work for my father?"

"Oh, he's really a real nice fellow; but, you know, he's always lived in the country," explained Miss Cosden, whose family had been living in the country only a trifling matter of one hundred and twenty-five years.

And so they went to the party. They put on the very worst outdated frocks they possessed, so they did—not! And they spent so little pains over their toilets that they arrived at the party before anyone else got there—also spoken sarcastically! And they hadn't the slightest idea in the world—oh, certainly not!—of giving the young

men of Swift River palpitation of the heart every time they looked in the direction of the fluffy and modish raiment.

With this method of procedure, combined with a college-bred attitude of appraisal toward the others, the Misses Alice and Elsie came near spraying the Paris green of confidence over a gathering which otherwise would have had a good time. They would have succeeded had it not been for a certain young man. His name was Cumner.

Far from being abashed in the presence of the only daughter of the Brown Toy Company of Burnside, Mr. Edward Cumner was enlivened and energized to a surprising degree. He took the fair collegiate hand that was willingly extended to him, and he looked with unstinted admiration into the eyes of the owner of the hand. Then he said, with no perceptible falter in his voice: "It was mighty fine of you to come over to-night, Miss Brown. And you too, Miss Cosden. You both look—simply wonderful! Miss Brown, may I say that the harmony between your gown and your hair is the most beautiful thing I ever saw?"

Miss Cosden, as sponsor for the proprieties of Swift River, looked exceedingly pained. When Edward had stepped briskly over to greet some other newcomers, she whispered: "Don't mind it, Alice. It's just his way."

"His way!" repeated the distinguished guest. "Well, I wish his way were a little commoner down in Burnside. Of course, I know he just said it to be nice,—of course I know it was flattery,—but he said it so gracefully. And there's something so sincere about his way of looking at you, I—"

The sound of old Joe Robbins' fiddle struck up out in the big, clean, spacious kitchen. Up came Edward Cumner breathlessly. "Will you help me start it?" he whispered to Alice Brown. "You know" (this very confidentially) "it's always hard to get things started. Nobody wants to take the lead. I don't know the new dances very well—but will you be my partner in a Virginia reel?"

"Of course—thank you," was the instant reply; and a moment afterward there was tumultuous laughter.

The young ladies who had come to laugh at the surprise-party remained to laugh with the surprise-party. There wasn't a moribund moment, not even while the ice-cream (donated by the Cumner Jersey cow) was being eaten. It was all innocent, simple, hearty fun. It was the kind of fun that was so simple that it bordered on the regions of the simple-minded—and yet that's the sort of fun that leaves a clean slate in the morning. The two visiting young ladies grew into the enjoyment. The daughter of the Burnside factory-owner began to show a face whose natural beauty was lighted up by youthful exuberance. By simply having a good time, by letting the silken strands of her hair fly wildly over her face when she indulged in the hectic pastime of hide-the-thimble, Miss Brown elicited from the more rural hearts the sentiment: "What a pretty, natural, lovable girl she is!"

It was a quarter past twelve when the men remembered

that chores have to be done in August about half-past four. The party began to ooze out the front door, with hilarity and reluctance. Then Miss Brown took Edward Cumner lightly by the sleeve, in the hall, and said in a low voice:

"You are going to work at my father's place, aren't you, Mr. Cumner?"

He said he was.

"I do hope you'll be successful—and I know you will."

Then, after a little pause, the young woman added: "You know—I want to thank you for the splendid time I've had to-night. I haven't enjoyed myself so much since I was a little girl. At home—well, I never had much fun. Somehow, fun never seemed to get into our house. Somehow I never learned how to have any fun. And Burnside is like that, too. It's—melancholy. I'd like to see you do something to it—something foolish and delightful—like this. Good night."

Thus comes to an end the prologue; and with the simple formality of placing the Roman numeral

II

at this point, the problem of the interim is solved, and Edward Cumner arrives in Burnside and "enters the employ" of Nathan Brown, of the Brown Toy and Game Company.

It was an interesting contrast the two men made as they sat in the office of Nathan Brown that August day, with the breeze snapping the curtains and a varnishy, kiln-dried wood smell exhaling from the factory in the rear.

The president of the company was exactly fifty-six years old, but he looked and seemed by his manner long past sixty. Short in stature, grizzled, nervous, bald, old-fashioned in dress, he peered over his spectacles as he admonished the tall, well-built young fellow opposite him:

"As I was saying, Cumner, I was born in Swift River myself. I favor Swift River

boys, when there's anything to 'em. And I will say that the ten or twelve I've taken on have done pretty well. The year you graduated from the Academy, the principal recommended you to me, but there wasn't any place in the office



The advertising manager was just as merry as an automobile accident.

The Surprising Thing About Edward

One morning Cumner looked up suddenly into the eyes of Alice Brown. . . . She hastened to say: "I mustn't stay but a minute. I just wanted to ask you — about that surprise-party you gave Harry Elder last night."



then, and I didn't see any use wasting you in the factory. Now I've a chance for you. They tell me you've got a pretty active mind, and I'm going to put you in as assistant to our advertising manager. You'll have to learn all about printing, and cuts, and the rest of it, and you won't be worth very much at first, but it's a good chance. What do you say?"

"I'm very much obliged for the chance, Mr. Brown."

Nathan Brown put his thumbs together so hard that it seemed as though he were trying to weld them into one thumb, and looked at Cumner with mild severity. "Mind," he said, "business is a serious matter. The young man who gets ahead is the one that 'tends strictly to business. Come, now, and I'll introduce you to George Leslie, our advertising manager."

They went through a maze of little boxlike offices, down a spiral staircase, through a room where a group of girls were deftly filling pasteboard boxes with cards of some sort, till they came to a little room in which, at a roll-top desk, sat a middle-aged man with a flowing black mustache, and a solemnity of countenance that would have graced any morgue in the world.

"George, this is the young man I spoke of!"

Mr. Leslie rose and received the ex-correspondent of *The Burnside Courier* into his sanctum as though the reception were definitely connected with the welfare of nations. In the first five minutes Edward Cumner had made up his mind to two things: first, that George Leslie had never committed the irregularity of a smile in his life; and second, that this business acquaintance was going to be just as merry as an automobile accident. But there was another thing, more reassuring, he concluded. He felt somehow that Leslie was the soul of honor and the receptacle of decency and kindness. And for that reason he felt a great and mounting desire to slap his immediate superior on the back and tell him to forget his troubles. He overcame the desire — and therefore remained.

In a few weeks of it, Edward Cumner perceived how it was with the Brown Toy and Game Company. There was no joy. It was as though the mere labor of purveying the instruments of pleasure to others had taken the gladness from the purveyors. Everybody seemed painstakingly kind, loyal, friendly—but in a gloomy, resigned way. The office manager—they called him simply the "super"—was a robust, red-faced man who looked as though he could be happy if he dared, but he wasn't taking any chances with innovations. His name was Cutler, and he came from Swift River too.

Of course, there were a few irrepressibles in the employ of Mr. Nathan Brown who managed to have a good time. But they attained it surreptitiously, so to speak. It was a notable fact that Burnside, a town which should have been able to support a whaling good baseball team, never saw a really good game from one year to another. A one-ring circus which was so unlucky as to camp within its confines went away frozen to the bone. Some rash adventurer tried to run an outdoor theater, one summer, on the outskirts, and the attempt was so gruesome that the leading lady and the ingénue lost heart completely. The former married Stearns the grocer, and the latter is still interned as a biscuit grenadier in the lunch-room next door to the post office.

A more prudent soul than Edward Cumner would have noted these sad traditions of grief and merged himself with the local solemnity at once and for all. But Ed was buoyant and hopeful. He told himself that while life was extant, there was still hope. And he had visions of dances, surprise-parties and picnics.

Nevertheless the first thing young Mr. Cumner did was to get to work and nail down the job. Nathan Brown had been accurately informed that the new office employee had a "pretty active mind." It was not only active—it was

strong and willing. Cumner knew just as much about the mysteries of printing and advertising, when he started, as he knew about astronomy. But he dug an exuberant thumb into the waistband of the local printer, told him a few stories about the gay side of life in Swift River and made friends from the jump. He cultivated the printing office every time he could reasonably account for his absence from the plant. He got to know an electrotype from a half-tone, a woodcut from a "zinc," coated-paper stock from bond, and his deft fingers began to judge the weight of "super" paper by the feel.

It must have been in a wild moment of ecstasy that the Brown Toy and Game Company established their little house-organ. They had one, however. Every month or two, irregularly and timidly, this publication went out to the trade, to the agents and the few travelers. Having once committed himself to it, Nathan Brown watched over it like a fond father. He never wrote anything for it himself, but he jealously edited it for dignity and probity.

Leslie, the advertising manager, said to Cumner one day: "Mr. Brown wants you to see if you can write anything for this month's *Bulletin*. Do you think you could? You've been here long enough now so that you see what we want."

"I think I can," was the reply. And he did. He labored industriously for several evenings and came down to the office one morning with several sheets of manuscript in his fist and a glint of pride in his eye. Leslie looked it over sadly but firmly. Then he remarked kindly: "Cumner, I think—er—this won't exactly do. There are good ideas there, but—er—isn't it rather flashy? You know what I mean—undignified. Mr. Brown doesn't like anything that borders on levity, you know. For instance, take this, where you say, speaking to the agents: 'Don't let the war-scare get your nerve! Remember that the kids are not going to quit whooping it up in the same old way, and that Old Santy isn't going bankrupt this Christmas, by a long shot.' Now, that's an excellent point to make, Cumner, but I think we could express it better. Say, something like this:

"We wish to remind our excellent friends of the trade, that since it is becoming more difficult to import foreign toys, and the demand on the part of the little folks will

not diminish, it is more important than ever to see that they have an ample supply of the Brown line." Isn't that a little better?"

"It is, if you care more about dignity than about selling the goods," replied Mr. Cumner.

"What's that?" asked Leslie sharply.

Cumner retreated adroitly. "Oh, I realize that you can express it better," he side-stepped. He saw that when you want to push over a stone wall, it isn't much use to hurl yourself against the whole thing, at first.

However, the young fellow, who felt that he was really growing rapidly and who was getting up an interest in the business that grew from day to day, couldn't keep from indiscretions. He committed another one promptly.

The Brown Company was beginning to exploit a new game—a sort of parlor billiards. The toy table was expensive, but beautifully made. Leslie had written the advertising under the patronly eye of Nathan Brown. It was not bad copy for the purpose; it was far better copy than Cumner could have turned out at that time, and he was wise enough to realize it. It carried a picture of a little family gathered around the billiard-table on a winter's evening, alleged to be enjoying themselves; but the ad had not proved a "puller."

What struck Cumner, immediately, was that the faces in the picture were not those of a happy family. The young fellow, who personally knew what it was to have a good time, saw that the artist had created a domestic circle of people who seemed to be working at the game on a wager, or because they had heard it was excellent exercise.

"They don't look as if they were having a good time at all, to my notion!" he told Leslie.

Mr. Leslie was grieved, as far as he experienced any emotion. But he replied simply: "Mr. Brown chose that illustration."

"Oh!" said Edward Cumner, unconvinced.

The good Mr. Leslie felt that it was time to curb this rebellious spirit. He said, gently: "Cumner, personally, I like to see your enthusiasm. You've taken hold in the right spirit. I think I understand you. You don't mean to be anything but respectful, I'm sure. But I want to warn you right now that if Mr. Brown should hear some



The Surprising Thing About Edward

of the things you say, he wouldn't like it. He would think you were 'fresh.' "

"But honest, Mr. Leslie," urged the young fellow, "I should think, when your business is to sell toys and games, and things for people to have some fun with, you could afford to—to sort of let go now and then, and get some fun and good-nature into the business on this end. I know I'm just learning the business. I'm not fresh, honestly—I don't mean to be. But it's so chilly around here! Nobody seems to enjoy himself. I should think people could work better when they have a good time. When the graduating class of the Academy took that trip to Washington, we stopped over in New York. We went through a big plant there, the biggest of its kind in the world; and what struck me was that the man who owns the place, when he built the building, spent such a lot of money to see that the folks who worked there could have a good time, off duty. There's a place for the help to dance, and rest-rooms for the girls, and amusement-rooms for the office help and the factory help—it's the greatest combination of work and pleasure you could think of. I remember I wondered, at the time, how they could afford it. But I see now. I bet the owner knew it would be a great investment, besides its being a fine thing to do. The people who work there look as though they enjoyed themselves."

"You talk as if you were a big employer of labor," remarked Leslie with good-natured amusement.

"By golly, I may be some day," was the naiive answer. "And if I am, I'm going to stake my money on the idea of that New York man—that the most efficient help are the ones that have the most fun off duty. Gee, this place is like a prayer-meeting."

"I wouldn't advise you to let Mr. Brown hear you say that," cautioned Leslie.

"I suppose I'd get my walking papers," admitted Cumner. "Well, I won't say anything more about it. As far as I'm concerned, I've just got to have a good time. I guess I was born that way."

Cumner didn't enlarge any further on the subject. But he saw now why the office took life so seriously. It was a spirit handed down from the top. He recalled what

Alice Brown had said to him that last night at Swift River, and he saw clearly what she meant. It was obvious that Nathan Brown, just, benevolent, decent as he meant to be—as everyone admitted he was—toward his employees, radiated a personality that was not one hundred per cent sheer hilarity. Everything in the office was based either on the assumption that "Mr. Brown would like it" or that "Mr. Brown wouldn't like it." And what he was supposed to dislike resolved itself into pretty much everything that savored of lightness of heart.

One crisp, winy morning, when Cumner, working beside an open window in his basement den, was wondering whether the water in the old swimming-hole wasn't just about ripe back in Swift River, the young fellow looked up suddenly into the eyes of Alice Brown. She had come in noiselessly, and to the great amazement of George Leslie, who bowed respectfully and went on with his work. It was the first time Edward Cumner had ever seen the daughter of the owner in the office.

Cumner looked at the trim, fluffy little figure, at the dark eyes that were always reaching out for happiness, at the fresh color in the clear cheeks—and his first reaction was an instant homesickness for Swift River. He hadn't felt that way before. But Alice Brown brought back to him something of the good, sparkling air of the mountain-side. He imagined an odor of white clover came in with her. He looked at her, indeed, so eagerly and raptly that she dropped her eyes quickly and hastened to say:

"I mustn't stay but a minute. I just wanted to ask you—about that surprise-party you gave Harry Elder last night."

"Oh, did you hear about that?" said Cumner with a light of pleasure in his eyes. "Oh, we had a fine time. I knew sooner or later I could introduce a little fun here."

The girl made a little grimace of feigned pique—or perhaps it was feigned. "I wasn't invited," she said.

"You—Miss Brown—" gasped Cumner. "Why, I didn't dream—"

"That I'd come? Well, I certainly should have. Didn't you think I liked a good time?"

"Yes. But your position—your father—he—"

"Wouldn't let me? Indeed he would. He wouldn't care a bit. Don't you ever believe, Mr. Cumner, that Father isn't the most democratic man in the world. You may call him an old sober-sides, and maybe he is, but he doesn't hold himself a bit above the run of folks here in Burnside. Anybody'll tell you that."

"Yes, I have heard that," assented Cumner.

"I don't think it was a bit nice of you," she went on, roguishly prodding the victim.

"My goodness!" the victim replied, deadly serious for once. "I'd have been nearly flattered to pieces, Miss Brown, if I'd thought I could take the liberty of inviting you."

"But I don't want you to be flattered to pieces," she laughed, twirling her parasol, and turning half around, with no intention in the world, naturally, of showing the young man that the glory of her chestnut hair had not been dimmed in the passage of (*Continued on page 100*)



"I don't dare come in. I shouldn't be here!" she said.



BACK to HALSTED STREET

BY EDWARD S. O'REILLY

RED CLEARY, ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS DUER Red used in taking up who kept morn- his collections. There ing office-hours on the third bench from the alli- was the hail-fellow-well-met system, the fraternal-order gator-pool in Pioneer Plaza, was a member of the nomad high-sign, the rush-act, the old-home-town stunt, the temporary legion of the weak-lunged which has selected El Paso as its Mecca. I had been mulcted many times by Red for jitney-fare to the race-track in Juarez across the Rio Grande. In return he had been my guide and mentor in the underworld which is the aristocracy of that border Monte Carlo.

A squalid Mexican town sprawled on the banks of the muddy Rio Grande, Juarez has become one of the touted show-places of the West. The tourist may step on a street-car and in five minutes leave the conventional, well-policed streets of El Paso and find himself in the much advertised "wickedest city in America." There he may take his choice of the crowded gambling-halls where throngs of Mexicans, cowboys, miners, Chinamen and women pass feverish hours in the great game of taking a chance. If the gambling-halls have no appeal, the tourist may visit one of the many dance-halls and cabarets where modishly gowned tango partners may be had by the score as long as the visitor has the price of a drink.

Juarez was Red Cleary's hunting-ground by night. He was a scavenger at the feast, and lived by his pickings from the "live ones." He would haunt the gambling-halls and saloons, a jackal stalking his prey, in search of a generous or drunken reveler who was reckless with his cash.

Red had developed the science of making a touch to a well-nigh perfect degree. He could recognize an easy spender or a winner with uncanny certainty. Having selected his victim, Red would study the subject a few minutes, classify him as a two-bit, a four-bit or a dollar touch, and proceed with the operation. He rarely failed.

Long study and natural talent had made the little tout an artist at separating a man from his money. His work was polished and pleasing. After the donation had been made, the contributor usually felt a glow of flattered pride at his part in the transaction. Many were the methods

Red used in taking up his collections. There was the hail-fellow-well-met system, the fraternal-order high-sign, the rush-act, the old-home-town stunt, the temporary embarrassment and the absent-minded gleanings of the other fellow's change.

Occasionally a touch had to be staged on a more elaborate scale. Red had been known to spend his own money buying drinks for a good prospect, working up to the stage of boon companionship until the victim had reached the psychological moment of alcoholic generosity. After an occasion of this kind, Red paid his back room-rent or adorned himself with divers new garments.

This was the life the little parasite was leading "for his health." He had been told that the climate would cure, and he was giving it a chance. An hour or two on the bench in the plaza, the afternoon at the race-track and the evening in the gambling-halls and saloons—that was his regular daily program. His mornings he passed in exhausted sleep in a small bedroom littered with half-consumed bottles of nostrums and consumption-cures.

Juarez was indeed a happy hunting-ground for Red and his fellow graftsmen, but still he was not happy. In addition to his lung-trouble he was suffering from another malady—homesickness. Red pined for Halsted Street.

"Say, Slim, you might not believe it," he had often boasted to me, "but I used to run a house on Halsted Street. Roulette, stuss and craps, with a quiet little poker-room to trim the hicks. Of course, it belonged to Dutch Mike, but I was manager and got my per cent. Them was the days, man, them was the days."

Mountains and sunsets, and the strange sights and sounds of foreign lands, did not exist for Red. Halsted Street was his world, the place of his dreams. The slum was where he had been born; it had shaped his body and molded his soul; and it was there he wanted to die.

One morning I found him poring over his worn dope-book, trying to pick a winner for the afternoon races.

"Do you know what that Doc handed me this morning?" he queried. "Told me to get ready to croak, only three months left to live! Sweet little package, wasn't it? And me down in this wop town two thousand miles from Halsted Street!"

"I sure would like to see that old stem before I kick in. Can't you see me some mornin' easin' in to Dutch Mike's and settin' up the suds to the old gang? Then goin' home and puttin' my feet under the supper-table at my old aunt's what raised me? I bet, at that, the old bunch would know me before I opened my yap."

"I guess everybody gets stuck on the place where he gets his start. There's a rube sod-buster at my sleepin'-dump from Alabama or Dakota or some of them places. He's got a wife and two kids, and he's clear nutty to go back to the cows and chickens before he goes under. Ain't that a scream? Think of wantin' to hike for the woods when the same dough would take you to old Chi and Halsted Street! Them sod-busters always is nutty."

"That happy family gets my goat. The Jane is always cryin' around on the porch and then laughin' and singin' to hubby in the bedroom. She thinks she's got him strung that he's goin' to get well, but he's wise he aint got a show. Sounds like a graveyard ragtime. Funny as a crutch!"

"Why don't you write to some of your friends in Chicago and borrow the price of a ticket?" I asked.

"What, trim me own friends? Nothin' doin'! I'll land a good thing at the track one of these days, or find a sleeper with a roll. Then I'll go back respectable."

IN the weeks that followed, Red failed rapidly. Although he never admitted it, I could see that at last he realized that he was going to die. For days at a time he remained in his room, tossing on his hard bed and dreaming of the sights and smells of Halsted Street. He even lost interest in the pursuit of live ones.

One day Jack Nolan, an old-time miner friend of mine, struck town like a cyclone. For a year Jack had been gophering at a prospect-hole in the Mogollon Mountains. At last he had sold the hole to an innocent bystander from the East. With large bundles of real folding money in his pocket, he had invaded the city with the avowed intention of having a large, wide time.

Jack was a red-faced giant with the heart of a child, the voice of a burro and a kick in either hand like the blow of a hard-rock drill. When he had a dollar in his pocket, he always insisted on his friends' rejoicing with him, and he never met a stranger in his life.

As a formality he registered at a hotel, in order, as he explained, to have a place to leave his suit-case. He then insisted on inspecting Mexico, and enlisted me as an army of one to assist in the invasion.

"I have seen many a man buying beans and bacon when he didn't have a drop of whisky in the house," Jack announced. "I have recently been elected president of the Bartenders' Rescue League. We will now proceed to the rescue, dispensing merriment now and anon as we go."

Therefore it came to pass that ere fifteen minutes had sped we were seated at a table in the Black Cat. Nolan touched the mainspring of hospitality by his reckless display of money, and we were made welcome as honored victims. The listless orchestra fiddled into new life. Little Egypt quit her place at the bar and whirled energetically in her athletic exposition of an alleged Oriental dance. From near-by tables tired-eyed sirens smiled professionally and lured us to the dance-floor.

Nolan was enjoying himself hugely, to the evident satisfaction of the management. He had discovered a tin tub nailed to the wall, and after each pathetic ballad or ragtime romp, he amused himself by shying silver dollars into its yawning maw. As a dancer, the big miner was in a class by himself. He could jump higher and come down harder than any man in the house.

In the midst of this innocent gambol, Red Cleary waffled into the picture. In five minutes Nolan discovered that Red was his lifelong friend. The little tout preempted the position of stage-manager for the show, selected dancing partners for the miner, ordered his drinks, collected his change and chided the manager for poor service.

For an hour I had tried to separate Nolan from his new-found friends, and I hailed Red as an ally. He was successful where I had failed, and we bade farewell to the Black Cat in one last noisy round of drinks.

Like a tugboat pushing a liner, Red steered his giant charge down the crowded street, past the alluring cabarets and tempting saloons, until we arrived at the Monte Carlo, the government-owned gambling-hall.

"If you have to throw your coin away, you'd better do it here," he said. "You might win here if the dealer's foot slipped, but you haven't a Chinaman's chance in that girl-show."

Loudly announcing his intention of breaking the bank, Nolan proceeded to sow his dollars, but his harvest was poor. Faro, craps, Klondike and Black Jack, all took liberal toll from his bank-roll. Red followed him gloomily.

Finally the spinning wheel at one of the roulette-tables attracted Nolan, and in haphazard fashion he threw his money on the board. By some strange freak of fortune he won. With his third winning he recouped his former losses. Again he won.

"Say, who's showin' you this town anyway?" demanded Red. "You're goin' to keep us waitin' all day. Cash in, now; I've got a pet revolution to show you outside."

Good-naturedly Nolan complied, and adjourned to the bar to count his winnings.

"Didn't I tell you I could beat this bunch at their own game?" boasted the self-satisfied miner. "Look at this, Red. Three hundred to the good. All velvet!"

"Yes, you big boob, and if I hadn't strong-armed you away from that wheel, you'd gone broke. A hick like you aint got no business with money. Blowin' in on this jay town when you could go back to God's country, to Halsted Street."

Red's eyes were fixed hungrily on the roll of bills in Nolan's hands. His wasted shoulders shook from a spasm of coughing. Nolan stared at the little tout with a puzzled look, as if he were seeing him for the first time.

"Kid," he said kindly, "do you want to go home?"

"Aw, cut it out. Don't josh about that, or I'll paste you in the jaw." Red's eyes blazed fiercely.

"That's all right, sonny; I'm not joshin'. Guess you earned half of this, anyway."

Stripping one hundred and fifty dollars from the roll, he placed the money in Red's hands.

"Nolan, on the level, do you mean this?" gasped Red. "Sure," laughed the miner.

Red thrust the money in his pocket and held it there.

"Big fellow, all the good guys don't come from Chicago," he declared huskily. "I'll get that night train. Good Lord, Slim, think of that! In three days I'll be in Dutch Mike's. I didn't even have to ask him for it."

Well pleased with his own generosity, Nolan again insisted on drinks for the house.

"Not a drink," declared Red. "Do you think I'd get sozzled with this on me? Me for the night train. Slim, I'm goin' to beat it across the river right now. Lend me a nickel for carfare. If I bust one of these bills, I'm liable to pull a bonehead and blow in at some game, tryin' for a fortune. I've just got to make that train."

His face was alight with joy and eagerness, and with many handshakes we escorted him to the car, babbling of Halsted Street and the gang back home.

AT noon the next day I wandered downtown. My thoughts were of Red and the kindness of the gods. In fancy I could picture him, with his eager face pressed



We were seated at a table in the Black Cat. . . . Tired-eyed sirens smiled professionally and lured us to the dance-floor.

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to the window of the Pullman, counting the miles to Halsted Street, where he would make one more little splash before he died. I could imagine him holding court at the bar in Dutch Mike's, and the joy of the old aunt "what raised him."

From force of habit I glanced at the third bench from the alligator-pool as I was crossing the plaza. There sat Red, thumbing the worn pages of his dope-book.

"Red, you little fool," I exclaimed angrily, "I thought

you caught that night train! What have you done? Thrown away your road-stake on another spavined horse?"

"Easy, Slim. Don't bawl me out," he answered. "I'm just the original easy mark—that's all. You know that family at the boardin'-house. They got my goat—that's all. Hated the sight of them mopin' around. I just slipped the roll to the lady sod-buster, and she's takin' hubby and the kids back to the cows and chickens. Don't josh me, Slim."



Boston Blackie's Mary

ILLUSTRATED
BY FRANK B.
HOFFMAN

Boston Blackie, university graduate,
student, safe-blower and international
crook.

THE great jute-mill of the San Gregorio penitentiary was called by the board of prison commissioners "a marvel of industrial efficiency." The thousand stripe-clad men who worked there—hopeless, revengeful bits of human flotsam wrecked on the sea of life by their own or society's blunders—called the mill "the T. B. factory"—"T. B." of course meaning "tuberculosis." Both were right.

The mill was in full operation. Hundreds of shuttles clanged swiftly back and forth across the loom-warps with a nerve-racking, deafening din. The jute-dust rose and fell, swelled and billowed, covering the floor, the walls, the looms and the men who worked before them. Blue-clad guards armed with heavy canes lounged and loitered through the long aisles between the machines that were turning out so rapidly hundreds of thousands of grain-sacks, destined some day to carry the State's harvest to the four corners of a bread-hungry world.

To the eye everything in the mill was as usual. Every convict was in his place, feverishly busy, for each man's task was one hundred yards of sackcloth a day, and none was ignorant of what happened in "Punishment Hall" to any who checked in short by even a single yard. Outwardly nothing seemed amiss, and yet the guards were restless and uneasy. They gripped their canes and vainly

sought this new, invisible menace that all felt but none could either place or name. Instinctively they glanced through the windows to the top of the wall outside, where gun-guards paced with loaded rifles. The tension steadily increased as the morning dragged slowly away. Guards stopped each other, paused, talked, shook their heads perplexedly and moved on, doubly watchful. Something was wrong; but what?

If they could have read the brain of one man,—a convict whose face as he bent over his loom bore the stamp of power, imagination and the ability to command men,—they would have known. They would have seen certain carefully chosen striped figures pause momentarily as they passed among the weavers delivering "cobs" for the shuttles. They would have guessed the message these men left—a message that would have been drowned in the roar of the machinery had it been shouted instead of spoken in the silent lip-language of the prison.

The word went out through the mill in ever-widening circles, leaving always in its wake new hope, new hatred and desperate determination. Those who received it first passed it on to others near them—others chosen after long study by the convict leader; for a single traitor could wreck the great scheme and bring upon all concerned punishment of a kind that the outside world sometimes reads about but seldom believes.

Trusted lieutenants, always approached on legitimate errands, reported back to their leader the acceptance of his plans by the hundred men selected for specific tasks in the first great *coup*. Each had been given detailed instructions and knew precisely what was required of him. Each, tense, alert and inspired by the desperate determination of their leader, awaited the signal which was to precipitate what all knew was truly a life-and-death struggle, with the cards all against them.

A CONVICT with a knife-scar across his cheek and sister eyes agleam with excitement approached the loom at which worked the one man in the secret whose face betrayed nothing unusual. The convict emptied a can of "cobs" and spoke, though his lips made no perceptible movement.

"Everythin' sittin' pretty, Blackie," he said. "Everybody knows w'at's doin' and w'at to do. Nobody backed out. Give the high-sign any old time you're ready, an' there'll be more mess round this old T. B. factory than she's ever seen."

Boston Blackie, the leader, looked quickly into the eyes of his lieutenant.

"You told them all there's to be no killing?" he questioned with anxiety, for none knew better than he that

*The first of a
series of real
stories of the
POWERS THAT PREY*

by
JACK
BOYLE

bloodshed and murder ride hand in hand, usually, with the sudden mastery by serfs about to be unleashed.

"Told 'em all w'at you said, word fer word," replied the man, "though I don't get this no-blood scheme myself. Give 'em a taste of w'at they give us, fer mine. But I done what you told me. Let'er go w'en you're ready!"

Boston Blackie, university graduate, student, safe-blower and international crook,—a man honored in the underworld and feared by police from Maine to California,—looked up and glanced around the mill. Covert eyes from a hundred looms were watching him with eager expectancy. The guards, sensing the culmination of the danger all had been seeking, involuntarily turned toward Blackie too, and reading his eyes, started toward him on a run.

Instantly Boston Blackie leaped to the top of his loom, high above the sea of faces beneath him, and flung up both arms, the signal of revolt.

One convict seized the whistle-cord of the mill siren, and out over the peaceful California valley beyond the gray prison walls there echoed for miles the shrill scream of the whistle. Another convict threw off the power that turned the mill machinery. The looms stopped. The deafening noise within the mill ceased as if by magic.

THE guards rushing toward Blackie with clubs aloft, were seized and disarmed in a second by squads of five convicts who acted with military precision and understanding. Ropes appeared suddenly from beneath striped blouses, and the blue-coated captives were bound, hands behind their backs. Two squads of ten ran through the mill armed with heavy wooden shuttles seized from the looms, and herded to the rear scores of their fellows who, because of doubtful loyalty, had not been intrusted with the secret.

The guards' phones connecting with the executive offices of the prison were jerked from the walls, though there was none left free to use them. The great steel doors of the mill were flung shut and bars dropped into place on the inside, making them impregnable to anything less than artillery.

In three minutes the convicts were in complete control of the mill, barred in from outside assault by steel doors and brick walls.

The gun-guards on the walls surrounding the mill-yard turned their rifles toward its walls, but they held their fire, for there was no living thing at which to shoot.

Calmly, with arms folded, Boston Blackie still stood on his loom watching the quick, complete fruition of the plans that had cost him many sleepless hours on his hard cell-house bunk.

Of all the officers in San Gregorio prison, Captain Denison, head of the mill-guards, was hated most. He was



Mary, an astonishingly pretty black-haired girl whose eyes, if the hunters could have seen them, glowed with the light of a wonderful love.

hated for his favoritism to pet "snitches"—informers who bought trivial privileges at usurer's cost to their fellows. He was despised for his cowardice, for he was a coward and the convicts instinctively recognized it. When he was found hiding behind a pile of rubbish in a dark corner of the mill and dragged, none too gently, into the circle of captive guards, a growl of satisfaction, wolfish in its hoarse, inarticulate menace, swelled through the throng that confronted him. What Captain Denison saw as he turned his ashen face toward them would have cowed a far braver man than he—and he fell on his knees and begged piteously for his life.

Boldness might have saved him; cowardice doomed him. As he sank to his knees mumbling inarticulate pleas, a convict with a wooden bludgeon in his hand leaped to his side and seized him by the throat.

"We've got you now, damn you," cried the volunteer executioner, called "Turkey" Burch because of the vivid-hued neck beneath his evil face. "Denison, if you've got a God, which I doubt, talk to Him now or you never will till you meet Him face to face. Pray, you dog, pray! Do you remember the night you sent me to the strait-jacket to please one of your rotten snitches? I told you when you laughed at my groans that some day I'd get you. Well, that day has come."

Burch stooped toward his victim, his lips curling back over his teeth hideously.

"In just sixty seconds," he snarled, "this club is going to put you where you've put many a one of us—underground."

The prostrate mill-captain tried to speak, but fear choked back his words. The convict's grip on his throat tightened like a vise. A roar of approval came from the stripe-clad mob. Some one leaped forward and kicked the kneeling form. Burch raised his club, swinging it about his head for the death-blow.

"Stop!"

The sharp command was spoken with authority. Involuntarily Burch hesitated and turned.

Boston Blackie sprang from his vantage-point on the loom and snatched the club from Burch's hand. He flung it on the floor and roughly shouldered his fellow-convict from the man he had saved.

"I said no blood, and that goes as it lays, Turkey," he said quietly but with finality.

The convicts, being human,—erringly human but still human,—screamed their protest as Blackie's intervention saved the man all hated with the deep hatred of real justification. Turkey Burch, encouraged by the savage protest from his mates, caught up his club.

"Get out of my way, Blackie," he cried. "That skunk on the floor has to die, and not even you are going to save him."

"Listen," said Blackie when the howl of approbation that followed this threat died down: "He's not going to die. He's going out of this mill without a scratch. I planned and started this revolt, and I'm going to finish it my own way."

Burch was a leader among the men scarcely second in influence to Blackie himself. He sensed the approval of the men behind him. The blow Blackie had intended would have been compensation, to his inflamed mind, for years of grievances and many long hours of physical torture. He caught up his club again.

Boston Blackie seized an iron bar from a man beside him.

"All right," he said, standing aside from the kneeling Captain Denison. "Croak him whenever you're ready, Turkey, but when you kill him, I kill you. It's your move."

The two convicts faced each other, Blackie alert and determined, Burch sullen and in doubt. For the first time the crowd behind was stilled. Thirty tense seconds passed, in which life and death hung on balanced scales.

"Why don't you do something?" Blackie said to Burch with a smile. Then he threw his iron bar to the floor. "Boys," he continued, turning to the crowd, "I hate that thing on the floor there wearing a captain's uniform more than any of you. I didn't stop Burch from croaking him because he doesn't deserve it. I stopped him because if there is one drop of guards' blood shed here to-day we convicts must lose this strike. If we keep our heads, we win. Now it's up to you. If you want to pay for that coward's blood with your own, Denison dies. But if he does, I quit you here and now. If you say so, he goes unharmed and we'll finish this business as we began it—right."

He turned unarmed to Burch, standing irresolute with his club.

"You're the first to vote, Turkey. What's the verdict?" he asked.

Burch hesitated in sudden uncertainty. Denison cowered

on the floor with chattering teeth. Then the convict tossed aside his club and stepped away from the prisoner.

"You've run this business so far, Blackie," he said slowly, "and I guess it's up to us to let you finish it in your own way. If you say the dog must go free, free he goes, say I."

There was a chorus of approval from the convict mob.

"Fine!" said Blackie. "I knew you boys had sense if I only gave you a chance to use it. Now we've work to do. The first thing is to boot our dear Captain out those doors, and I nominate Turkey Burch to do it."

Action always pleases a mob. Joyous approval greeted the suggestion. Denison was dragged to the doors. They were unbarrled, and then, propelled by Turkey Burch's square-toed brogan, Captain Denison shot through and into the yard, where he was under the protecting rifles of the guards on the walls. One after another the captives were treated similarly.

"Take this message to Deputy Warden Sherwood," said Blackie as the last of the bound bluecoats stood ready to be kicked past the doors.

"Tell him we control this mill. Tell him all his gun-guards and Gatling guns can't touch us in here. Tell him that unless within one hour he releases from Punishment Hall the ten men he sent there yesterday for protesting against the rotten food, we're going to tear down his five-million-dollar mill. We're going to wait just one hour, tell

him, for his answer. Now go."

The man shot out. The doors were banged shut and barred behind him, while the mill resounded with the joyous shouts and songs of the convicts, hugging each other in the unrestrained abandonment that followed the first victory any of them had ever known over discipline.

Deputy Warden Martin Sherwood, disciplinarian and real head of the prison management, sat in his office gripping an unlighted cigar between his lips. The screaming siren had warned him of trouble in the mill. Wall-guards reporting over a dozen phones had told him all they knew—that the men had seized the mill and barred its doors against attack and were ejecting the guards one by one.

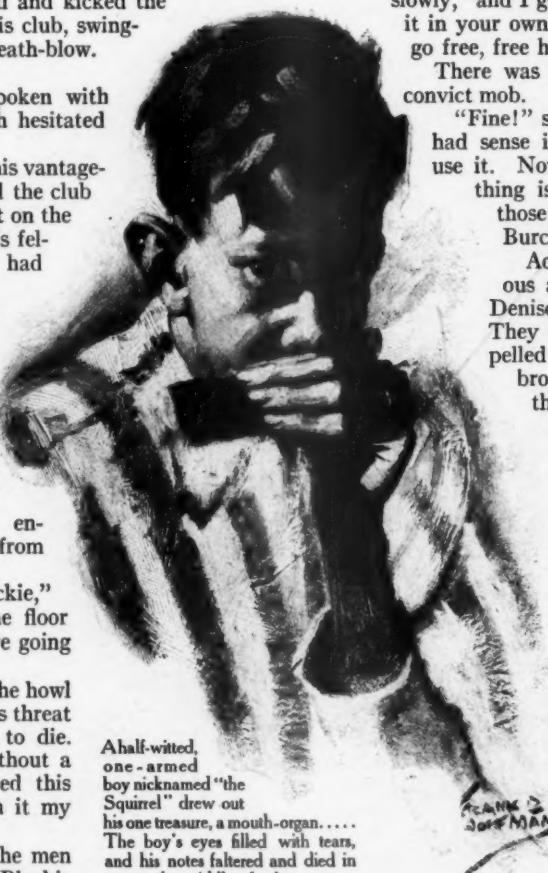
"Any of them hurt?" Sherwood inquired.

"Apparently not, sir," the subordinate answered. "Their hands are tied, but they don't seem to be harmed. Captain Denison is out and on his way up to you."

"If Denison is out unharmed, nobody needs a doctor," Sherwood said with a glint in his eyes that just missed being disappointment. "If they had spilled any blood, his would have been first. Strange! Twenty men at the mercy of a thousand uncaged wolves, and nobody dead, eh? I wouldn't have believed it possible, and I thought I knew cons."

He turned and saw a nervous assistant buckling on a revolver.

"Take off that gun and get it outside the gates quick," he commanded. "Don't leave even a bean-shooter inside these walls. This is no ordinary riot. There's headwork behind this. It looks as if we might have real trouble."



A half-witted, one-armed boy nicknamed "the Squirrel" drew out his one treasure, a mouth-organ.... The boy's eyes filled with tears, and his notes faltered and died in the middle of a bar.

Deputy Warden Sherwood reached into his desk, struck a match and lighted his cigar. When Martin Sherwood lighted tobacco, he was pleased. The whole prison knew this habit. Among the convicts the sight of the deputy smoking invariably sent a silently spoken warning from lip to lip.

"The old man's smoking. Be careful. Some one's going to hang in the sack" (strait-jacket) "to-night," they would say, and the prediction seldom was unfulfilled.

It was true that Martin Sherwood took grim, silent delight in inflicting punishment. He hated and despised convicts and took pleasure in making them cringe and beg under the iron rod of his discipline. Somewhere well back in his ancestry there was a cross of Indian blood—a cross that revealed itself in coarse, coal-black hair, in teeth so white and strong and perfect they were all but repulsive, and lastly in the cruelties of Punishment Hall—cruelties that made San Gregorio known as "the toughest stir in the country."

There was a reason for this strange twist in the character of a man absolutely fearless and otherwise fair. Years before, he had brought a bride to his home just outside the prison walls. She was pretty and young and weak—just the sort of girl the attraction of opposites would send to a man like Martin Sherwood. There were a few months of happiness during which Sherwood sometimes was seen to smile even among the convicts.

Then came the crash. A convict employed as a servant in the deputy's home completed his sentence and was released. With him went the Deputy's wife, leaving behind a note that none but the deserted husband ever saw. He never revealed by word or look the wound that festered in his heart, but from that day he was a man unfeeling as iron—a man who hated convicts and rejoiced in their hatred of him. Punishment Hall, when he could use its tortures with justice, became his instrument of revenge.

This perhaps explains why Martin Sherwood sat in his office calmly smoking a cigar when Captain Denison, white and shaken, rushed in and tumbled into a chair. His superior read in a glance the story of the scene in the mill.

"They might as well have killed you in the mill as to send you up here to die of fright in my office," the Deputy said with such biting sarcasm that Denison, terror-stricken as he was, flushed.

A few quick, incisive questions brought out the facts about the revolt. "Deputy, there is serious trouble ahead," Denison warned in conclusion. "Those cons have a leader they obey like a regiment of soldiers. He is—"

"Boston Blackie, of course," interrupted Sherwood. "There isn't a man down there who could have planned and executed a plot like this but Blackie. I should have known better than to put him where he could come in contact with the men."

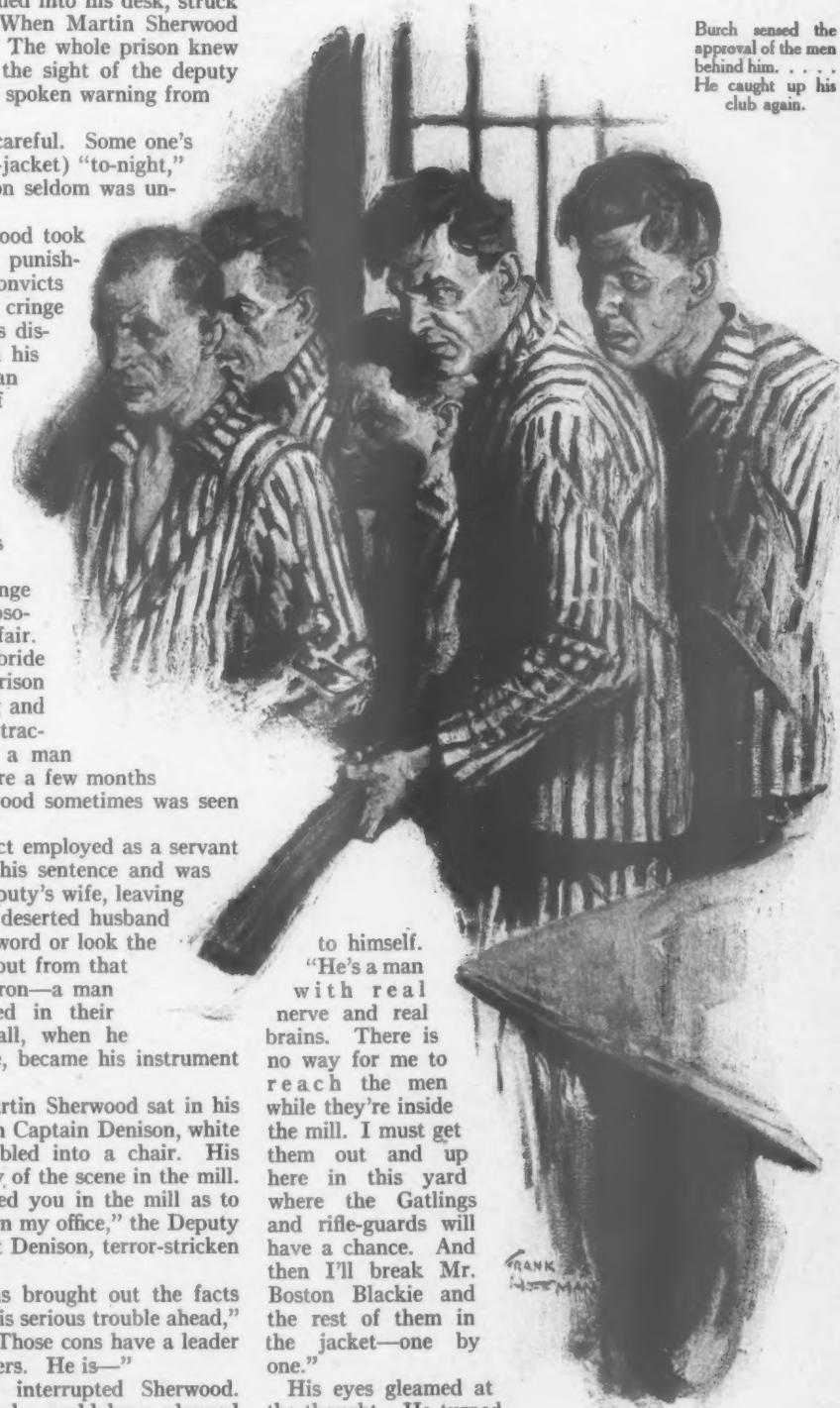
The guard who had been given the convict leader's ultimatum to the deputy warden rushed in.

"He says he wants the men out of Punishment Hall and your promise of better food from now on, or he'll tear the mill down in an hour," the man reported.

The Deputy Warden tossed away his cigar and stepped out into the courtyard, bright with a thousand blossoms of the California spring.

"Sends an ultimatum to me, does he?" he repeated softly

Burch sensed the approval of the men behind him. He caught up his club again.



to himself.
"He's a man with real nerve and real brains. There is no way for me to reach the men while they're inside the mill. I must get them out and up here in this yard where the Gatlings and rifle-guards will have a chance. And then I'll break Mr. Boston Blackie and the rest of them in the jacket—one by one."

His eyes gleamed at the thought. He turned to the men in the office.

"I'm going down to the mill," he said. "Have a Gatling gun ready in each of the four towers that cover this yard—ready but out of sight, do you understand?"

"Down to the mill?" cried Denison in amazement. "Deputy, you don't realize the spirit of that mob. You won't live five minutes. They will murder you as surely as you put yourself in their power. Don't go."

"If I am not back in half an hour, your prediction will have been fulfilled," Sherwood said. He took his pocket-knife and a roll of bills from his pocket and locked them

in his desk. "If I am not back in half an hour, Denison, call the Warden at his club in San Francisco, tell him what has happened and that they got me. Say my last word was for him to call on the Governor for a regiment of militia as quickly as he can get it here. But for the next half-hour do nothing except get your nerve back—if you can."

Sherwood pulled a straw from a whiskbroom on his desk, stuck it between his teeth, from which his lips curled back until the abnormally long incisors were revealed, and started for the mill-yard as calmly as though he were going to luncheon.

White-faced guards at the last gate tried to stay him. The uproar from within the mill was deafening. Songs, curses and cries of frenzied exultation came from behind the steel-barred doors.

"Open the gates," commanded Sherwood. "Lock them behind me and don't reopen them again even if you think it's to save my life."

Still holding the straw clenched between his teeth, the Deputy crossed the yard, neither hurrying nor hesitating. Nothing in his face or demeanor gave the slightest indication that he knew he was delivering himself, unarmed, into the power of a thousand crazed men, every one of whom had reason to hate him with that sort of undying hatred that grows from wrongs unrevenged and long-suppressed.

Sherwood hammered on the door with his fist. The clamor inside suddenly died.

"Open the door, boys," he commanded. "I'm coming in to talk to you. I'm alone and unarmed."

The man on guard at the door raised the iron wicket and looked out.

"It's the Deputy," he whispered. "He's alone, too. Once we get him inside!" The man sank his teeth into his lip until the blood streamed across his chin. Primeval savagery, hidden only skin-deep in any man, reverts to the surface hideously among such men in such an hour.

With hands trembling with eagerness, the convict unbarred the door, and Martin Sherwood stepped quickly in and faced the mob.

For five seconds that seemed an hour there was dead silence. It was broken by an inarticulate, unhuman, menacing roar of rage that rose to a scream as the men realized the completeness of their power over the man who to them was the living embodiment of the law which denied them everything that makes life livable.

A man in the rear of the mob thrust aside his fellows, rushed at the Deputy and spat in his face. As calmly as though he were in his own office, Sherwood drew out his handkerchief and wiped his cheek, but never for an instant did his eyes waver from the inflamed ones

of the men he faced. His teeth, whiter and more animal-like than ever, it seemed, gleamed like a wolf's fangs as he chewed at the straw between them.

"I'll remember that, Kelly, when I get you in the jacket," he said slowly to the man who had spat upon him. The convict laughed, but pressed backward, cowed against his will by the fearless assurance of his antagonist.

Boston Blackie was in the rear of the mill when the sudden silence warned him of new developments at the front door. Forcing his way through the crowd, he was within ten feet of the Deputy Warden before he saw him. The striped leader's face paled as he recognized Sherwood—paled with fear not of him but for him. If the official were killed, as there was every probability he would be, he knew it meant the gallows for himself and a score of the men behind him. He had risked everything on his ability to prevent bloodshed. The lives of all of them depended on the safety of the hated autocrat who stood before him calmly chewing a broom-straw in the midst of hundreds of men hungering for his life.

Blackie caught the Deputy Warden by the shoulder and turned him toward the door.

"Go," he said. "Get out before they kill you."

Sherwood threw off his hand.

"You may be able to command this convict rabble, Blackie," he said in a voice perfectly audible in the new silence which had fallen on the mob, "but you can't command me. I came to talk to these men, and I'm going to do it."

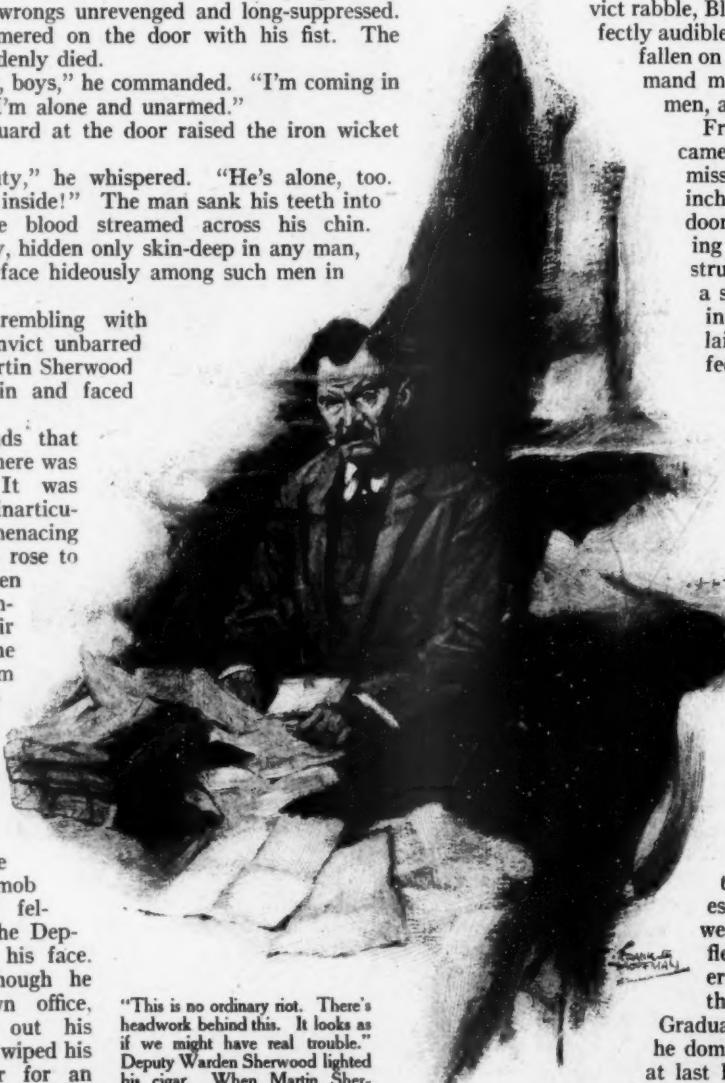
From somewhere in the rear came a metal weight which missed Sherwood's head by inches and crashed against the door behind him. The screaming blood-cry rose again. One struck at the Deputy's head with a shuttle, but Blackie, quicker in eye and hand, hit first and laid the man senseless at his feet. Then he jumped to the top of a loom.

"Men, if you want to hang," he cried, his voice rising even above the bedlam about him, "I'll go along with you, if you'll listen to me first."

The outcry died down for a moment, and Blackie talked to them. He made no pleas, asked no favors. He told them their situation and his plan to attain the ends for which they had revolted—the release of the prisoners in Punishment

Hall and better food for themselves. He pointed the futility of the hope of escape, ringed about as they were by Gatling guns and rifles in a score of watch-towers, even if they could force the walls as one suggested.

Gradually, by sheer force of mind, he dominated the crowd; and when at last he called on them to follow him to the end, their cheer was that of soldiers to a recognized leader.



"This is no ordinary lot. There's headwork behind this. It looks as if we might have real trouble." Deputy Warden Sherwood lighted his cigar. When Martin Sherwood lighted tobacco, he was pleased.



"When, little Squirrel, when?" he whispered hoarsely, gripping the boy by the shoulder. "To-morrow, when the Deputy gets a place ready for you with Tennessee Red," the boy answered.

All through this harangue Sherwood stood listening, his face as inexpressive as the walls behind him.

"Deputy," said Blackie, turning to him, "we have been told you said you would keep the men in Punishment Hall in the strait-jacket until they die, if necessary, to find out who smuggled out the letter complaining about the rotten food. Is that true?"

"It is," said Sherwood, who never lied.

"We make three demands, then," said Blackie: "first, the release of all the men undergoing punishment; second, your promise that no man concerned in this revolt shall be punished; third, your guarantee that henceforth we get the food for which the State pays but which the commissary-captain steals."

"And if I refuse, what then?" asked Sherwood.

"At noon we will destroy the mill."

"Boys," said the Deputy, "I have listened to your spokesman. You know I can't grant your demands without consulting the Warden, who is in San Francisco. I will do this, however. I will declare a half-holiday. It is almost dinner-time. Come over to the upper yard, have your dinner as usual and we'll all watch a ball-game in the afternoon. Before night I will give you your answer."

With the thought of the Gatling guns and rifles that covered the upper yard in his mind, Sherwood smiled grimly. The men cheered and made a rush in the direction of the doors, thinking the victory won.

"Wait," cried Blackie, barring the way with uplifted arms. "Nobody is going to stir out of this mill until you, Mr. Sherwood, have given us a definite promise all our demands are granted. You would like well enough to get us into the upper yard away from these protecting walls and where we couldn't do a dollar's worth of damage, but we're not going. When the men in Punishment Hall are free and you, who have never been known to lie, have told us we'll be fed right and no one harmed or punished now or in the future for this morning's work, we'll go into the upper yard—not before."

"Boys," said the Deputy, still hoping to urge the men into the trap, "do as I suggest. Why should you let this man"—contemptuously indicating Blackie—"order you around. He's only a con like yourselves. Come on up to the yard, and I'll issue an extra ration of tobacco all round. Are you going to go along with me or stay here with him?"

"We'll stay," answered Blackie for the men. "It's no use, Deputy; the game doesn't work this time."

A shout from the men proved Sherwood's defeat. He wasn't a man to delay or lament over a beaten hand.

"You're quite a general, Blackie," said the Deputy slowly, a flicker of admiration in his eyes. "I'll give you an answer in fifteen minutes. But"—he looked straight into Boston Blackie's eyes with steely determination—"don't think you are always going to have all the cards as

you have to-day. The next time you and I clash, I'm going to break you like this."

He jerked the straw from his mouth and twisted it apart; then he walked out of the mill.

A quarter of an hour later ten pain-racked prisoners from the punishment chambers were welcomed back to the mill with an outburst of exultation such as San Gregorio Penitentiary had never seen. With them came the Deputy Warden's acceptance of Boston Blackie's terms. The men rioted joyously in an abandonment of happiness. In the midst of the turbulent jollification a half-witted, one-armed boy nicknamed "the Squirrel" climbed to the top of a loom, drew out his one treasure, a mouth-organ, and tried to express his joy in the one way he knew—and his dismal interpretation of "The Star Spangled Banner" floated out over the crowd.

"Cut out the bum music," cried a burly convict to whom the spirit of the hour had given a wanton impulse to command. "Where d'you figger in this, you nutty Squirrel?"

The boy's eyes filled with tears, and his notes faltered and died in the middle of a bar.

Boston Blackie, always sensitive to the feelings of others, stopped the lad as he slunk from his perch on the loom and lifted him back.

"Go ahead. Play, little Squirrel," he said encouragingly. "Your music is as good as a band. Go to it. You're one of us, you know, and we're all happy."

Intuitively Blackie had salved the wound caused by the gibe. Radiant now, the Squirrel pressed his mouth-organ to his lips and played on and on with a light in his dull eyes that made Blackie mutter: "Poor kid! A pardon wouldn't make him any happier."

And the convicts, only one degree less childish than the Squirrel, celebrated and sang in their cells that night until at last they settled into silence and care-free sleep. No thought of a to-morrow disturbed them; but Boston Blackie, quiet and wakeful, lay on his cell bunk anxiously probing the future. In his mind he still saw the broken bits of Martin Sherwood's broom-straw fluttering to the mill floor and heard his threat:

"The next time you and I clash, I'm going to break you like this."

MARY DAWSON—Boston Blackie's Mary she was, to his world and hers—was a prison widow who never missed a visiting day at the San Gregorio Penitentiary. Twice each month she crossed the bay from San Francisco to the prison. Twice each month, with others like herself beside her, she rode from the station to the prison-gates in the rickety old stage and waited in the reception-room aquiver with impatience and longing for the first glimpse of the man she loved. When he came, when he caught her in his arms and kissed her, looking into her face with eyes that answered the love in hers, then for a pitifully short half-hour both forgot prisons and the law and separations and were happy.

Boston Blackie and his Mary reckoned time from visiting-day to visiting-day. Those half-hours together, separated though they were by thirteen long blank days, made life endurable. Neither ever spoke of the long years that must elapse before Blackie would walk out through the gates and go home a free man with Mary. Blackie

reckoned them at night in his cell, and Mary checked off each day on a calendar in her rooms, but when they were together, they let no evil thoughts mar their happiness.

Ever since the strike, Blackie had been apprehensive and watchful. Deputy Warden Sherwood had made no attempt to punish any of the men concerned in the revolt. He was not a man to break his word, but when any of the men involved in it transgressed a prison rule, even in a trifling matter, the punishment that followed proved that Sherwood neither forgave nor forgot.

On a bright Saturday afternoon Blackie was impatiently pacing the yard, awaiting the summons to the reception-room and Mary. It came at last, and he hurried through the gates, pass in hand. She was waiting for him and sprang to his side, hands outstretched and trembling with eagerness, in her fear of losing even one second of their thirty precious minutes. Their kiss was interrupted by the gruff voice of Ellis, the reception-room guard.

"Wait a minute there, Blackie," he commanded. "Who is this woman?"

"Who is she?" repeated the convict in blank amazement. "Why, she is Mary, my wife. You surely know her well enough. She has been here every visiting-day."

"I know she has managed to slip in here on visiting-days," Ellis said. "But what I ask you is, who and what is she? We're told she's an ex-con herself. If so, she can't visit you. The rules don't permit it."

The man turned to Mary.

"Isn't this your picture?" he asked sneeringly as he handed her a photograph of a woman with a prison number pinned across the breast.

It was Mary's picture. Years before, Mary Dawson, daughter of Dayton Tom, a professional crook, had been sent to the penitentiary because she declined to clear herself at the expense of one of her father's pals. She was not and never had been anything worse than Boston Blackie's Mary, but her past now had suddenly risen up to deprive her of the single treasure that life held—her half-hour visits with Blackie.

"It's my photograph," she said in a voice choked with anguish, for she knew prisons too well not to realize what the admission meant. "But Mr. Ellis, please, please don't bar me because of that. I'm not a thief. I never was. I did time—yes; but I wasn't guilty. For God's sake, don't take our visits away from us. They're—they're—all we have." The girl's voice was broken by her sobs.

"Of course you weren't guilty! That's what they all say," the guard answered. "You better beat it, woman, while you've got a chance. You're lucky the Deputy don't put the city dicks (detectives) on to you. There's a bunch of them over here to-day, too."

Boston Blackie, white as a marble image, glared into the guard's face with eyes that narrowed dangerously. The man's reference to the Deputy made everything clear. This was Martin Sherwood's revenge for the mill revolt.

"Did the Deputy tell you to bar Mary from visiting me?" he demanded of the guard.

"What's that to you?" the man answered with pointed insolence. "I don't want her here, and she's barred—that's all. She's got nerve to come here anyway among decent women, the—"

The word never left his lips. Boston Blackie's blow caught him on the chin, and (Continued on page 162)

"I've run into the next office to call you, because I didn't want him to hear me. Mr. North, I've got a real, live prospect in the office, sitting on a chair."



ILLUSTRATED
BY J. J. GOULD

THIS chap Hull has done it again — written one of those joyous love-and-business stories that show how much warmth there really is in the "cold business world."

NO JOB for a GIRL LIKE JOAN

By ALEXANDER HULL

THERE had been half a dozen days that spring that were doubtful; and Graham had put North off with that uncertainty for excuse half a dozen times. To-day there could be no doubt whatever that it was full and glorious achievement instead of doubtful promise, and Harlan North put his golf-clubs into his bag, dropped the bag in the tonneau of his car and started off downtown at ten in the morning, determined his prey should not escape him. A month of good golfing lay before him; then he would be off hunting and fishing.

Really, it was quite a cloudless life! He drove down to the Wilcox Building humming gayly to himself an old English air he had sung a great deal at college. The lines that kept running through his mind were very characteristic of his mood—"Begone, dull Care! I prithee, begone from me!" Only, they were quite superfluous, for Harlan North hadn't a care. There were plenty of folk who believed he never had had one.

Roger Graham's office was nine stories up. North went into the building, looked upon the elevator and despised it.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, with all the appearance of having discovered a new and very amusing game, "I'll walk it!"

But walking was rather too dignified a term. He covered nine stories, somewhat to the scandal of three or four observers, three steps to the leap, and arrived at the end proud to observe that he was barely beginning to pant a little.

Inside, an unwary office-boy disputed his way. He seized the boy's hand and examined the fingers by main force, affecting to discover upon them the stain of many cigarettes. He shook his head sadly at that. "Did you ever try a pipe?" he inquired gravely. "It's better for the complexion." The outraged neophyte of big business wrested his hand away. North calmly secured the other one, put a quarter into it, and closed the fingers upon it. "Treat her to ice-cream," he advised. "She'll like you better for it. And maybe she'll even forgive you for your tie."

It served the office-boy perfectly right, because he had

He turned Miss Waldron again to the books, but she was an astonishingly fast reader. He began to be alarmed.



seen North before, a good many times, and he ought to have known better than to suppose he could keep him out of the private office.

"Busy?" pursued North amiably. "Of course he's busy. And very commendable it is in him, too. And no doubt you're busy too. Probably your time is quite valuable. Mine isn't. Hi'll therefore not trouble you to hannonce me, Wilkins. Do hit myself. Is that a chair we see in the corner? It is! Good. We'll sit in it."

So saying, he picked the boy up firmly and carried him over and deposited him in the chair, where he remained, glaring, speechless with indignation, while North went into the inner office.

"I say, Roger," he began, "take this." He flung a dollar on Graham's desk.

"What for?" inquired Graham, grinning.

"Then you didn't hear anything at all going on outside?"

"No."

"Well, I've just wounded the dignity of your young Cerberus. It's a good boy—right on the job. I don't suppose he'd even let the President in to see you without fighting, would he? I've hurt his dignity so badly that

he'll get to brooding over it, I'm afraid, and maybe commit suicide if you don't do something. Give him that dollar and tell him you're sorry he wasn't big enough to get away with it. Tell him I'm a beastly bore, will you?"

"Sure!" said Graham soulfully. "And if you think I'm going to play golf with you today, why, you're—"

"Right," said North. "I'll tell you why. You are, because you are, because you are, be—"

"Hold on!" cried Graham. "If that's the sort of humor you're in—and evidently it is—I give up."

"You may keep your sword, Colonel Graham. Your men—"

"Shut up!" said Graham good-naturedly. "Sit on that chair and keep absolutely mum for ten minutes until I finish this letter, and then I'll go with you. If you don't—"

"Mum!" said Harlan, and sat.

And then, as Graham began dictating again, he began to notice Graham's stenographer. Now, that was rather odd—not because she wasn't an extremely well-set-up, good-looking girl, for she was. The oddity lay in the fact that Harlan North ordinarily didn't notice girls at all—in that way. Ignoring them had become a sort of settled policy to be followed blindly and instinctively. He had the name of being the wariest as well as the most eligible young man in town.

He was a catch, unquestionably. He was rather abnormally good-looking, fit, a fine swimmer, tennis player, golfer.

By training he was an architect, but he had never practiced his profession, because, just as he finished his studies (with no particularly high credit to himself, but with considerable evidence of intelligence and aptitude for very high achievement if he ever learned to work at life instead of playing at it), an uncle, dying, left him entirely too much money. He had no need of more, no great amount of ambition; life was mighty good fun, as he saw it, if you didn't take it too seriously, and—well, where was the use in pegging away?

The fact that North noticed Miss Joan Waldron, noticed her in that certain manner, at first sight—mere words can't adequately explain a thing of that sort. It is simpler to say that if he had dreamed of a girl in whom all virtues and beauties were to be incarnated,—and he had, a good many times, of course,—she would have looked to him, on the whole, very much like the twin sister of Joan Waldron.

Probably he had seen a hundred or more girls quite as good-looking as Joan Waldron. A number of them he could have married—only he hadn't wanted to. Still, Miss Waldron was very easy to look at. She could, and did, wear a perfectly plain skirt and white shirtwaist, and put paper cuffs over her wrists to protect the sleeves, and

By Alexander Hull

say, "Yes sir," and "No sir," and "Here are your letters," and that sort of commonplace routine thing, and yet make one think of all kinds of pleasant things and places and occupations while, or because, she was doing it. She had that thing we know by the overworked term "personality." She had nice dark eyes, and abundant, fine brown hair and a complexion that she herself admitted to be good." And when a naturally modest young woman says her complexion is good—well!

Now, as North rose the better to watch Joan make ptoohs and thingummyjigs and other dark, unfathomable hieroglyphics, he thought to himself that shorthand came blooming near being an artistic rather than a utilitarian sort of thing, and it was funny he'd never noticed that before!

Then Graham said: "In about five minutes now, old man. My sticks are in the other room." Then he turned to the girl. "Miss Gibbs will be back Monday morning, Miss Waldron; so you needn't come back. I—you won't let this go any farther? Well, I'm sorry. I'd rather have you stay. You're quicker than Miss Gibbs, and—well, it's simply this: Miss Gibbs has been here, with Father and me, for twenty years. We can't turn her off now—for sentimental reasons, if nothing more. And she is an excellent stenographer. So—"

The girl smiled faintly. "I understand, Mr. Graham. It's quite all right. You explained it to me anyway, you know. I understood it wasn't to be permanent."

"Have you some other situation in mind?"

"I've a place I could get in Seattle."

"Well," said Graham with an air of relief, "I'm sorry, as I say. I certainly appreciate the work you've done."

She flushed slightly. "Thank you, Mr. Graham. Is that all?"

"No. Just look over these letters that Miss Hakins

typed, will you, and see if they're all right, while I get my sticks to go out with this young golfing enthusiast. By the way, Miss Waldron, this is Mr. North."

And he went out.

North waited just long enough to be sure he had gone. Then he looked whimsically at Miss Waldron. Just what she read in his face so quickly it would be hard to say, but it caused her first to smile and then to laugh merrily.

"This," said Harlan authoritatively, "is a lot nicer town than Seattle."

"Yes?" said Miss Waldron speculatively.

"Well, I haven't any arguments to offer," he admitted. "We'll pass that over for the present. It was only a preliminary. What I was leading up to was this: I need a stenographer myself."

"Yes," she said noncommittally.

He had the grace to flush. "Well, I do," he said. "Or I will in a few days. The—er—present incumbent is leaving."

Miss Waldron brought her golden-brown eyes to bear upon him, neglecting her letters entirely. "Excuse me, Mr. North. You're not joking, I presume? You're talking seriously? You mean you want me to apply?"

"That's it—exactly."

"What do you do?"

"I am an—er—architect."

"What do you pay?"

"Why, any—that is, five dollars a week more than this skinflint here does." He grinned shamelessly.

"Well," she said slowly, "I have these letters to look at now—else you'll likely be late to your golfing. Would you want me to come to your office—perhaps Monday morning—to apply? And shall I bring my references?"

"References? What for? To chuck into the wastebasket? Haven't I just seen you at work—and heard



Probably he had seen a hundred or more girls quite as good-looking as Joan Waldron. A number of them he could have married—only he hadn't wanted to. Still, Miss Waldron was easy to look at.

Graham boasting you? No, if you want the place, just consider yourself engaged."

"Shall I come Monday?"

"Er—let's see. No. Out of town Monday. Come Tuesday."

"What time?"

"Why—ten o'clock."

"Where is the office?"

He cast about desperately. Then it came to him that he'd heard some one say at the Club that there were rooms going begging in the Tieton Building, the city's latest office skyscraper. So he said, "Tieton Building," at a venture.

"And the number?"

This was rather disturbing. Still, there was nothing to do but brazen it out. If he didn't get away with his bluff, the girl would go off to Seattle, and he'd never see her again, likely as not, and he knew he'd be horribly sorry.

"Room—Room 913," he said calmly.

"Why—what a coincidence!"

exclaimed Miss Joan Waldron innocently. "It's just the same number as this office!"

"By Jove," cried Mr. North, "so it is!" He thought distantly that he'd have a hard time crawling out now, if the rooms in the building happened to be engaged. Unlikely, if the talk he'd heard was true. Still—"I'd better have your address, in case anything should happen."

"Why, yes," said the girl, tearing off a strip of her notebook and penciling rapidly. "Here it is."

He thrust it into his pocket.

"Excuse me," said the girl pleasantly. "I'll get at these letters."

"Certainly," he countered. "Tell Graham I'm waiting for him below, please. Good-by."

He held out his hand.

Miss Joan Waldron looked at it queerly, and then at him, and then back at the hand. Perhaps she thought it wasn't really worth while to insist upon the proprieties; perhaps she thought Mr. North a rather amusing person and was willing to humor his perfectly apparent idiosyncrasies; perhaps she had simply seen a good deal of the world and believed that this cordiality in her new employer was due to an excessive democracy of temperament. However it was, after hesitating until Harlan North became quite convinced that she wasn't going to, she extended her hand and told him good-by with the elfin figure of a smile dancing upon her charmingly curved mouth.

Ten minutes later Graham found North's car, and he had to sit in it five minutes, waiting. North was inside the building telling his man over the telephone to get him "for the love of heaven, two or three rooms right away in the Tieton Building as near 913 as is physically possible!"

Then he delayed the departure fifteen minutes longer by running to a dealer in office furniture, where he told the accommodating clerk exactly what he wanted ready to be delivered at the Tieton Building at eight-thirty sharp, Monday morning.

Then he came out to the car with a relieved air and climbed in; and two hours later he was winning quite handily from Graham on the Waverly Club links.

By Monday evening the office-rooms were ready for occupancy. When the helpers had gone, North shut himself in and endeavored, with the aid of a hammer, a lighted

cigar and a few stained and dusty rags, to give the place an air of having been inhabited. All that he had achieved after an hour was decidedly unsatisfactory. The furniture scratches had a raw and glaring newness; the dents appeared to have been made but a few minutes before and worse—to order. Not even the cigar-ashes seemed distributed artfully. The pencils were brand new, the pens ditto. Practically the only satisfactory items were his drawing-instruments, the much-used relics of his student days. Offset against that, however, the tables upon which they lay were shoutingly new. Not even the professional manufacturer of antiques can impart the proper tone to things in an hour. North realized that. Still, it was very disappointing.

He decided that he could inform Miss Waldron that he had moved into this new building but a short time before, and that his furnishings were new to the occasion.

That night he ransacked his rooms and got together a lot of his student notebooks. He thought he might work up two or three articles of a popular sort upon architectural subjects and set her to typing them. On his way downtown next morning he bought half a dozen books of a not too technical nature that he could give her to read to get the terminology of the subject.

He had a guilty conscience, of course. His actual purpose was so very far from being of a business nature that he couldn't quite preserve the right tone. In spite of himself, he launched into excuses.

Miss Waldron, clad in something dark blue, very light and plain and inexpensive, yet becoming, accepted his explanations in silence.

"Er—business being rather slack just now," he ended, "I thought perhaps I could work over a couple of articles for architectural journals, you know. I've been intending to for some time. And these books—"

"I'll begin reading them at once in my leisure time," said Miss Waldron.

"And," he went on, "I've gotten behind like the very deuce in my personal correspondence. Most of the fellows won't care a rap if I send them typewritten notes. I can catch up there. That—er—that ought to keep us pretty well occupied for a—a few days, shouldn't you think?"

He had a desperate feeling that he was about as transparent as a nice, clean windowpane. Apparently the girl suspected no duplicity, however.

"Yes," she answered simply, when it was evident that he expected a reply.

"And in the intervals," he ended helplessly, "you can—er—study the books."

"Yes," she said again.

And suddenly he realized that every bit of his usual insouciance was gone—oozed out of his boots or somewhere! He was in a blue funk of embarrassment. "And this," he said finally, in a burst of inspiration, "is one of those intervals! I—I've got a—a very important engagement. If anyone should call, have 'em make an appointment. I'll be back at one-thirty. You can go to lunch any time you wish. There's an extra key in the door. Take that. But you'd better be back at one-thirty. I—I guess that's all."

"Very well," said Miss Waldron easily.

"And—er—good-by!" ejaculated Mr. Harlan North. And he fled!

"By Jove!" he said to himself as he reached the street. "It's going to be *awful!* I never dictated three words to anybody in my life. How the dickens do you do it? I'll run up and watch Graham for a while, I guess!"

That afternoon Harlan North dictated, at the rate of a dozen painful words to the minute, for two hours and a half. The second day found his ideas upon the subject exhausted. He revised the article and had it retyped. Then he revised it again. He wanted to revise it a third time, but he hadn't the nerve. The letters occupied him part of two days more. That job done, he delved for the material for another article, found it at last, worked three days on it and then faced—a blank! He hadn't an idea. He turned Miss Waldron again to the books, but she was an astonishingly fast reader, and three days later he had to buy more books. He began to be alarmed.

Upon the heat of the moment when he had engaged her, it had seemed a very clever and fascinating thing to do. But when Miss Waldron came to him at the end of the third week and demanded, reasonably enough, what she could do that day, the affair presented an entirely different face.

With the inspiration born of necessity, he dictated a long, rambling letter to an imaginary friend in Kansas City. Then he set Miss Waldron to copying extracts from a book, which he marked quite at random, and fled to the street.

Down by the entrance he bumped into a friend named Gleason.

"Hello!" cried that young man. "Just looking for you."

"When did you get in?" inquired North gloomily.

"Day before yesterday. Looked all around for you. Finally Graham told me you had an office over here. What are you doing?"

"Nothing," said North, quite accurately. "Nothing."

"Then why the office?"

"Oh, for the appearance of the thing. You look fit."

"Sure. I just left Hayes over on Fourth Street. He has

everything arranged for—transportation, supplies, camp privileges, guides—all that. I was looking for you to see—"

North started. "By Jove, no! I'd darned near forgot we were going!"

"The first of next week, if it's all right with you."

North took the plunge at that. "No—it isn't all right, Gleason. I—I've got tied up in a little deal here, and it's going to be just impossible for me to get away. You fellows will have to go without me."

"Nothing doing!" exclaimed Gleason. "Why, I thought you never had any business!"

"Well, I never did. But I got into this almost before I knew it, and—I'm sorry. But going's out of the question."

"You mean it?"
"Yes."

"Well," said Gleason, "I'm not going to say I'm not sorry, because I am. But this is the way I feel about it: if you really have gone in for something, I'd be the last person on earth to want to drag you away from it. I—you'll pardon me, old man, but I always thought it was a shame you hadn't—before."

And as he wrung North's hand cordially, that young architect had the grace, recalling his important business, to blush.

Next day Miss Waldron smilingly returned North's "Good morning." Then she rose and came to his desk.

"I think I shall be going to take that Seattle place the end of the month, Mr. North."

"No," he said.
"Yes, but I shall."
"If the wages aren't satisfactory—" She waved that aside.
"Or the work—"
"Work?" she questioned. "That's just the trouble. There isn't any work."

"There isn't very much—is there?" he said with a shame-faced grin.

She had the saving grace of humor. She laughed. "Not that it's especially my business," she said, "particularly as I'm leaving so soon; but—did you ever have a commission to design anything, Mr. North?"

"The slack season—" he began.
"Evasion is answer enough. (Continued on page 120)



North took the plunge. "No—it isn't all right, Gleason. I—I've got tied up in a little deal here, and it's going to be just impossible for me to get away."

A Complete Résumé of The Preceding Chapters

ONE day at noon the visitors at a New York museum were startled by the sight of an attendant running down the staircase and shouting:

"Close the doors! Let no one out! An accident has occurred, and nobody's to leave the building." And in the left-hand gallery upstairs a tableau greeted those who hurried thither which few of them will ever forget.

Tragedy was there in its most terrible, its most pathetic, aspect. The pathos was given by the victim,—a young and pretty girl lying face upward on the tessellated floor with an arrow in her breast and death stamped unmistakably on every feature,—the terror by the woman kneeling over her.

"Her name?" repeated the woman bending over the dead girl, on being questioned by the Curator and the Director. "How should I know? I was passing through this gallery and had just stopped to take a look into the court when this young girl bounded by me from behind and flinging up her arms, fell with a sigh to the floor.

"My name is Ermentrude Taylor," she added after a moment.

The famous Detective Gryce—an old man now, attended by his assistant Sweetwater—arrived to take charge of the situation. He questioned Mrs. Taylor further, but she seemed distraught by the shock to the point of insanity; for when Gryce asked her if she were wife or widow, she replied:

"A widow within the hour. . . . My husband was living this morning. I knew it from the joyous hopes with which my breast was filled. But with the stroke of noon the blow fell. I was bending above the poor child when the vision came, and I saw him gazing at me across a desert so immeasurable that nothing but death could create such a removal. At that moment I felt his soul pass."

Now a new figure entered the mystery—that of Travis, an Englishman who had seen and fallen in love with the murdered girl in England, had followed her and her companion on shipboard to America and to the New York hotel where the older woman registered herself as Madame Duclos and the girl as Barbara Willetts. Next morning—this morning, the day of the murder—he had seen Madame Duclos put Miss Willetts into a taxicab, first pinning on the girl's corsage a bouquet. He had followed Miss Willetts to the Museum; and at the moment of her death he was watching her from behind one of the big vases by the tapestry across the court from her; he had seen nothing to explain her death.

Investigation disclosed that Madame Duclos hurriedly left the hotel some time after Miss Willetts' departure for the Museum. She did not reappear. A reward was offered for news of Madame Duclos' whereabouts; and while she was not found, word came from Paris that the

girl described as Barbara Willetts had always been known in France as Madame Duclos' daughter, Barbe Duclos.

Other facts were brought to light:

Correy, an attendant, had discovered a strung bow leaning against a door behind a tapestry across the court from where the girl fell; this door shut off a staircase leading to the Curator's office below. There were no finger-prints on the bow; Correy recognized it as one which had been stored, along with other material not on exhibition, in the cellar. In the dust of the unused staircase three sets of tracks were found; two of a man going down, once wearing rubbers and once not; and one of a man wearing rubbers, coming up.

Gryce had an Indian Bowman shoot at a dummy figure placed where Miss Willetts fell, and from the angle of the wound calculated that the fatal arrow was fired from behind the pedestal opposite to that which concealed Travis. And now one more curious clue was found: a loop of cloth such as is used to confine an umbrella was discovered in a room of the Museum; and umbrellas had never been allowed in the building. Did the stitch-marks on this loop indicate that it had served to support some other object?

Sweetwater learned that Director Roberts,—a widower with political aspirations,—just the day after the Museum murder, had broken with the young woman to whom he had been engaged. Gryce sent Sweetwater out to Belpore, where Roberts lived, and as a carpenter working on a new veranda, Sweetwater learned more about Roberts' life. He found, moreover, in the lining of a new coat strangely cast off by Roberts, stitch-marks which coincided with those of the loop of cloth found in the Museum.

A boarding-house mistress replied to the advertisement about Madame Duclos: a guest answering the Frenchwoman's description had been behaving strangely—shooting with a pistol at the photograph of a man in her room. The guest fled before Gryce could see her, however. But another lead promised better. A family named Duclos lived in New York; and from Mrs. Edward Duclos, the detective learned that Madame Duclos was the widow of Edward's brother. She had come to Edward's house the day of Barbara's death, but had fled afterward without telling her destination.

After a long pursuit Gryce ran Madame Duclos to earth up in the Catskills. But there she committed suicide rather than submit to his questioning.

And now new clues were unearthed which pointed to Director Roberts—and to Mrs. Taylor: in her sleep Mrs. Taylor repeated an odd couplet found inscribed on the back of a Swiss clock treasured by Roberts; and Sweetwater found a photograph of Roberts which identified the tattered fragment found in Madame Duclos' room as a picture of the same man. Interest now centers on what the coming inquest will disclose.

The figure passes on till a certain door is reached. Then a hand goes out and touches the knob.

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The Mystery of
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ILLUSTRATED BY
H. R. BALLINGER

CHAPTER XXIX

MRS. TAYLOR had a relapse, and the inquest, which had been held back in anticipation of her recovery, was again delayed. This led to a like postponement of an inquiry into the death of Madame Duclos, and a consequent let-up in public interest, which thus found itself for the nonce deprived of further food on which to batten.

Meanwhile positive action on the part of those interested in the cause of justice took the form of a personal interview between certain officials and Mr. Roberts. A less-

er man would have been asked to meet the district attorney in his own office; but in a case of

such moment, where the honor of one so prominent in many ways was involved, it was thought best to visit him in his own home. To do this without exciting his apprehension, while still making sure of his presence, required some management. Various plans were discussed, with the result that a political exigency was brought into play and an appointment made with Mr. Roberts for a consultation with the district attorney on important matters connected with his future candidacy.

There was a man of great influence whom it was necessary for him to see. The district attorney did not name this man, but promised to bring him. We will name him, however. It was the chief inspector.

The day set was the following Monday. On Tuesday, Coroner Price was to open his inquest.

Did Carleton Roberts see any connection between these two events? Who can tell? The secrets of such a brain are not to be read lightly. He was very quiet. He ate

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A new novel by
ANNA
KATHARINE
GREEN

who wrote "The Leavenworth Case" and twenty other fascinating detective stories



They waited while he wrote.
A calm quite unlike that
which the victim of his
ambition had shown, had subdued his
expression to one of unmoved gloom.

his meal with seeming appetite on Sunday evening. Then he took a look over his house. From the care with which he noted everything, the changes he had caused to be made in it were not without their interest for him—not a young man's interest, but yet an interest as critical and acute as though he had expected it to be shared by one whose comfort he sought and in whose happiness he would fain take part. Then he returned to his library.

A small framed photograph occupied the post of honor on his desk.

It showed a young and pretty face, as yet untouched by the cares and troubles of this world. He spent a minute or so in looking at it; then he slowly lifted it, and taking the picture from the frame, gave it another look, during which a smile almost derisive gathered slowly on his lips. Before this smile had altogether vanished, he had torn the picture in two and thrown the fragments into the fire he had kindled early in the evening with his own hands.

Afterward he must have stood an hour in his unlighted window, gazing out at the tumbling waves lapping the shore.

But of his thoughts, God wot, he gave no sign. Later, he slept.

Slept—with his hand under his pillow! Slept, though there were others in the house awake—or why this creeping shadow of a man outlined upon the wall wherever the moon shone in, and disappearing from sight whenever the way led through darkness?

It came from above; no noise accompanied it. Where the great window opened upon the sea, lighting up the main staircase, it halted—halted for several minutes; then it passed stealthily down, a shadowy silhouette, descending now quickly, now slowly, as tread after tread was left behind and the great hall was reached.

HERE there is no darkness. Open doors admit the light from many windows. A semi-obscurity is all, and through this the figure passes on, but hesitatingly still, with pause after pause, till a certain door is reached—a closed door, the only door which is closed in this part of the house.

Here it stands—stands with profile to the panels, one ear against the wood. One minute—two minutes—five minutes pass. Then a hand goes out and touches the knob. It yields—yields without a sound, and a small gap is seen between the door and its casing. This gap grows. Still no sound. Stop! What was that? A moan? Yes, from within. Another? Yes. Then all is quiet again. The dream has passed. Sleep has resumed its sway. The gap can safely be made wider. This is done, and the figure halting without passes in.

CHAPTER XXX

LATE in the afternoon of the following day the expected car entered Mr. Roberts' spacious grounds. It contained, besides the chauffeur, just two persons, the district attorney and the chief inspector. But another was not far behind with Mr. Gryce in it, accompanied by a stenographer from the district attorney's office.

The house was finished by this time, and to one approaching through the long, sweeping driveway, it presented a very attractive appearance. As the last turn was made, the sea burst upon them—a somewhat tumultuous sea, for the wind was keen that day and whipped the waves into foam from the horizon to the immediate shore-line. And a low black cloud with coppery edges hovered at the meeting of sea and sky, between which and themselves one taut sail could be seen trailing its boom in the water.

To one of them—to Mr. Gryce, in fact, upon whose age Fancy had begun to work—this battling craft had an ominous look. That frail little ship was doomed. Did he see in it a prophecy of what lay before the man upon whose privacy they were on the point of intruding?

And when they came to see him nearer, they found something in this extraordinary man's personality—a force or a charm wholly dissociated, it may be, from worth or the sterling qualities which insure respect—which appealed to them in despite of their new-found prejudice and prevented any dallying with his suspense or the use of any of the common methods usually employed in an encounter of this kind.

The chief inspector, to whom the first say had been given, faced him squarely, as he noted that the hand which had just welcomed the district attorney fell at his approach.

"You are surprised, Mr. Roberts," said the inspector, "and rightly, to see me here in connection with the prosecuting attorney of the City of New York, and a member of my force. This, you will say, is no political delegation such as you have been led to expect. Nor is it, Mr. Roberts. But let us hope you will pardon the subterfuge when you learn that our sole wish is to spare you all unnecessary unpleasantness in an interview which can no longer be avoided or delayed."

"Let us sit." It was his only answer.

When they had all complied, the district attorney took the lead by saying:

"I am disposed to omit all preliminaries, Mr. Roberts. We have but one object in this visit, and that is to clear up, to your satisfaction as well as to our own, certain difficulties of an unexpected nature which have met us in our investigation into the crime in which you, as a director of the museum in which it occurred, and ourselves as protectors of the public peace, are all vitally concerned."

"Granted," came in the most courteous manner from their involuntary host. "Yet I fail to understand why so many are needed for a purpose so laudable."

"Perhaps this will be more clear to you," returned the district attorney, "if you will allow me to draw your attention to this chart."

Here he took from a portfolio which he carried, a square of paper which he proceeded to lay out on a table standing conveniently near.

Mr. Roberts threw one glance that way and straightened again.

"Explain yourself," said he. "I am quite at your service."

The district attorney made, perhaps, one of the greatest efforts of his life.

"You recognize this chart as one you have seen before. You know when it was made and why. Mr. Roberts, in serving that purpose, it has proved to be our guide in another. For instance, it shows us quite plainly who of all the persons present, at the time of first alarm, were near enough to the Curator's office to be in the line of escape from the particularly secluded spot from which the arrow was delivered. Of these persons only one fulfills other necessary conditions with an exactness which excuses any special interest we may feel in him. It is he who is tabulated here under the number '3.'"

It was said. Mr. Roberts knew well enough his own number. He did not have to follow the point of the district attorney's finger to know upon whose name it had settled; and for a moment surprise, shock,—the greatest which can befall a man,—struggled with countless other emotions in his usually impassive countenance. Then he regained his poise, and with a curiously sarcastic smile such as his lips had seldom shown, he coldly asked:

"And by what stretch of probability do you pick me out for this attack? There were other men and women in this court—some very near me, if I remember rightly. In what are their characters superior, or their claims to respect greater than mine, that you thus single me out as the fool or knave who could not only commit so wild and despicable an act, but go so far in folly—let alone knavery—as to conceal it afterward?"

"No evidence has been found against these others which could in any way connect them with this folly—or let us say knavery, since you yourself have made use of the word. But hard as it is for me to say this in a presence so highly esteemed, this is not true of you, Mr. Roberts, however high our hope that you will have such explanations ready as will relieve our minds from further doubts and send us home rejoicing. Shall I be frank in stating



Rising, for her eyes seemed to draw him to his feet, he cried: "Shadows are falling upon me. My interview with these gentlemen may end in a way I cannot now foresee. I should like to make you such amends as opportunity allows me. Ermentrude, will you marry me—now, to-night, before leaving this house?"

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the precise reasons which seem to justify in any manner our present presumption?"

The director bowed, the same curious smile giving an unnatural expression to his mouth.

"Let me begin, then," continued the other, "by reading to you a list of questions made out at headquarters, as a test by which suspicion might be conscientiously held or summarily dismissed. They are few in number," he added as he unfolded a slip of paper taken from his vest pocket. "But they are very vital, Mr. Roberts. Here is the first:

"Whose hand carried the bow from cellar to gallery?"

The director remained silent; but not a man there but felt the oppression of this silence difficult to endure.

"This the second:

"Was it the same as carried the arrow from one gallery to another?"

Still no word! But Mr. Gryce, who was watching every move without apparently looking up from the knob of his own cane, turned resolutely aside; the strain was too great. How long could such superhuman composure endure? And which word of all that were to come would break it?

Meanwhile the district attorney was reading the third question.

"Is it possible for an arrow, shot through the loop-hole made by the curving in of the vase towards its standard, to reach the mark set by Mr. Travis' testimony?"

"That question was answered when Mr. La Flèche made his experiments from behind the two pedestals. It could not have been done from the one behind which Mr. Travis crouched, but was entirely possible from behind the other."

With a wave of his hand Mr. Roberts dismissed this, and the district attorney proceeded:

"Which one of the men and women known to be in the Museum when this arrow was let fly has enough knowledge of archery to string a bow? A mark can be reached by chance, but only an accustomed hand can string a bow as unyielding as this one."

"I will pause there, Mr. Roberts. You may judge by our presence here, to whose hand and to whose skill we have felt forced to ascribe this wanton shooting of a young and lovely girl. We wish to be undeceived, and stand ready to listen to anything you may have to say in contradiction of these conclusions—that is, if you wish to speak. You know that you will be well within your rights to remain silent. Likewise, that if you decide to speak, it will be our painful duty to make record of what you say, for any use our duty may hereafter suggest."

"I will speak." The words came with difficulty. "Ask what you will. Satisfy my curiosity, as well as your own."

"First, then, the bow: It was brought up from the cellar a fortnight or more before it was used, and stood on end in the Curator's office, where it was seen more than once by the woman who wipes up the floors. The person who did this cast a shadow on the cellar wall. That shadow was seen. Need I say more? A man's shadow is himself—sometimes."

"I brought up the bow; but I do not see how that implicates me in the use afterward made of it. My reasons for bringing it up were innocent enough—"

HE stopped—not even knowing that he stopped. His eyes had been drawn to a small article which the district attorney had dropped from his hand onto the table. It looked like an end of black tape, but whether it was that or something quite different, it held the gaze of the man who was speaking, so that he forgot to go on.

The hush which followed paled the cheeks of more than one man there. To release the tension, the district attorney resumed his argument, saying quietly, and as if no interruption had occurred:

"As to the arrow and its means of secret transfer from

one side of the building to the other in the face of a large crowd, let me direct your attention to this little strip of folded silk. You have seen it before. Surely I am quite justified in asking whether indeed you have not handled it both before and after the lamentable occurrence we are discussing?"

"I see it for the first time," came from lips so stiff that the words were with difficulty articulated. "What is its purpose?" he asked after a short pause.

"I hardly think it necessary to tell you," came in chilling response. "It looks like a loop; and the proof exists that notwithstanding your assertion that you see it now for the first time, it was once attached to the coat you wore on that day, and later carefully severed from it and dropped on the Museum floor."

The district attorney waited; they all waited, with eyes on the subject of this attack, for some token of shame or indignation at this scarcely veiled insinuation. But beyond a certain stillness of expression still further masking a countenance naturally cold and irresponsible, no hint was given that any effect had been produced upon him by these words. As a coal before it falls apart into ash holds itself intact though its heart of flame has departed, so he—or such was Mr. Gryce's thought as he waited for the district attorney's next move.

It was of a sort which recalls the soul-harrowing legend of the man hung up in an iron cage above a yawning precipice, from under whose madly shifting feet one plank after another is withdrawn from the cage's bottom till no spot is left for him to stand on, and he falls.

"I hear," pursued the district attorney, "that you are an expert with the bow and arrow, Mr. Roberts, or rather were at an earlier stage of your career. You have even taken a prize for the same from an Alpine club."

AH! that told. It was so unexpected a blow, and showed such knowledge. But the man who saw his own youth thus brought up in accusation against him recovered quickly; and with an entire change of demeanor, he faced them all and spoke up at last defiantly:

"Gentlemen, I have shown patience up till now, because I saw that you had something on your minds which it might be better for you, and possibly for me, to be rid of. This affair of Miss Willets' death is, as all must acknowledge, baffling enough to strain even to the point of folly any effort made to explain it. I had sympathy with your difficulties, and have still enough of that sympathy left, not to express too much indignation at what you are pleased to call your suspicions. I will merely halt for the moment your attempts in my direction by asking: What have you or anybody else ever seen in me to think I would practice my old-time skill on a young and beautiful stranger enjoying herself in a place so dear to my heart as the museum of which I have been a director now these many years? Am I a madman, or a destroyer of youth? I love the young. This inhuman death of one so fair and innocent has whitened my locks and seared my very heartstrings. I shall never get over it; and whatever evidence you may have, or think you have, of my having handled bow and arrow in that gallery of the Museum, it must fall before the fact of my natural incapability to do the thing with which you have charged me. No act possible to man is more in contradiction to my instincts than the wanton or even casual killing of a young girl."

"I believe you."

It was the inspector who spoke, and the emphasis with which he did this lifted the director's head again into its old self-reliant poise. But the silence which followed was so weighted with possibilities of something unsaid that it caused the nobly lifted head slowly to droop again, and the lips which had opened impulsively to close.

Were the words coming—the words which might at a stroke pull down the whole fabric of his life? They were

so distinct in his mind that they would have sounded no louder if uttered, and as they dinned on in his brain, the world around him turned dark—dark!

Yet how could these men know? And if they knew, why did they not speak? And they did not! It was fancy, and fancy only, which had filled the air with speech. In reality these men sat silent, and as the moments flew by and this silence still held, life took on for him once more its ancient colors,

so perilous to the one and so painful to the other.

With the cessation of the last shrill call from the cuckoo clock, the inspector repeated his assurance to Director Roberts.

"I believe you, Mr. Roberts. But how about the woman who was troubling you with demands you had no wish to grant? Miss Willetts—as you choose to call her, though you must know that her name is Duclos—was not the only person in the line of the arrow shot on that day from one gallery to the other. Perhaps that arrow was meant for one it failed to reach. Perhaps—but I have gone far enough. I should not have gone so far if it had not been my wish to avoid any misunderstanding with one with such undoubted claims to consideration as yourself. If you have explanations to offer, if you can in any way relieve our minds from the responsibilities which are weighing upon us, pray believe in our honest desire to have you do so. There may be something back of appearances which has escaped our penetration; but it will have to be something startlingly clear, for we know facts in your life which are not open to the world at large—I may even say to your friends."

"As, for instance?"

"That Mrs. Taylor is no stranger to you, if Mademoiselle Duclos was. We have evidence you will find it hard to dispute that you knew—and liked—each other, fifteen years or so ago."

"Evidence!"

"Incontrovertible, Mr. Roberts." "Attested to by her? I do not believe it; I never shall believe it, and I deny the charge. The ravings of a sick woman—if such you have listened to—"

Mr. Goyce assisted her from the room. In the hall he felt her fingers digging into his arm. "Is there no hope?" she whispered.

and his breath, half checked till now, was rising full and strong again within his breast, when sharp and merry through the quiet rang out the five clear calls of a cuckoo-clock from some room nearby.

One, two, three, four, five! What a jolly reminder of old days!

But to the men who listened, the voice of doom spoke in its gladsome peal, whether the ears which caught it were those of accuser or accused. Old days were not the days to be rejoiced in at a moment which was



"I advise you to stop there, Mr. Roberts," interjected the district attorney. "Mrs. Taylor has said nothing. Neither has Madame Duclos. What the former may say under oath I do not know. We shall both have an opportunity to hear to-morrow, when Coroner Price opens his inquest. You will be one of the witnesses called—"

There he stopped, meeting with steady gaze the wild eyes of the man who was staring at him, staring at them all in an effort to hold them back, while his finger crept stealthily toward his right-hand vest pocket.

"You would dare!" he shouted; then he suddenly dropped his hand and broke into a low, inarticulate murmur, harrowing and dreadful to hear. But presently this murmur took on distinctness and they heard him say:

"I should be glad to have five minutes' talk with Mrs. Taylor before that time—in your presence, gentlemen, or in anybody's presence; I do not care whose."

Did he know—had he felt whose step was in the hall, whose form was at the door? If he did, then the agitation which in another moment shook his self-possession into ash was that of hope realized, not of fear surprised. She entered, and with the sight of her he rose, and his arms went out; then he sank back, weak and stricken, into his chair, looking—looking at the stately figure advancing toward him with her eyes fixed on his in a gaze unfathomable in its grief and equally unfathomable in its pity.

WHEN she was near enough to speak easily, and had thanked the gentlemen who had moved away on either side of her, she said to him in a quite natural tone:

"What is it you want to say to me? As I stood at the door, I heard you tell these gentlemen that you would like to have a few minutes' talk with me. I was glad to hear that; and I am ready to listen to—anything."

The pause she made before uttering the last word caused it to ring with double force when it fell. All heads drooped at the sound, and the lines came out on Mr. Gryce's face till he looked his eighty-five years, and more. But what Carleton Roberts had to say at this critical moment of his double life was not at all what they expected to hear.

Rising, for her eyes seemed to draw him to his feet, he cried in an indescribable tone of suppressed feeling:

"Shadows are falling upon me. My interview with these gentlemen may end in a way I cannot now foresee. In my uncertainty as to how and when we may meet again, I should like to make you such amends as opportunity allows me. Ermentrude, will you marry me—now, to-night, before leaving this house?"

A low cry escaped her. She was no more prepared for this than were these others. "Carleton!" came in a groan from her lips. "Carleton—Carleton!"—the word rising in intensity as thought followed thought and her spirits ran the gamut of all that this proposal on his part meant in past, present and future. Then she fell silent, and they saw the great soul of the woman illumine her countenance with the light of a purpose altogether lofty. When she spoke, it was to say:

"I recognize your kindness and the impulse which led to this offer. But I do not wish to add so much as a feather's weight to your difficulties. Let matters remain as they are till after—"

He took a quick step toward her.

"Not if my heart is full of regret?" he cried. "Not if I recognize in you now the one influence left in this world which can help me bear the burden of my own past and the threatening collapse of my whole future?"

"No," she replied with an access of emotion of so lofty a type it added to rather than detracted from her dignity. "It is too much—or it is not enough."

His head drooped and he fell back. But an instant later he faced her again, so changed that they all marveled.

"I had hoped—" he began, and then stopped. Passion

had supplanted duty in his disturbed mind, a passion so great it swept everything before it, and he stood bare to the soul before the woman he had wronged and under the eyes of these men who knew it. "Life is over for us two," said he. "Whatever the result here, nothing of real comfort or honor is left for either you or me. Our lives have gone down in shipwreck; but before we yield utterly to our fate, will you not grant me my prayer if I precede it by an appeal for forgiveness—not only for old wrongs but for my latest and gravest one? Ermentrude, I entreat."

Ah, then they were witness to the fascination of the man, hidden heretofore, but now visible. The tone, the look, the attitude—all were of the sort which sways and which stirs an answering chord of sympathy.

The woman, in whom it probably awakened a thousand memories, trembled under it, but she gave no sign of yielding.

"Carleton," she said, "if your life and my life are both over, let us talk of other things than marriage. When one faces death, whether of body or spirit, it is to higher hopes one clings rather than those of earth or its remaining interests. If my forgiveness will help you to this end, you have it for this and for all things. I have had but one aim in life since we parted, and that was to see your higher self triumph over the material one. If that hour has come or is coming, I shall need no other sustenance for myself. My life will not be dead."

TH E man who listened—the men who listened—stood a moment in awe of the nobility with which she thus expressed herself. Then the one upon whom she had fixed her eyes—the only person present whom she seemed to see—burst forth with a low cry, saying:

"You shall not be disappointed. I—"

But there she hushed him. "No," said she. And he seemed to understand and was silent.

Mrs. Taylor's physical powers were perceptibly failing. This in itself was alarming, and determined them not to subject her any longer to an interview which might rob her of all strength for the morrow. Accordingly the district attorney, addressing Mr. Roberts, suggestively remarked:

"Mrs. Taylor is showing fatigue. Would it not be better for you to say before she leaves whether you prefer to make a public statement of your case, or leave it to unfold itself in the ordinary manner through the two impending inquests and the reports in the newspapers?"

"First," replied Roberts, "am I under arrest? Am I to leave this house?"

"Not to-night. An officer will remain here with you."

"I will make a statement now. I wish to be left in peace to-night, to think and to regret." Then, to Mrs. Taylor: "Ermentrude, a woman who has served my family for twenty-five years is in the rear of the house. Go to her and let her care for you. I have business here—business of which I am sure you approve."

"Yes, Carleton. Remember that I shall be put upon my oath to-morrow. The questions I am asked I must answer, whatever it may cost me." With that tears came to her eyes. But she recovered herself and said to him in all earnestness:

"You would wish me to be truthful?"

He nodded.

"I shall be truthful myself," he assured her, and again their eyes met.

After that she gave a stumble backward, and Mr. Gryce, perceiving it, held out his arm and assisted her from the room. In the hall, he felt the clinch of her fingers digging into his arm.

"Is there no hope?" she whispered. "Must I live—"

"Yes," he interrupted kindly, but with the authority given him by his relation to this case. "You have won his heart at last, and he speaks truly when he says that to you and to you alone can he (Continued on page 150).

33
"A needle can do no harm when an arrow has done its work," he sighed. . . . He pressed her hand to his lips and sank gallantly upon his knees.

YOUNG CHARLEY

By OPIE READ

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM OBERHARDT

LET those whose credulity this recital may challenge write to Albert Bryson, mayor of Win-gate, Washington.

One evening Bill Sodges, the proprietor of the Wingate Hotel, saw a tall and very old man enter the lobby. His walk as he approached the desk was heavy and difficult, though he was light and spare of build. He was beardless and rather neat of dress, and like nearly all old men who in early life were fond of dancing, he seemed to pay much attention to his shoes, the vanity of foot living long after the vanity of head had passed away.

Sodges nodded his accustomed welcome, inked a pen and with as much of politeness as he was capable of assuming, handed it to the ancient visitor. He took it with a verbal "Thank you" and a brief pose reminiscent of a time when colleges along with their classic lingo majored in courteous deportment. Then the old man wrote:

Charles Haywood, Thunder Mountain, Idaho.

"Be here long?" Sodges inquired.

"Until I have given ample notice of my intended departure, sir."

"That's all right. I just wanted to find out. Rooms aint too plentiful with us, you know. Wish to go up?"

"Not until I have had something to eat."

"All right. But you'll have to hurry up. They are about to close."

Haywood turned toward the dining-room. A tip-chasing negro porter ambled up and offered to lead him. The old man straightened and scowled him back to his bench beneath the stairway. When Haywood had crossed the threshold, the waiter said to him:

"Sit anywhere, young feller."

It was an insolence; the old man's dignity did not invite it; surely his apparent years and his visible weariness ought to have checked, on the waiter's part, any notion of familiarity. But this Jim Larkin was not a respecter of personages, strong or feeble. When his perception discovered dignity, then arose his desire to have sport with it, not of a malicious sort, for there was nothing mean about Jim, but of a kind to flash a smile around the circle of his fellows, always on the lookout for amusement.

Haywood's countenance brightened. He picked up his feet as if they had been lightened of many a year. He sat down and smiled up at Jim.

"How are you, sir?" he said.

"Putty nifty. How is it with you, buckareno?"

With most dignified men this would have called forth at least a word of reproach. There are hundreds of old



men, ordinarily forbearing, who would have snatched up the water-bottle and knocked him down with it. But Haywood smiled, took out a fifty-cent piece and put it beside his plate. Jim Larkin was shrewd. Not only could he read character, but behind the whims of character he could see the annoyances that produced certain moods.

The bill-of-fare looked as if it might have been written with a rusty nail. Haywood took it up and was trying to read it when the waiter said:

"If you can read that thing, you can beat me. We haven't got much left, but I'll bring you what there is and you can take your choice. Been out hunting?"

"Well, no, not exactly. Just came in on the stage."

"That so? Well, you'll find this a putty good place for a feller with force and energy. Traveling man?"

"Well—hardly. The fact is I haven't been doing much of anything of late."

"That so? It's all right to rest, but you know the old saying about making hay. The old ones may forecast the weather, but it's the young beavers that build the dam, you know."

He darted off toward the kitchen, and old Haywood muttered cheerfully: "Most agreeable young fellow!"

He was surprised at the appetite with which he began to eat the stale food placed before him—pickled beets and that mysterious puffball, the devil's snuffbox of cookery, that had always aroused in him a sniff of contempt.

"Hope you'll be here to-morrow night," said Jim.

"Yes—but why so?"

"We are going to have a dance here in the dining-room, and we'd like for you to come in and shake a foot with us. And say, we've got some shiners here."

"Shiners, eh?" the old man laughed.

"Flashers," Jim declared. "Sadie's the topper."

"Who is Sadie?"

"Our housekeeper, Sadie Horn, a bird that learned to fly in the Klondike—born there. She could have married a dozen times. Recollect the big feller that drove the stage over? Well, he went so nutty over her that for a long time he had to go out and live with the squirrels. Don't reckon you've met the postmaster."

"No, I haven't had time yet."

"Well, he went so daffy for a time that he couldn't tell a post-card from a mail-order catalogue. And when you see her—"

"What will happen then?" the old man inquired with a laugh.

"You'll cut capers like a feller on skates. Thank you very much," he added, catching up the fifty-cent piece. "I've got to go now, but whenever you want anything, call for Jim. And say, look out for that nigger porter, for he'll work you. They can't get away from him. Tell you what a man told me: Over in Seattle they put up a bronze statue of some sort of a Senator or something, and he stood with his right hand pointing up. But after that nigger hung round him for ten minutes his hand went right down into his brass pocket. Skeered the nigger, and he run away—and it took a foundryman a whole day to get the Senator's hand out and up again."

He rushed away, singing, and the old man muttered: "Most delightful humorist!"

While the old man was getting more enjoyment out of his dinner than he had got out of any meal for many a day, Jim Larkin slipped around to the desk and confided a scheme to Bill Sodges:

"Say, I talked to that old duck like he was a boy, and it tickled him down to the ground. I scaled the years off'm him like scaling a fish. I've invited him to the dance, and I bet you we have lots of fun with him. Who is he, anyway?"

"You've got me. I never saw him till he came in here and registered. If it does him any good to tell him he's young, let's keep it up."

The negro porter was listening; and shortly afterward when Haywood came out, the negro went bowing up to him and said: "Look yare, young master, aint you from de Souf?"

Haywood turned upon him a smiling countenance. He gave graciously the information that Georgia was his native State; and the negro acknowledged that commonwealth as the place of his own nativity. Haywood mentioned Atlanta, and the negro's countenance cut a shine of delight. That was his town. The old man gave him fifty cents and then walked with a light step to the desk, where Sodges smilingly received him.

Haywood told of his journey: The heavy snows of the long winter were melting, and the roads had been so bad as to have caused hours and sometimes days of delay, but Haywood spoke of his delightful trip over the mountains and down through the deep gorges.

"When we are young and full of adventure, we can make enjoyment out of almost anything," Sodges replied to him; and the old man pressed his hand to his forehead as if by force he would set aright something that had gone wrong in his mind. Then he went over and sat down at the long writing-table, took up a pen and began to write aimlessly, halting quickly as if astonished that his hand no longer shook. Now he began to write in earnest—short letters, one quickly following another, as if after long delay he were at last able to discharge a debt of correspondence.

But occasionally Haywood would stop his writing and pressing his fingers to his forehead, look about him. He recalled that upon coming into the logging town he had

despised it, wearied with dragging for days and nights through the wet snow; he remembered the despair that seemed to look out upon him from the windows of this hotel. So recent was this despair, only two hours gone at most; and yet he wondered why, so vivid then, it was now so dim. Then he had not noticed the light of the setting sun, the children playing in the street, pretty girls with letters, laughing their way home from the post office. But how clear it was now, all the activity of the town!

Briskly he followed the boy who showed him up to his room, cried out his pleasure upon seeing a wood-fire burning, sniffing the oily scent of cedar-bark; and when the boy had left him, he took out a book from his trunk and sat down in front of the fire to revive a neglected delight. But the book was heavy with an old man's meditation, the labored wisdom of too many years, and he put it aside to bring forth a volume of eternal youth, treasured for more than half a century, sparkling little trinkets in rhyme, the grasses, the flowerets, the sweet saps of sentiment. Now he read till a dreamy drowsiness came upon him, till the fire was out; and then in bed he wondered why the midnight sadness which was wont to oppress him heavily did not weigh at all upon him now.

In the morning, in the hallway, he met a tall, good-looking girl. With easy grace she came toward him, saying that she was Sadie Horn. He bowed to her.

"Jim Larkin told me he had invited you to our dance," she said.

Haywood bowed again: "Ah, and now that I see you, I feel that he extended more than a double courtesy, Miss Horn."

"Good for you! But we need you, as we haven't got many young fellows here that know how to dance. You are Mr. Haywood. I saw your name on the register just now—Charles Haywood. I shall have to call you Young Charley. May I?"

He laughed. "Do you really think I am young?"

"Oh, now, don't guy me, Young Charley. You know you can't be thirty yet."

"Y-y-yes, I am thirty-one."

"Well, that isn't much of a difference. You are Young Charley, just the same."

He handed her a dollar.

"Gee, you must be rich."

"No, but as long as I have any money, it shall be at your service."

"Thank you ever so much. And you'll dance the first set with me, wont you—that is, if you understand the old-fashioned set-dancing?"

"I shall be delighted. But I hear that you are in such demand—"

"But Young Charley's demand shall be first." She laughed, and so did he as he walked lightly down the hall.

The news of a joke is as swift as the news of disaster. About the village had spread the report that Jim, Sadie and the rest of them had made an old fool believe he was young. In Wingate a census could not have enumerated more than three hundred and fifty persons, and these, all of them, had become actors in the farce. The lumber-camp had become a stage. Everybody greeted Haywood with a smile. Men who had never seen him before would say: "Good morning, Young Charley." Suddenly it came into his mind that his long-tailed coat was too elderly for him, and he wondered why he had ever bought it. When did he buy it? He could not recollect. The past was a haze to

him, a sort of dim enfeeblement; but the present had never been so vivid, so full of hope.

Across the street from him he saw a sort of weather-boarded barn, and on it a sign announcing in red letters, "The Olympia Clothing Emporium," and he crossed over and entered the sloppy doorway.

"I guess you'll want something pretty gay," said the shrewd and initiated salesman that came forward to meet him.

"Well, nothing to startle the neighborhood," Young Charley answered, feeling spry in the legs. He felt disposed to cut a caper and to call the salesman's attention to it, after the manner of the old fellow on the golf-course who wishes to show you how young he is.

The salesman conducted him to a heavy bank of toggery, piled high on a table, the first layer holding a sniffish suspicion of a big cat whose lodging was paid for with vigilance against an invasion of mice from the woods.

The salesman ran a tape-measure around Young Charley's waist, looked at the figures and then proceeded to pull pairs of trousers out of the embankment. "I hear you are going to dance the first set with Sadie to-night," he said, extracting a stubborn pair of corduroy. "Now, I'm telling you there's some girl; and the fellow that gets her is on his way to the Senate. Now here's a pant that I think will suit you down to the ground."

Young Charley muttered a protest against the loudness of the "pant," and the salesman pulled at a pair a little less tigerish in color and expression.

"Yes sir, Sadie is some girl. But with it all, she aint proud—no sir; and she's the kindest hearted creature that ever lived. Wish I could always have beef that's as tender as her heart. And sweet! No pie made by a feller's grandmother was ever as sweet as her disposition. Now we are getting down to cases. Here you are, and I bet they'll fit like the skin of an eel."

Young Charley went out dressed like a youth posing for an advertisement. His hat was rakish, and the toes of his shoes were as pointed as nut-picks.



"Sit anywhere, young feller! It was an insouciance. . . . But this Jim Larkin was not a respecter of personages."



"Say, I talked to that old duck like he was a boy, and it tickled him down to the ground. I've invited him to the dance."

On two dining-room tables placed close together was seated the orchestra—a fiddle, a flute and a set of bones operated by a retired negro minstrel. Sodges pretended that Sadie owed to him the first favor of the evening, and in blithe nature Young Charley would have yielded the honor, but Sadie said:

"No, Bill Sodges, you dance with me when Young Charley has had enough."

Bill bowed an acknowledgment of defeat and then to Young Charley remarked: "You're the luckiest young dog that ever scratched at a flea."

It was a drama, and all the actors were fresh with inspiration, like the old players in Italy when the stage manager would outline the plot, assign the parts and proceed at once with the performance. But the best actor of all was Young Charley himself, the best because he did not know that he was acting. And his vigor was astonishing. He not only danced with Sadie time after time, but along toward morning he waltzed with Big Liz Brunk, cook at the Hercules sawmill—waltzed and at times clasped as many as he could of her rolling-pin fingers. Day and the ball broke at the same time, a time when sentiment might be pardoned of a yawn, but they heard Young Charley singing when he had gone to his room, and passing his door they caught the scent of cedar-bark burning.

By noon Young Charley was out to stroll through the timbered and high-stumped environs of the town. Winter had fluttered blusterously away, and now the warm wings of spring fanned the air. Here and there, sheltered by a tall stump, was a clump of green fern. On the gentle wind birds were blown from the South. A woodpecker sounded his first industrial note, and Young Charley waved his hand at him.

"Ha, Redtop, they don't catch you napping."

"You bet they don't," a voice replied; and looking quickly about, he was delighted to see Sadie Horn standing near. She asked if she might walk with him, and his quick laugh of acquiescence was as ringing as the woodpecker's resounding notes. They turned up a narrow vale where the wash of water had made the pebbles white.

"Creamy rosebuds in stone," he said.

"Aint you sentimental!" she cried.

He turned about in front of her and bowed.

"Poetry always evokes its own," he said.

Not knowing what to say, she laughed, and he was as flattered as if she had poured for him a libation of sacred wine. Shrewd enough to see that she had "roped" him, she would trip and tie him:

"You ought to study law, Young Charley. Once I worked at a place, and the feller tried to beat me out of my pay; and I hired a lawyer, and gee, how he could talk! He made the jury cry, and me too. And I bet you could do that. Why don't you study law?"

"I am thinking about it," he answered her. "I have a quick grasp of things, and it wouldn't take me long to prepare myself. And you could be such an inspiration to me!"

"You bet I could."

Her ready confidence in herself did not astonish him. He did not suspect that it arose from a real want of something to say. He looked at her and caught the gleam of her bright eyes, there in the tangling evergreens of the narrow gorge.

"Then you could go into politics," she ventured.

"Yes, I could do that."

"You bet you could; and I could help you. I had an uncle that was a deputy sheriff."

How well she was playing her part in this mill-town drama, this movie of the great woods! Already she was in love with her art. Through it there flowed no acid of keen mischief, for in all genuine play there is a sort of youth-sweet kindliness. With the others she was deceiving this old man, but it was a deception that could not hurt him. But suppose that, led on, he should ask her to marry him! She laughed.

"I thought that was the song of a bird," he said.

"A crow, you mean." And she laughed again.

"A nightingale."

"I never saw one. Do they eat 'em?"

"They are only food for the soul."

"And I guess they don't pick 'em, when they cook 'em, for the soul must have feathers to fly with."

Young Charley laughed, declaring her the wittiest woman in the world. Then suddenly she cried out that she must get back to the hotel. He walked nearly all the way with her, but left her and crossing the street, went into a lawyer's office, the only one in the town. It was tenanted by Judge Pogue. An old fellow, bald and learned in an antiquated way, he was one of Wingate's actors and was waiting for his cue.

"Come in, young man. Sit down. Not wanting to see me about a breach-of-promise case, I hope." And the Judge smiled at Young Charley.

"No sir. I have called on other business. It is this way, sir: I have decided to take up the study of the law."

The Judge was a tobacco-chewer, and turning about with a *pit-tu*, he deluged the cuspidor. This saved his countenance. It was in the drollery of his nature to play his part well, but Young Charley's proposal had almost surprised him out of his gravity. Then, actively for one who appeared so cumbersome, he got back into his rôle.

"Yes, I should think that would be all right for a bright boy—I mean, a shrewd young man. You can come in here and read, sir."

"I thank you very much. And when I have advanced, I might be of considerable assistance to you. I am not afraid of duty, sir."

"I shouldn't take you to be afraid of anything, with your muscle."

Young Charley bent his left arm and with his right hand gripped his biceps. Then he smiled, saying: "But in law it all depends on the muscle of the mind."

"You have the notion, all right. . . . Whenever you are ready to begin, go ahead. There are my books over there on the shelf, Blackstone at this end. I would advise you to begin with him."

"Ah, and when I have mastered him?"

"Then we'll have to send you to Washington as Chief Justice."

"That would be very agreeable to me, sir. . . . Well, then, I shall begin my work with you to-morrow morning. Good day, sir."

A part of Sadie's work was to sit in the linen-room, mending the sheets, pillow-cases and towels. The door stood open, and it was Young Charley's early-formed habit to halt and talk to her. Then he brought a chair from his own room, placed it close to hers and sat there to watch her as she worked. He told her that he had entered the Judge's office, and that he was learning the law with a readiness that astonished him.

One day he asked her if she had ever been in love. She gave her head a negative shake. Men were so fickle that she was afraid to trust any of them. Coily she looked at him—then almost with a stare, wondering that having come to Wingate so old, he now could seem so youthful. Surely twenty years had gathered up their wrinkles and flown away from him.

He tried to take her hand, but laughingly she drew back from him, warning him to beware of the needle.

"A needle can do no harm when an arrow has done its work," he sighed, gazing at her.

This brought up pictures of Cupids and arrows and made her laugh. But he was so kindly, and

his eyes shone with so soft and gentle a glow, that she did not wish to wound him. She had tittered at the postmaster's love-making and had told the stage-driver to chase himself, but she would not spoil the play by repulsing

Young Charley. She let him take her hand, with the needle between her thumb and finger, and he would have pressed it to his bosom, but she cried out that he would stick himself.

But he pressed her hand to his lips and sank gallantly upon his knees.

Half an hour later she leaned on the desk, talking to Bill Sodges.

"I just had to tell him I'd marry him—couldn't get out of it. Of course I won't; I couldn't think of such a thing. Why, how could I marry that old man, even as young as he is getting to be? He told me he has just about money enough to get him through the law-office; but even then, how is he going to make a living? I'll just let it drift along, and that will satisfy him."



He not only
danced with
Sadie time after time,
but along toward morn-
ing he walked with
Big Liz Brunk, cook at
the Hercules sawmill.

Brunk



"Come in, young man. Sit down. Not wanting to see me about a breach-of-promise case, I hope."

"Part of the play," said Sodges. "But this is a comedy, you know, and must not end in tragedy. Didn't set a time for the wedding, did you?"

"No—he didn't go so far as to ask me to name the day. He was so happy and grateful that he just sat there looking at me. It seemed like he was pouring something bright out of his eyes all over me. It made me feel awfully queer, but somehow there wasn't anything funny about it like when the others proposed; and I said to myself that I wouldn't say or do anything to hurt him if I could help it."

"You'll marry him," asserted Sodges, as he blotted an entry that he had just made in the account-book before him.

She leaned on the desk with her chin propped in both hands. "What makes you think I could do such a foolish thing?"

"Oh, I understand. You couldn't marry him unless he had money; and then it wouldn't be a foolish thing. No marriage for money is foolish. When they marry an old duck for his dough, they call it doing well."

"I wouldn't marry for money," she declared, meeting his upward glance as he felt for his pen to make another entry in his book.

"No? Then you are either nutty or not a woman. What the deuce is that?"

Three lumber-jacks, drunk on bootleg alcohol, had come into the lobby to "rough-house" the place. One of them, a tremendous lout, whipped out a black, greasy-looking gun, thrust it toward Sodges and loudly demanded:

"Come out from behind that shelf and give us a dance."

Sodges was scared so stiff in his joints that he couldn't move. His mouth was open, and he couldn't shut it. One of the louts cried, "Give it to him, Sam," and the third one shouted:

"Wing him in front of his calico."

Then the Colossus with the gun made a pass at Sadie, to grab her with his left hand.

At this moment Young Charley had descended to the foot of the stairs. Sadie wheeled about to flee.

"Don't be scared," said Young Charley.

Then, walking straight to the big lout, he slapped his face and took the gun out of his hand.

"Sodges," he called, "go out and get the officers. Stand there, you fellows, and the first man that moves, I'll drop him."

Sodges found his joints limber and took to his heels. The ruffians stood gaping at Young Charley. The leader muttered, speaking to Charley:

"Let us go, Mr. Rockefeller."

"Shut up," commanded his captor.

Sodges arrived, accompanied by four officers and five citizens hastily impressed for the work of arrest. Surrounding the "roughnecks" they marched them to the lockup. As they entered the cell, the leader remarked:

"I wouldn't've believed a man could have put it over me like that."

"You would have shot me. Why didn't you shoot him?" Sodges inquired.

"Shoot him? Couldn't. Jesse James couldn't shoot him. Any feller in the world would know that his gun would miss fire. Don't let him look at me. I don't want to see them eyes."

With the postmaster Judge Pogue discussed the affair. The government appointee declared it the most remarkable case he had ever heard of; but the Judge, better informed in the annals of men, brought forward several similar instances.

"Young Charley has astonished me in a different way," he said. "You know that a few weeks ago he came into my office to study law. I expected him to turn over the leaves of the books, become discouraged with his heavy task and give up the job. But what did he do? After a few days he began to discuss law with me—Kent, Chitty, Greenleaf, Story, and Coke on Middleton. His reasoning astounded me. You will permit an old lawyer to flatter himself with the cause of his failure? . . . Thank you. Well, the cause of my failure was knowing too much law. I was too much of a student. I adopted the law as a philosophy and sought to master it. And, sir, I believe that away back yonder, Young Charley was just that sort of a lawyer. I asked him if he hadn't practiced, and he stammered, was confused, and pressing the fingers of his left hand to his forehead, he went over to the sofa and lay there a long time."

"Guess he was a lawyer, all right," the postmaster came in with his short cut.

"Unquestionably! And now enters a psychological phase. The joke we have played on him has actually made him younger. It has brought back the mind he must have had years ago; and, sir—I don't believe much in that

sort of thing, but it appears that his body is adjusting itself to the youthful change in the condition of his mind."

"How far you reckon it can go, Judge?"

"Well, we must wait and see. From a mere joke it has taken on the nature of a soul drama."

"Don't believe in spiritualism, do you, Judge?"

The old jurist had felt his mind insulted. "Now, what in the—who the deuce said anything about spiritualism? But I want to tell you, sir, that I am forced to believe in spirit-ism."

"Judge, I don't see any difference."

"You don't? Then I must say good day to you, sir."

If Wingate had understood music, and if Young Charley's heroism could have been scored, the whole town would have sung it. But Charley himself held it in so cheap a regard that sometimes it irritated him to be asked if he had felt no fear.

"Fear? What do you mean by fear?" And looking at him, one would have wondered whether he really caught the word at its meaning. But he was not indifferent to what Sadie said to him:

"You looked mighty putty when you marched up to that feller."

Then he began to press her to name the day for the wedding. She began to make excuses, but he gave her a look that made her feel queer, as if again he was pouring all over her a light from his eyes. She went to Sodges, at his desk, and said to him:

"I just don't know what to do about Young Charley."

"I don't know how to advise you. He is a wonderful man, all right, but it does seem a pity for as handsome a girl as—"

"Come off!"

"Well, what can I say?"

"Not much of anything, I reckon. You know I'm afraid to tell him he's too old. I wouldn't meet that look in his eye for anything in the world. I just couldn't stand it."

"You could have some friend tell him."

"All right, then—you tell him."

"What? Not me! Why, he believes he's the youngest man in the house, right now—knows it; and I'd need more revolvers than the lumber-jack had, to tell him."

She went away without consolation, and was in the linencroom, stitching, when Young Charley came and stood in the door. She smiled at him, biting off a thread; and thus encouraged, he entered and sat down, his chair having remained in the room.

"I told you that I would make rapid progress in the study of the law."

"Yes. We all knew you would."

"Well, I have; and it now falls that I can stand an examination. Then life will open up. There is not much to be done here, in this logging camp, but in some of the growing commercial towns in the State there will be a fine opening for legal business. Along Puget Sound there are several of these towns. High on a hill, it will be delightful of a summer evening to sit under a tree and

watch the ships that come in from the ocean. Does the picture present itself to you, my dear?"

"Yes," Sadie answered, "I can see 'em—big ships with long lines of twisting smoke, and little ships with white sails like handkerchiefs folded cornerwise."

"Yes, that is it." And his eyes glowed. "And among the trees there will be flowers, sweet in the soft air; and the walls of the house will be covered with vines; and on the roof the pigeons will coo and flutter when the sun has gone down."

"I can see them too; and some of them when they fly off and come back never know exactly where to light."

"Oh, you have a mind that can see pictures," he cried, glowing. "To most minds things are dim, the spiritual things; but you can see them; and without such minds the world would grow all dark and heavy of soul."

"But I haven't much education," she lamented.

"You mean that you have not been schooled out of soul. You mean that they haven't tied crape on your mind, to warn people to speak only in funereal accents when they come near you. You mean that you have not been taught that love is a heart that you may coin into gold so that you may buy feathers with it. You have education enough. I once knew a woman with education. It was—"

He began to press his fingers to his brow. "It must have been as long as four years ago. I was just out of college, and she had come home, finished, from a great

school on the Hudson. We had loved a long time, I in the Georgia town and she in the fashionable and changeable world; but she was ashamed of me, not of my mind, my dear, but of my country clothes. I made a speech that the whooe town talked about in raptures, but she thought little of it and said that I had stood there in shoes fit only for a plowman. Well, she married a man that came after her, and went away. She had education."

"I wouldn't like that sort of learning," Sadie avowed, biting at her thread.

"I know you wouldn't, my dear. Now let us come back to that vine-covered wall. I am going to build it, and you must help me. You may say that we are young and can afford to wait, but why should we wait apart when we can work together? Sadie, you must marry me two weeks from to-day."

She put aside her sewing and looked at him as if she would stare him out of countenance, out of his determination; but his eyes glowed so searchingly into her very heart that the lids of her own eyes trembled, and she looked down, at the rough linen towel lying on her lap.

"Yes sir," she murmured.

Some one had darkened the door. Charley arose and smiled upon her, and Jim Larkin, the waiter, stepped aside to let him pass out.

"Sadie, you ain't going to marry that old man, are you?"

"Jim, I just don't see how I (Continued on page 118)



"You may say that we are young and can afford to wait, but why should we wait apart when we can work together? Sadie, you must marry me two weeks from to-day."

The LAST NIGHT



The story of a man who
saw prohibition coming

By RING W.
LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED
BY F. FOX

JAY ARNOLD, being a resident of Chicago and not stone deaf, knew there was a war somewhere in Europe. He had heard also that the United States had gone or was going into it. But until the twenty-ninth day of June, this year of so-called grace, he didn't care. For Mr. Arnold was a man of simple tastes,—rye and water all morning, a seat in the bleachers all afternoon, rye and water all evening and then eight or nine hours of melodious sleep,—and the tumult Over There had not interfered a bit with his daily program of innocent pleasure.

The gentleman's reading was confined to the sporting pages of the morning papers and "To-day's Results" in the evening sheets. It was simply tough luck that he had to sit, on his way gameward this blizzly June day, beside one of those born genials to whom proximity is a formal introduction and an excuse for opening up.

"Looks," said this fluent soul, "like as if we'd soon be bone dry."

"Oh, I guess not for ten or a dozen years," said Mr. Arnold.

"Years, nothing!" the other ejaculated. "It's liable to be all off to-morrow morning."

Mr. Arnold scrutinized the stranger. He looked sober. "Where do you get that stuff?" said Mr. Arnold.

"In the morning paper. I seen an article this morn-ing where the fella says Wilson's to have the whole say and if he says dry, dry she is."

"What fella says that?" asked Mr. Arnold.

"He signed his name, but I forgot it," replied our hero's seat-mate. "It's the fella that writes the articles from Washington, D. C."

"They wasn't no game in Washington yesterday!" And Mr. Arnold smiled triumphantly.

"This aint got nothing to do with a game," said the other. "This guy aint the baseball-article writer. He pulls the stuff about Wilson and the Senate and Congress—deep stuff."

"Those fellas are crazy," said Mr. Arnold. "Besides, you probably misread it wrong."

"I guess I can read!" said his companion peevishly.

"But listen," said Mr. Arnold: "The President of the United States aint the king of the world. He can't vote the country dry without Congress and the people having their say."

"He can in war-times. He can do anything he feels like in war-times."

"What's the war got to do with the liquor business?"

"A whole lot! And Wilson's going to call off the liquor business to preserve the food."

Mr. Arnold laughed hoarsely.

"A fine way to preserve the food!" he said. "A Dem-o-crat ought to know that when a man's drinking he aint got no time to eat. I remember one time eight years ago last fifth of May," he added. "I went on the water-wagon four days at that time, and I eat like a bay horse."

"You don't get the point," said the other. "The stuff that liquor is made out of is the stuff that could be made into food if it wasn't made into liquor. And we're going to be up against it for stuff to eat during war-times, so the President's going to help preserve the food by cutting out the liquor."

"But," objected Mr. Arnold, "why should he cut out a necessity, like drinking, to preserve eating, that's just a habit?"

"They's more people that eats than there is that drinks," said Mr. Fisher, for that was his name.

"Now you're talking wild," said Mr. Arnold. "If that's true, why is there more saloons than restaurants?"

"Because people don't eat all day."

"Of course not! They's no fun in it."

And as they had reached the ball-park, Mr. Arnold rose and left the car, an easy winner in the argument.

But neither Mr. Arnold's victory nor the game pleased him, and at the end of three innings he got up and walked out, worried for the first time in eight years.

"I must find some fella I can trust," he said to himself. "I must find out if it's true." And he boarded a car for his first post-pastime local stop.



Eddie, the barkeeper, and two ticker-fans observed his entrance with surprise.

"Well, Jay," said the former, "what's the idear? Wasn't it going to suit you?"

"They's other things besides baseball," said Mr. Arnold shortly.

"Yes," agreed Eddie, "but this aint no time to quit—not when old Commy's got the best club he's had in years."

Mr. Arnold appeared not to be listening.

"You look like an undertaker," said Eddie. "What about a shot?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mr. Arnold, and he helped himself from the bottle placed before him. "Eddie," he said, lowering his voice, "what's this bunk I been hearing?"

"You mean about Commy getting another manager?"

"No!" said Mr. Arnold. "But I was reading in the paper where Wilson's going to stop the liquor-business to preserve the food."

"Sure," replied Eddie. "It's bound to come."

"When?"

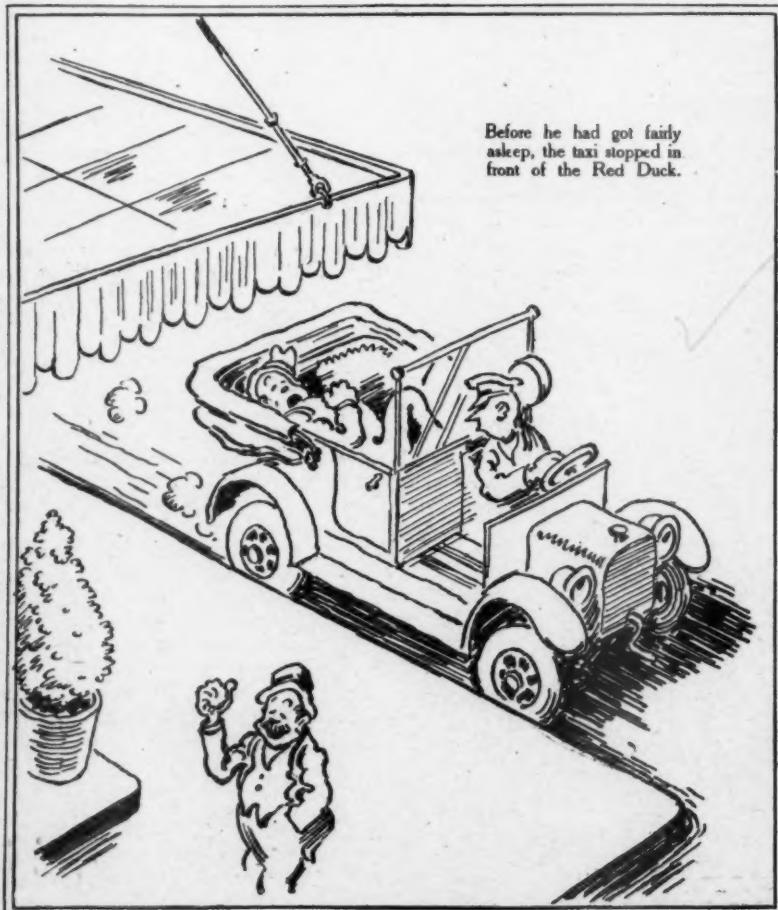
"Most any time. But we figure it'll be about the first of September."

"The paper I seen it in," said Mr. Arnold, "talked like it was liable to happen any morning."

"They's no telling," said Eddie.

"Maybe it'll come to-morrow morning," said Mr. Arnold.

"They's no telling," said Eddie cruelly. "But we don't know if they're going to cut it all out or not. They're talking about barring just the heavy stuff and letting us keep on selling the stuff that aint as much as ten per cent dynamite."



"What would that leave?"

"Well, beer and a few of the very light wines."

"This stuff's bound to go?" asked Jay, pointing to his glass.

"Sure as one o'clock," said Eddie.

"And cocktails and those things?"

"All of them."

"Put me up two bottles of that rye," said Mr. Arnold.

On the way downtown Mr. Arnold reached a decision. Never in his life had he tasted a cocktail; never had his finely chiseled lips touched the edge of a cordial-glass. It was not fair to himself to die without knowing all there was to know of alcoholic delights. He had seen their hilarious results in dozens of his friends, but rye and its two or three cousins had been his special study. He would take a full course to-night. He would be a graduate with an M. A. degree before to-morrow's dawn and the President's facile signature had taken the joy out of life.

"Ben," he said to his favorite at Carney's, "what kind of cocktails is they?"

"Oh, they's a raft of them," said Ben, "—Manhattan, Bronx, Clover Leaf, Sazarac, Southern Comfort, rum—oh, a raft of them!"

"Mix them up for me," said Mr. Arnold.

"You could do it quicker with chloroform," said Ben.

"Don't try and kid somebody," said Mr. Arnold. "As long as I got the money, I guess I can get what I order."

"Sure you can," agreed the gentleman on the sane side of the mahogany. "But we don't want nobody dying on our hands, and that's what'd happen to you if you tried to put away all them things at once."

"I don't want them all at once," said Mr. Arnold. "I want them one at a time, in succession. While I'm cuddling one, you can be mixing the next, and so on. Do you get me?"

"The cocktails will 'tend to that," said Ben.

A Martini was the ninth on the list that Mr. Arnold put down.

"That's all I know how to make," said Ben after a close observation of his guest. "If I was you, I'd get myself something to eat."

"That wouldn't be the right spirit," said Mr. Arnold. "We got to lay off of food and preserve it. Give us another cocktail."

"They aint no more," said Ben.

"All right. Start in on the cordials."

"Cordials! You don't drink them till after you've eat."

"Is that the rules?" inquired Mr. Arnold.

"That's the rules. Go back in the café and throw a big steak into you."

"But I don't feel like a steak. I feel like some cheese."

"I thought you would," said Ben. . . .

"I want to go where they's music and dancing."

So said Mr. Arnold to the driver, and he climbed into the car without mishap save for a barked shin.

Before he had got fairly asleep, the taxi stopped in front of the Red Duck.

"This is about the liveliest place," the driver said, and Mr. Arnold, relieved of one-dollar and thirty cents, walked in.

"What will it be?" inquired the waiter.
 "I don't know," said Mr. Arnold.
 "Something to drink?"
 "Why, certainly. What did you think I came in for—to get a suit pressed?"
 "What kind of a drink?"
 "What kind aint I had?"
 "I don't believe they's any," said the waiter.

"But listen here, George. You must know of some fancy drink I aint had."

"How about an absinthe frappée?"
 "What is that like?" asked Mr. Arnold.
 "Well, let's see—" said George. "It's a good deal like shrapnel, kind of mild and harmless."

"I don't want nothing mild, but I don't want to miss nothing. So bring it on."

And it happened that in George's absence they began to dance, and a girl at the next table thought Mr. Arnold looked so funny that she had to laugh at him just as the music started. And Mr. Arnold took the laugh as an invitation and went over there.

"Good evening," he said.

Promptly arose the girl's escort, a tall well-dressed young man.

"I guess you've made a mistake," he said.
 Mr. Arnold was embarrassed and said:

"I beg your pardon. I beg your pardon."
 "All right. Beat it!" said the youth.
 "Yes, but I don't want no bad feeling. I aint a bad fella. My friends'll tell you that."

"I'll bet you they don't."

"They would if they was here. But that makes no difference. We'd ought to all be friends to-night."

"Why?"

"Because it's the last night."

"The last night! Are you one of those bugs?"

Mr. Arnold laughed uproariously.

"That's pretty good!" he said at length. "One of those bugs. I'll bet they don't nobody get ahead of you. I'd liked to met you before it was too late."

"I hope we're not detaining you."

"Not a minute! I'm all alone and just looking for company. It's pretty tough running round alone the last night."

"Say, what are you talking about? Did somebody tip you off that Gabriel was going to play 'The Holy City' to-morrow?"

"I guess you know what I'm talking about," said Mr. Arnold, winking. "I guess you read the papers."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I guess you're on the square," said Mr. Arnold, "and if you really aint heard the dope, I'll give it to you."

"Go ahead."

"And I may as well set down and buy a drink while I'm at it," said Mr. Arnold.

"Walter," said the young lady, "let's finish this dance. Please!"

"No," said Walter, "we'll have the next."

And he and Mr. Arnold sat down.

"Now," said Walter, "what's the big secret?"

"What are we going to drink?" said Mr. Arnold.

"What are you drinking?" inquired the younger man.

"Mine's over to that other table. I'll have the waiter fetch it. It's something new—an absinthe frappée."

"Yes, that is a new one. But anyway, it suits me."

"Walter! Anything but that! You promised!" said the girl.

"Yes, yes, I know!"—impatiently. "But if this is the end of the world, promises don't go."

"And," said Mr. Arnold, "wont the young lady have one too?"



Mr. Arnold walked in.

"Never mind her!" said the youth impatiently. "She's Miss Gloom to-night. Let's get to the secret."

Mr. Arnold lighted a cigar with an unsteady hand.

"Well," he said, "you know this here war—"

"I'd heard there was one," said Walter.

"Well, this war's what's brought up this here other thing. It seems like the President wants to preserve food."

"Strawberries and stuff like that?"

"No, no. He wants to keep a hold of all the food, so's they wont be no famines during the war. And the stuff they make liquor out of could be made into something to eat if they didn't make it out of liquor."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"So to-morrow morning it's off."

The girl looked up eagerly.

"Was that in to-night's paper?" she said.

"Sure, it was in all of them," said Mr. Arnold.

"Are you sure?"

"It's a cinch—that is, the papers didn't say it was going to be to-morrow, but it's liable to be."

The young man laughed.

"So you're taking no chances," he said.

"That's me," said Mr. Arnold. "When I heard about it, when I found out we was liable to wake up to-morrow morning and find everything closed, I says to myself I'd finish in a blaze of glory. And I swore I wouldn't go home till I'd tasted every drink that's made. I guess I'm pretty near to the end of the list now."

"What have you had?"

"Well, I had nine different cocktails and seven cordials and I forgot what all. And now I'm winding up with a few of the fancy ones."

"Maybe I can think of some you've missed."

"Walter!"

"Have you tackled a julep?"

"No."

"Or a Swiss Ess?"

"No."

"Or—"

"Wait a minute. Let's make lis'. Write 'em all down black and white."

"Go ahead."

"You write 'em. My hand kind of shakes."

"I don't see why it should."

"Never mind. Make lis'."

"I could make one a mile long. But I don't believe you'd appreciate them all to-night. I'll give you a few to wind up the evening on. And if you run shy to-morrow, call me up and I'll give you some more."

Whereupon Walter handed Mr. Arnold his card.

"You've got a good system," continued Walter. "Pretend every night's the last one and enjoy it to the limit."

"No sys'm 'bout it. This's pos'ively las'."

"I'd like to bet you."

"All bets off. I know!"

The girl rose from her chair. "Walter," she said, "I'm tired. I'm going home."

"All right, if that's the way you feel about it. I'll call you a cab."

"Tha's right," said Mr. Arnold. "Time for li'l girls to be in bed."

Jay Arnold awoke at noon on the thirtieth in a room in the Grand Hotel. The telephone was ringing insistently. He got out of bed—a head-splitting operation—and went to answer it. A voice at the other end announced that its owner was Walter Crowell.

"What of it?" said Mr. Arnold testily. "I don't know nobody of that name."

"Yes, you do," said the voice. "Anyway, I'm coming up."

"Well, don't stay long," said Mr. Arnold.

A few moments later he admitted the young man of the Red Duck.

"You!" said Mr. Arnold. "And how did you know I was here?"

"I put you to bed," said Walter.

"The dickens you say! Well, it's the first time that ever had to be done."

Walter produced a morning paper.

"Arnold," he said, "if you'd made that bet, you'd have lost it."

"What bet?"

"I wanted to bet you that the country wouldn't be bone dry this morning. It isn't. And it probably wont be for some time to come." He paused. "But as far as I'm concerned, it is. I want to apologize for leading you on last night, and I hope that terrific mixture wont kill you."

"I think it has," said Mr. Arnold.

"I acted," said Walter, "like a first-class mutt."

"Don't apologize to me," said Mr. Arnold. "I don't know how you acted. I don't know if you acted at all. All as I remember is that I and you and some girl were together."

"She's my wife, Arnold. She's forgiven me for two reasons. One is that I've jumped aboard the wagon for keeps. And the other is that she knows I was downhearted and had reason to be."

"What's the trouble?"

"I can't go."

"Go where?"

"Well, to France."

"Good Lord! That's the last place I'd want to be."

"Not if you're a real man."

"Well, I certainly aint, not this morning."

"And I certainly wasn't last night. But it'll be different from now on."

"If you want to go, why don't you go?"

"They wont let me in. My vision's bad."

"It was all right when you picked that girl."

"But even if it was all right now, I couldn't leave her. We have nothing saved."

"Well, listen, kid: I don't believe you're liable to save nothing, hanging round the Red Duck nights."

"There's no mistake about that," said Walter. "But you can bet I'm going to save from this out, because the day may come when they're not so particular about vision."

"Do you think we're in for extra innings?"

"Yes, I do."

"And they need more men than they've got?"

"You bet they need them—all they can grab."

"Well," said Mr. Arnold, "I'm going back to that bed and lay down awhile longer."

"Sure. Go ahead, and I'll be running along."

Walter started toward the door.

"Wait a minute!" said Mr. Arnold. "On your way out, I wish you'd tell them to send me up a drink."

"Something brand new and fancy?"

"Yeah! Ice water," said Mr. Arnold. . . .

"How old are you?" asked the doctor Arnold consulted a little later.

"Thirty-seven," answered Mr. Arnold without evasion.

"There's just one thing the matter with you. You drink too much."

"That's where you're mistaken, Doc," said Mr. Arnold. "I'm bone dry."

"Since when?"

"Well, about three o'clock yesterday morning."

"I thought so."

"I'm through with it now."

"If you want to get anywhere, you'll have to be."

"But if I obey orders, there's a chance?"

"Yes."

"All right, Doc. Shoot!" ordered Mr. Arnold. . . .

Eddie was taking the third inning from the ticker when Mr. Arnold blew in.

"Well, if it aint old Jay," said Eddie. "I figured you must be sick when you didn't show up yesterday, with Detroit here and everything."

"I was sick, good and sick," said Mr. Arnold.

"And why aint you there to-day?"

"Well, I'll tell you. It don't seem right to go and watch a lot of fellas play ball when they's a game across on the other side that really means something. And besides, a man can't get no exercise setting in the bleachers."

"Who in blazes wants exercise?"

"I do."

"You get plenty of exercise walking from one place to the next."

"You know how much I walk! If they was a street



"I envy the fortunate buyer
This gem of good taste to acquire!
Such a *chef-d'œuvre* if hung in the Louvre,
The nations would flock to admire!"



A Masterpiece

To get the full enjoyment of Campbell's Tomato Soup eat it slowly, deliberately. Taste and enjoy every spoonful. Then you realize why so many people of critical tastes pronounce this popular *Campbell* "kind" the standard of perfection in tomato soup.

"The object of art," declared Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is to carry out Nature's intention." And what this famous "philosopher of art," as he is called, said about painting applies aptly to this masterpiece of culinary art—

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Nature, in the red-ripe, vine-matured tomato, provides the "color-scheme" and the keynote of flavor, as you might say; while the accomplished Campbell chefs, by blending the best part of this natural product with the best of other wholesome ingredients, unite the piquant freshness of nature with the

nourishing quality demanded in a food product for daily use.

Here you have richness combined with delicacy; a touch of natural sweetness—never cloying; a fine tonic zest which enlivens the appetite and lends added savor to the entire meal. In every sense a *chef-d'œuvre* to grace the best appointed table.

No wonder that practical housewives order this tempting soup from the grocer by the dozen or the case.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken

Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consomme
Julienne

Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea

Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

car line from one side of my bed to the other, they'd get all my nickels on a restless night."

"Well," said Eddie, "this aint giving you no service."

"I don't want no service."

"You certainly are sick!"

"I'm sick, but it aint incurable. It aint even going to cost me anything to get well—that is, no money."

"What is it going to cost you?"

"Just some nerve, Eddie—enough to carry me through the rye-fields without stopping to pick the fruit."

"You're on the wagon?"

"Yes sir."

"For how long?"

"Well, if those Dutchmen's aim is as good as they say, it'll be all my life."

"What in thunder are you talking about? Have you went nuts?"

"I've learned something, Eddie."

"You've been to a doctor or something."

"Yes sir."

"And he throwed a scare into you?"

"Well, he did that too. He said I'd last about two years longer if I didn't cut it out right away. So I've cut it out, and I may not even last two years. But if they get me, it'll be with a shot that don't need no chaser. I've learned about this war, Eddie. They's fellas right here in this town that want to go and can't. They're tied down with their families or something. And they's fellas all over this country that don't think much of a guy that can go and wont. Well, I can go and I'm going."

"When?"

"Not for a couple of months—maybe more. They wont take me now. But the Doc says if I'll go to some springs and

boil awhile, and if I'll exercise, and if I'll behave, he thinks eight or nine weeks will make a man out of me. I'm leaving the old burg to-night, and I thought I'd drop in and say good-by."

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Eddie. "And it was only two days ago that you was worried to death for the fear Wilson was going to take out your meter. And I was trying to kid you, telling you that night would probably be the last."

"It was," said Mr. Arnold.

"And did you make it a good one?"

"Oh, boy!" said Mr. Arnold.

"There's another inning coming in," said Eddie, and he walked over to the ticker. "Cleveland nothing, Sox two. Did you see what Felsch done yesterday?"

"No," said Mr. Arnold. "I was reading about some other Dutchmen, on the front page."

The SURPRISING THING ABOUT EDWARD

(Continued from page 66)

the months. "I just want to be invited because you'd like to have me come."

"Well, I'm planning a party up at Mogridge's for next Wednesday night," said Cumner. "Really, now, would you come? I can't quite believe it."

"Try me and see," floated back the girl's voice as she left the office.

When Cumner went home that night, he had two new and distinct notions in his head. One was that if there was always room at the business top, and that there was no reason why a young man named Cumner, late of Swift River, might not aspire two ways at once. The other notion was a little hazier at first. It was revolutionary, precarious, unprecedented. But as it matured in Cumner's head, it looked more and more reasonable.

At this point the Roman numeral

III

indicates the period during which the notion was maturing. Cumner was working loyally and hard all day and doing a bit of thinking at night. He managed to work up a surprise-party about every two weeks during the spring and autumn. One by one the decent fellows and young women in the office got their surprise—and were delighted to discover that there was more joy than sadness in the world, after all.

Only one sharp pair of eyes in Burnside observed that, as the parties progressed, the author of them joined less and less in the festivities and was more and more inclined to withdraw to a corner and look very thoughtful. And the owner of this sharp pair of eyes said to Cumner one night—it was up at Cutler's: "You don't seem to have nearly as much fun as you used to, Mr. Edward Cumner. You seem to be thinking hard, all the time."

"I've got an idea, Miss Brown," said Cumner. "I've worked it out at these parties; I'm going to speak to your father about it, first thing in the morning."

"You don't mean you've invented a new

toy, or a game?" she whispered with brightening eyes.

"No, not exactly. But as far as I know, it's a combination that hasn't been done. I think it would be a great seller."

"I wont ask you what it is," she said, "because I heard one of Father's old traveling men, at the house one night, say that you ought never to tell anyone the selling-talk you're going to use to anybody else. It takes off the cutting edge, he said—whatever he meant by that."

"By gracious, I never thought of that. I guess it's right, though," said Cumner.

Next morning Cumner tapped on the door of Nathan Brown's private office. In response to the invitation, he went in.

"Ah, Cumner? What can I do for you?"

"I have an idea, Mr. Brown."

The owner motioned toward a chair. "Idea? Ah?"

"You see, Mr. Brown," began the young fellow, "I've been running quite a lot of parties—"

"Ah, yes—so I've heard," was the bland reply in a mild, peculiar tone that chilled the enthusiast for a moment. The head of the company didn't say it, but there was something about his manner that intimated the words: "Don't let those parties interfere with your work, my boy!"

"And—and Mr. Brown, I suppose there are thousands of parties being given every night in the week around through the country. Well, sir, they're mostly failures, except for the eats."

"The what?"

"The food that's served," hastily corrected Cumner. "And the reason is that the crowd gets together, and then they don't know what to do. There are one or two party-games that have been done to death, and when those are over, everybody looks at everybody else and says: 'What'll we do now?'"

"We have seventy-odd games on our list, for grown-up people alone, Cumner."

"Yes sir—but I've been through the list, and they're mostly card-games, and a good deal alike, at that. There isn't a big-party game in the lot."

"Well, what do you propose, Cumner? The owner didn't exactly relish such free criticism."

"What I want to do, Mr. Brown, is to sell a collection of simple games, or implements for games, that a party of ten, twenty or fifty could use. I've got a list of the things that I've noticed, time after time, are sure-fires."

"Are what?"

"Sure-fires. I mean they never fail to catch on. They wouldn't be expensive to turn out. I want you to make and advertise a dollar box called 'The Surprise-party Fun-kit' or something like that. One dollar postpaid, and I've got three sample ads to show you. This one with the picture—I can't draw, you see, but this is enough to give the idea—he headed:

"'What Can We Do Next?' That's the question that everyone asks, you know—"

It was obvious that the idea didn't appeal to the head of the company. He gave it a period of courteous respite and then sent it to the guillotine. He said: "I'll think it over, but I don't quite see the demand for such a collection, Cumner. I do like your interest, though. Keep right on thinking. What we'd like to get just now is some new kindergarten material that could be used in the public schools. Put your mind on that, Cumner."

Next morning the cashier came in and laid a check for ten dollars on Cumner's desk. "Mr. Brown asked me to hand you this," he said simply.

It was the owner's way of showing his appreciation for even what he considered a worthless suggestion. But Cumner had taken his fall hard. He still believed in the idea. He got out the advertisements he had prepared for it and looked them over. They looked better, surer than ever. Just as he was folding them up, prepar-



Ideal heat for all ages

There is cozy comfort and contentment for all ages, for all members of the family in the IDEAL-AMERICAN Radiator warmed and ventilated home. The temperature is always so uniform, soft and genial, that it exactly suits everyone—baby to great-grandma.

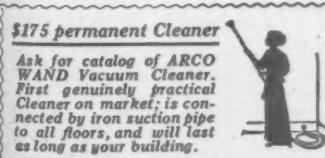
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RADIATORS**

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Now most simple to put in all
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Do not wait to build a new home, but enjoy comfort and content in the present one. Put in without tearing up or disturbance to present heaters till ready to put fire in the IDEAL Boiler. Sizes for all classes of buildings—smallest to largest—in country or city. Write for book (free): "Ideal Heating." Full of dollar-saving heating facts you ought to know. Write today.



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large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 35
816-822 S. Michigan
Avenue, Chicago



tory to embalming them in a pigeonhole, Alice Brown came in.

"Did you speak to Father about it?" she asked. "What did he say?"

Cumner looked up a little sheepishly. Then he told her everything.

"Why, it's just what about one million people want!" cried the young woman after hearing halfway through Cumner's plan. "Why, that's just the crying need of every party that ever happened, in the country or the city. I—"

"Would you buy one?" asked Cumner. "I mean, if you didn't know anything about this company, but just if you saw the advertisement of it?"

"Indeed I would."

"Would this advertisement make you buy it?" continued Cumner, reaching for his beloved copy.

"Oh, I think that's fine!" said Alice after she had read it. "But—wait! I know why the idea didn't appeal to Dad. Just stop and think! How could it? He doesn't know anything about parties—surprise-parties or anything else. His idea of a fine game is authors, or fish-pond, or lotto. If he could have been at some of the parties I've attended, when everybody stood around like goops—"

"Didn't you ever have an honest-to-goodness surprise-party up at your house?" asked Cumner.

The girl conjured her mouth into an expression that was meant to express the most negative negative that ever carried no for an answer. "Father reads at night," she drawled deliciously.

That settled it. Cumner's mind was made up. His long-cherished notion had to be carried into action. He rose from his chair and went straight to the room marked CREDITS AND COLLECTIONS.

"Merganser," said the young fellow to a good-looking chap working at a card-index, "I want you to help me put over a surprise-party."

"Sure, Ed. Who is it on this time?"

"Mr. Brown."

"Brown? Brown?" repeated Alex Merganser. "Who d'ye mean? Not the old man?"

Cumner nodded. The other young fellow grinned. "Don't make me laugh, Ed," he said.

"I mean it."

"Well, count me out, o-u-t," was the reply. "I've got a good job here, and my mother and sister to support, and—well, good night."

Cumner went over to the shipping-room. "Will," he said to a big youth there, "how do you suppose Mr. Brown would like to have us give him a surprise-party?"

"He'd like it just the same as if you gave him a bushel of tent-caterpillars," was the response. "Why? Thinking of doing it?"

"Yes."

"Who are you going to get to help Leslie when you're gone, Ed?"

Then Cumner went straight to Cutler, the "super." He had little hope that Cutler would help him, but he felt determined to make his canvass.

The super shook his head sadly. "I'm afraid it wouldn't do, Cumner," he said. "Forget it and keep out of trouble."

"But isn't he human?" Cumner almost screamed. "Or would he think his em-

ployees would take advantage of his mixing with us just one evening."

"Oh, it isn't that, Cumner. Nathan Brown is one of the finest men in the world. You ought to know that. Lemme tell you something: he kept a girl on the pay-roll for three years, while she was getting over a touch of T. B. But when it comes to social frivolities, he's a one-man funeral procession. He's what you'd call serious-minded."

"I bet anything he's human, and he'd enjoy a surprise like that," insisted Cumner. "He'd relish the idea of being considered a real live man."

Cutler dallied with the idea, in spite of his positive feeling against it.

"If you go in for it, the rest of them will. We want about fifteen," suggested Cumner.

"He couldn't get very sore about it—and he might really enjoy it," said the super, toying with the notion. "I'll think it over, Cumner, and let you know in the morning. Of course, you'll figure on having seven girls, if you have fifteen in all? All right—in the morning."

THE super came into Cumner's room first thing next morning. "I'll try it," he said. "Here's a list I made out. These seem to me the best ones. But pick your own crowd."

It wasn't hard to get the rest of them, after it was known that the super would take a chance. All but two of those approached were willing, and those two submitted to a terrible oath of secrecy. Cumner went at his work light-heartedly. Gloom was going to be dispelled from Burnside. Jollity was going to be taken right to the front door of Nathan Brown—no, come to think of it, to the door of Alice Brown. The young fellow could imagine how the girl's fine eyes would sparkle when she saw the good-natured, timid crowd at the door—for they would be timid, no doubt about that.

The date was set for Tuesday evening; they were to be at the Brown house not a second later than eight o'clock. Each was to bring a basket, or a shoe-box (in the good old Swift River way which ought to appeal to Mr. Brown) with sandwiches and cake. Cutler would bring a small freezer of chocolate ice-cream, and Cumner would supply a freezer of vanilla.

Cumner boarded in a private family, and he decided to get his food and the ice-cream made at the hotel. That was why he left his boarding-place immediately after supper, Tuesday evening, and went to the hotel to see that everything was prepared. At ten minutes to eight, with a freezer of ice-cream dangling from one hand, and a box of sandwiches clutched under an arm, Cumner went out the back door of the hotel, to avoid being seen and embarrassed. It took him just eight minutes to get to the gate that opened into the spacious grounds of the big square house where Nathan Brown lived—no, where Alice Brown lived.

An ice-cream freezer, well packed, is not a thing of thistledown. Cumner set it down at the gate and breathed hard. Also he felt an icy straight line skating down the outward side of his leg, where the bunghole of the freezer had been

weeping on him. Two minutes to eight! They ought to be in sight now, some of them. The young fellow looked in toward the house. Only two rooms were lighted, on the lower floor. But it was as certain that Nathan Brown was at home as that the sun would rise.

At five past eight Cumner was still at the gate. A man came by leisurely; but it was none of the party. It was one of the two town policemen. He looked at Cumner sharply and passed on. It got to be a quarter past eight. Nobody had put in an appearance except the policeman, who ambled past on the opposite side on his return voyage.

"Cutler wouldn't do me a trick—" the young fellow began to conjecture. "And even if he would, where are the others?"

He waited ten minutes more. Then, as he was ruefully concluding that he had made a fool of himself,—perhaps was the "laughingstock of the office,—a little merry laugh wafted down the path from the Brown house, and a dark figure moved quickly across the lighted window.

"Great Scott!" said Cumner almost aloud. "I wonder if they got here early and I've been waiting out here like a ninny all the time? I've got to find out. I believe they must be in the house."

He took the freezer and the box and entered the yard. Instead of going up the path, he went along the lawn to the corner of the house, and then to the porch. But the windows were above his eyes then. He thought he heard voices within. gingerly, Cumner placed the ice-cream freezer on the top step and pussy-footed up on the veranda. It flashed across him that the noble thing, the straightforward thing, was to ring the bell and ask if Mr. Cutler happened to be there. But he didn't dare; all he dared do was to step over toward the window.

And he would have peered in. But the moment he stepped to the window, some one shouted (rather unnecessarily loud, Cumner thought): "What are you doing here?" And at the same moment he was pinioned by the shoulders.

A red-blooded young man, pinioned by the shoulders, bends his first energies to unpinioning himself, if there is any such word. "What the—" cried Cumner, and he began to lunge forward to get away. But every time he lunged forward, the pinioner (who was about as successful a pinioner as the town afforded) arrested the young fellow's progress and brought him back, with his shoes scraping frightfully on the veranda floor.

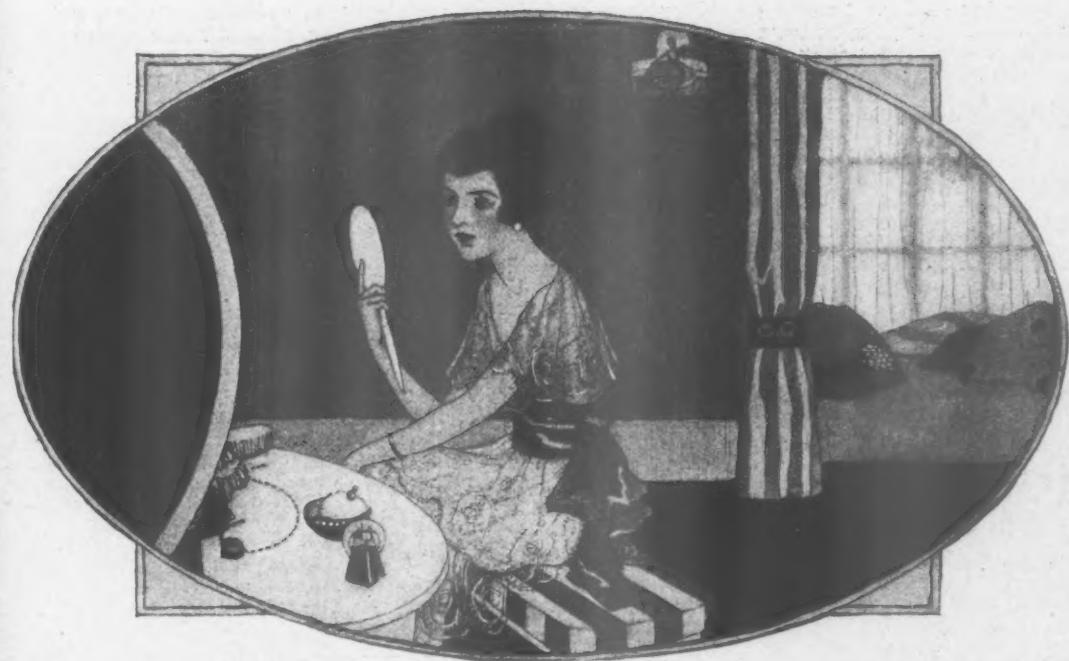
"I've been watching you the last hour," grunted out the pinioner, between lunges, in a tone of satisfaction. And then a big shaft of yellow light bounded across the porch as the door opened.

"What's this? What's this?" asked the voice of Mr. Nathan Brown.

"I caught this fellow lurking around your house, Mr. Brown," announced the night representative of the police force.

Then the older man stepped over and peered into the face of the lurker. "My gracious!" he exclaimed. "Cumner! What on earth—you—Let him go, Officer. He—is one of my men. Come in the house, both of you!"

They went in, both timidly. The box under Cumner's arm was wider than it had been, but not so deep. Pinioning is



Examine your skin closely. Find out just what is wrong with it. Then read below how you can correct it.

The girl who sighed for a lovely skin

There once was a girl whose sallow, blemished skin spoiled all her pleasure, until one day she learned how she could give her skin the fresh smoothness, the radiant complexion she had always longed for. The secret she learned is one you, too, can learn and use to make your skin as lovely as you want it.

WHAT is the matter with your skin? Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by blackheads and blemishes, or conspicuous nose pores?

Whatever it is that is keeping your skin from being beautiful, it can be changed.

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with the right kind of soap you can make this new skin just as fine, clear and fresh-looking as you have always wanted it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the result of years of study and experience by a skin specialist. For thirty years John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin. He treated thousands of obstinate skin troubles; made countless skin tests, until he evolved the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap. Find below the treatment just suited to your skin, and begin tonight to get the benefit of it for your skin.



To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

Troubled with blackheads?

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But

make it a daily habit, and it will rid your skin of ugly, embarrassing blackheads.

Is your skin "pimply," blemished? Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Finishing



Blackheads come from improper cleansing. This treatment will keep your skin free from this annoying trouble.

with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten or fifteen minutes.

Then rinse very carefully with clear hot water, then with cold.

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear.

Send 40¢ for a week's-size cake and this complete treatment booklet.

You can get all the famous Woodbury treatments, together with many valuable facts about the skin, in this little booklet, "A skin you love to touch." For 4¢ we will send you this booklet and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment. Write today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1711 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1711 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



Disfiguring blemishes need the "soap cream" treatment.



For sale wherever toilet goods are sold. A 25¢ cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks' use.

not good for box lunches. Something that looked like a steam-rolled sandwich peeped from one end; but as nobody was looking for a sandwich it passed unnoticed.

"Now, then!" began Mr. Brown. "What in the world is all this about, Cumner?" The young fellow had opened his mouth to speak, when a voice at the top of the stairs cried: "What's the matter, Father?" A second later a fluffy figure fluttered into the center of the joyous party and stood amazed, looking from the town policeman to Cumner, and then from Cumner to her father, and back over the circuit again.

"I seen this feller—beg pardon, Mr. Brown—your young man—"

Cumner gave one hopeful, hopeless glance at the girl and interrupted breathlessly: "It is—it was—to be a surprise-party, Mr. Brown, I—"

"Surprise-party!" cried two voices at once, but in widely different intonations.

"Oh!" added Miss Brown. "How splendid! On you, Father!"

"Surprise-party! Who was to be surprised?" asked the head of the family.

"You, Mr. Brown," gasped Cumner. "I've got a freezer of ice-cream outside. There were to be fifteen. I waited for them. They didn't come. I just came up on the porch thinking they might have got here before me. The freezer—"

"Freezer! Huh!" barked the policeman. "I seen this young man—"

"Officer," broke in Mr. Brown, "if this young man says 'freezer,' then it is freezer. When any young man from Swift River says he has a freezer of ice-cream, why—confound it, he has! Where is it, Cumner? On the end of the steps? Ah, on the end of the steps, Officer! Will you be so good as to bring it in?"

"Oh, a surprise-party!" gurgled Miss Brown. "On you, Father! Just think!"

Mr. Brown didn't have to be urged to think. He was thinking. It was all revolutionary, all extraordinary.

"And these are sandwiches," said Cumner, holding forth the package ruefully.

"They are—crushed," acknowledged Mr. Brown. "It's really too bad." Then the older man's eyes suddenly showed a glint of new interest. "Why didn't the rest of them come?" he asked abruptly.

"I suppose—they were scared. I guess—it was sort of cheeky, Mr. Brown. I didn't think of it that way. I guess—they had more sense than I had—"

"Scared!" murmured the owner of the factory. "Hum! Here, Cumner! You go to the telephone. Call up that crowd of yours and tell 'em to get up here just as quick as they can. Alice, you find out what we've got to eat in the house! No—wait! Telephone the hotel and find out what they've got! Scared! They needn't have been. It's—confound it—it's an honor, in a way. Does you credit, Cumner! I don't want 'em to be scared. Set the freezer down, Officer, there's a good fellow! Here's something for your trouble. Cumner, you get to the telephone."

Roman numeral

IV

indicates that the cold-footed crowd, led by Cutler, arrives at the Brown home. It is now half-past ten. Suddenly Nathan Brown, who has been unwontedly spirited and animated, looks at Edward Cumner and says:

"It's only half-past ten, Cumner. What'll we do now?"

It was the moment Cumner had been in ambush, awaiting. He jumped up as though his chair were on fire. "That's just what I was telling you, Mr. Brown! That's what they all say, about half-past ten, at every surprise-party! Don't you remember my idea of that surprise-party kit? Here they are, fifteen different ideas for parties that don't know what to play!" The young fellow actually produced a bulky package from somewhere on his person and began to unfold its mysteries.

The amazed look on Mr. Brown's face began to give way slowly to a grin that broadened as he watched the industrious

and enthusiastic Cumner, and finally it swelled to a hearty laugh as two arms circled his waist from behind and a soft voice said in his ear: "He was right, wasn't he, Dad?"

"Cumner," said the owner, "you're a surprising fellow. We'll look into that in the morning. Meanwhile—what'll we do next?"

EDWARD CUMNER got down to his desk early next morning, while the janitor was the only other employee in sight. He felt that he had a big day's work on hand. But he had been there hardly ten minutes when he heard a step in the corridor outside. He looked at the doorway. Just one eye, one ear and part of a well-known flurry of bright hair was peeping around the corner.

"Miss—Alice!" cried the young fellow. "I don't dare come in. I shouldn't be here!" she said with something of an etherealized giggle.

She didn't have to come in. Cumner promptly went out.

"I just wanted to say—because I can't keep a secret—I wanted to tell you what a fine time we had last night. Father—he—"

"Yes?" flashed Cumner eagerly.

"He liked it. I mustn't tell you what he said—but he liked it. I—you don't know how grateful I am to you. It means something to our house. I—"

Cumner looked around swiftly. Even the janitor was out of sight. She was very close to him. Her full white throat looked up at him. Something of that clover odor filled his nostrils again. He had a queer feeling that he was going to say something to this delicious creature—something that would risk everything he had won. As if she sensed it all, Alice moved back, but without taking her eyes from him. "I—want—" he began.

It's a queer place for another Roman numeral. But at this point

V

must represent what Cumner said to her.

HIGH SPEED

(Continued from page 44)

hour," Martin objected, "and right in the busiest part of the evening—"

The other produced a roll of paper money. "I said it would pay you good," he remarked, detaching four one-dollar bills. "Six-seventeen Nebraska Avenue."

Martin could not hope to make a like sum in an hour on the Avenue, and his anger ebbed as he drove to the address given. A figure came down the steps as he stopped, and asked if the car had come from Mr. Gummey's. At Martin's assent the other entered the back. He had a glimpse of a graceful figure, a smooth cheek, rouged lips and bright eyes, blurred by a veil, the totality of which produced on him the effect of a noticeable beauty.

"The Malaga Arms," his charge continued, and he nodded. Where the boulevard left the city, in the bright flood of an arc-light, the car was brought to a halt by a policeman and an authoritative individual in plain clothes. The latter stepped up to

the automobile and peered sharply within. "A friend of Elias Gummey's," Martin explained indifferently. "There's going to be a racket over at the Malaga Arms."

"Who are you?" the other demanded.

"Martin Pindar—Jitney License 887. Car number 66079."

The man on the road compared this statement with the numbers printed on a sheet list. "All right, Pindar," he said. "Come back direct."

Martin started the car slowly forward over the avenue illuminated across the marsh. And as they drew away from the city, a long, sharp sigh sounded from the rear seat. It startled Martin; the tone was so different from the voice in which the passenger had spoken that he involuntarily half turned, expecting to see a second face. Instinctively, however, he balked his curiosity. There was something strange in the gasp of relief that he had heard. It had been, he thought—and at

the same time scoffed at his fancy—masculine. Then there flashed into his memory the voice of the proprietor of the fishing-market, reading:

"The police . . . looking for a well-known New York crook, Luigi, alias Spin Carnotti . . . two thousand dollars reward."

He recalled the slim elegance of the Italian in Gummey's office—Jimmy Forge's words. Two thousand dollars reward! It was, of course, ridiculous, but if the figure in the back was Carnotti, the disguise, his manner of leaving the city—all led to the one conclusion: he must have been active in robbing and killing the jeweler. The difficulty would be to establish the other's identity. He was aware that Spin Carnotti would, if necessary, dispose of him as summarily as he had the merchant.

Martin saw a light approaching; then came the rumble of a heavy truck—and a



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A. A. VANTINE & CO. Inc., Fifth Ave. and 39th St., New York

stratagem occurred to him. He increased the speed of his car rapidly but smoothly, and when he flashed up to the truck, the Ford was traveling at a forty-mile rate. Opposite the heavier vehicle, his car appeared to slip; the fender scraped the rear of the truck, and the Ford skidded perilously. The success of his maneuver was startlingly instantaneous and complete.

"Boy," a cold, thin voice said from the back, "cut it down to twenty-five, or I'll leave you in the ditch and drive myself over to the town. Don't turn around, either; and if you stop or speak anywhere, I'll do for you and take a chance. Speed up and go on. Get me?"

There was nothing, Martin thought despairingly, that he could do. There was no mistaking the vindictive menace of the voice at his ear. It was Gummey again, jeopardizing him, making him a blind for his criminal planning. He thought of Mary, was swept again by the tide of love and tenderness. . . . The lights of Malaga steadily drew nearer. . . . Two thousand dollars—

A single, dangerous path of escape opened, a wild chance—still, all living was a chance. When had he said that?

If it went wrong, it would leave Mary. Still, there was a faint possibility that held liberation. Unconsciously he swung the car over to the curb.

If he wrecked the car head on, he would be hit more badly than the Italian, but he might swing in and crush a rear wheel and escape without serious injury. The other way, in Gummey's grip, there was no hope or freedom visible. He thought again of Mary, whom he loved, turned the wheel to the right, and then tore it sharply over.

There was a dull, blinding crash; Martin was struck sharply across the back and shoulder—was pitched out on the road.

He rose slowly, dizzily, with one arm hanging useless and stabbing his senses with pain. Against the curb lay the crushed car on its axles. There was a stir among the débris—a stir which he saw was Spin Carnotti, prostrate and twisting, with a blurred, unfamiliar speech. At the side of his smeared skirt a handbag lay open with, about its mouth, a fine, cold glitter on the road. Pins, Martin recognized, rings in profusion, diamonds and colored gems. He wondered, giddy and sick, but filled with infinite relief, if he could get to

Malaga for assistance. Then he waved his arm and shouted hysterically at an approaching car.

THE growing fear that he had, perhaps, been more injured than he realized, the desperation of the possibility that he might be unable to care for Mary—this, after a blurred and rocking period, the refined suffering at the city hospital, was allayed. Then he saw her bending over him, palely but courageously smiling.

"The old Ford's knocked into a tin can," he said. "Gummey'll talk some!"

"But not to us," Mary replied. "He's been locked up. They've got a statement out of the Eytalian. And there's a reward for you, a pile of money, Martin." She stopped and dropped on her knees, flung her arms over his body rolled in bandages. "But, Martin, it's all nothing without you. When I heard that—that you were here, I only asked to go back to the five-and-ten, to work for you."

"Not a chance!" he told her. "I'll be on the street again in a couple of weeks, and in a car with real class. Mary, will you send for some catalogues? . . . Mary!"

THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

(Continued from page 30)

the sweetest event that can occur in any boy's existence—the sudden awakening to the wonder and beauty of life so poignantly realized in his first love-affair—was lost sight of by Bryce. In a month he had forgotten the incident; in six months he had forgotten Shirley Sumner.

CHAPTER IV

THE succeeding years of Bryce Cardigan's life until he completed his high-school studies and went East to Princeton were those of the ordinary youth in a small and somewhat primitive country town. He made frequent trips to San Francisco with his father, taking passage on the steamer that made biweekly trips between Sequoia and the metropolis—as *The Sequoia Sentinel* always referred to San Francisco. He was an expert fisherman, and the best shot with rifle or shotgun in the county; he delighted in sports and, greatly to the secret delight of his father, showed a profound interest in the latter's business.

Throughout the happy years of Bryce's boyhood his father continued to enlarge and improve his sawmill, to build more schooners and to acquire more redwood timber. Lands, the purchase of which by Cardigan a decade before had caused his neighbors to impugn his judgment, now developed strategical importance. As a result those lands necessary to consolidate his own holdings came to him at his own price, while his adverse holdings that blocked the logging operations of his competitors went from him—also at his own price. In fact, all his well-laid plans matured satisfactorily with the exception of one, and since it has a very definite bearing on the story, the necessity for explaining it is paramount.

Contiguous to Cardigan's logging operations to the east and north of Sequoia, and comparatively close in, lay a block of two thousand acres of splendid timber, the natural, feasible and inexpensive outlet for which, when it should be logged, was the Valley of the Giants. For thirty years John Cardigan had played a waiting game with the owner of that timber, for the latter was as fully obsessed with the belief that he was going to sell it to John Cardigan at a dollar and a half per thousand feet stumpage as Cardigan was certain he was going to buy it for a dollar a thousand—when he should be ready to do so and not one second sooner. He calculated, as did the owner of the timber, that the time to do business would be a year or two before the last of Cardigan's timber in that section should be gone.

EVENTUALLY the time for acquiring more timber arrived. John Cardigan, meeting his neighbor on the street, accosted him thus:

"Look here, Bill: isn't it time we got together on that timber of yours? You know you've been holding it to block me and force me to buy at your figure."

"That's why I bought it," the other admitted smilingly. "Then, before I realized my position, you checkmated me with that quarter-section in the valley, and we've been deadlocked ever since."

"I'll give you a dollar a thousand stumpage for your timber, Bill."

"I want a dollar and a half."

"A dollar is my absolute limit."

"Then I'll keep my timber."

"And I'll keep my money. When I finish logging in my present holdings, I'm going to pull out of that country and log twenty miles south of Sequoia. I have ten thousand acres in the San Hedrin

watershed. Remember, Bill, the man who buys your timber will have to log it through my land—and I'm not going to log that quarter-section in the valley. Hence there will be no outlet for your timber in back."

"Not going to log it? Why, what are you going to do with it?"

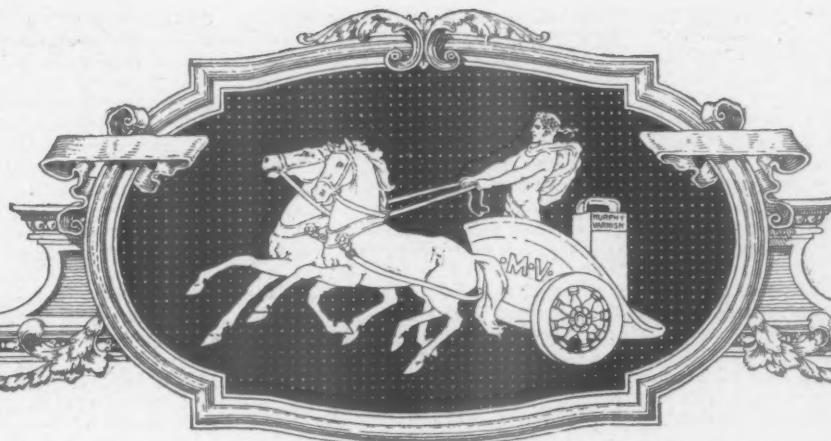
"I'm just going to let it stay there until I die. When my will is filed for probate, your curiosity will be satisfied—but not until then."

The other laughed. "John," he declared, "you just haven't got the courage to pull out when your timber adjoining mine is gone, and move twenty miles south to the San Hedrin watershed. That will be too expensive a move, and you'll only be biting off your nose to spite your face. Come through with a dollar and a half, John."

"I never bluff, Bill. Remember, if I pull out for the San Hedrin, I'll not abandon my logging-camps there to come back and log your timber. One expensive move is enough for me. Better take a dollar, Bill. It's a good, fair price, as the market on redwood timber is now, and you'll be making an even hundred per cent on your investment. Remember, Bill, if I don't buy your timber, you'll never log it yourself and neither will anybody else. You'll be stuck with it for the next forty years—and taxes aren't getting any lower. Besides, there's a good deal of pine and fir in there, and you know what a forest fire will do to that."

"I'll hang on a little longer, I think."

"I think so too," John Cardigan replied. And that night, as was his wont, even though he realized that it was not possible for Bryce to gain a profound understanding of the business problems to which he was heir, John Cardigan dis-



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cussed the Squaw Creek timber with his son, relating to him the details of his conversation with the owner.

"I suppose he thinks you're bluffing," Bryce commented.

"I'm not, Bryce. I never bluff—that is, I never permit a bluff of mine to be called, and don't you ever do it, either. Remember that, boy. Any time you deliver a verdict, be sure you're in such a position you won't have to reverse yourself. I'm going to finish logging in that district this fall, so if I'm to keep the mill running, I'll have to establish my camps on the San Hedrin watershed right away."

BRYCE pondered. "But isn't it cheaper to give him his price on Squaw Creek timber than go logging in the San Hedrin and have to build twenty miles of logging railroad to get your logs to the mill?"

"It would be, son, if I had to build the railroad. Fortunately, I do not. I'll just shoot the logs down the hillside to the San Hedrin River and drive them down the stream to a log-boom on tidewater."

"But there isn't enough water in the San Hedrin to float a redwood log, Dad. I've fished there, and I know."

"Quite true—in the summer and fall. But when the winter freshets come on and the snow begins to melt in the spring up in the Yola Bolas where the San Hedrin has its source, we'll have plenty of water for driving the river. Once we get the logs down to tidewater, we'll raft them and tow them up to the mill. So you see, Bryce, we won't be bothered with the expense of maintaining a logging-railroad, as at present."

Bryce looked at his father admiringly. "I guess Dan Keyes is right, Dad," he said. "Dan says you're crazy—like a fox. Now I know why you've been picking up claims in the San Hedrin watershed."

"No, you don't, Bryce. I've never told you, but I'll tell you now the real reason. Humboldt County has no rail connection with the outside world, so we are forced to ship our lumber by water. But some day a railroad will be built in from the south—from San Francisco; and when it comes, the only route for it to travel is through our timber in the San Hedrin Valley. I've accumulated that ten thousand acres for you, my son, for the railroad will never be built in my day. It may come in yours, but I have grown weary waiting for it, and now that my hand is forced, I'm going to start logging there. It doesn't matter, son. You will still be logging there fifty years from now. And when the railroad people come to you for a right of way, my boy, give it to them. Don't charge them a cent. It has always been my policy to encourage the development of this county, and I want you to be a forward-looking, public-spirited citizen. That's why I'm sending you East to college. You've been born and raised in this town, and you must see more of the world. You mustn't be narrow or provincial, because I'm saving up for you, my son, a great many responsibilities, and I want to educate you to meet them bravely and sensibly."

He paused, regarding the boy gravely and tenderly. "Bryce, lad," he said presently, "do you ever wonder why I work so hard and barely manage to spare the

time to go camping with you in vacation time?"

"Why don't you take it easy, Dad? You do work awfully hard, and I have wondered about it."

"I have to work hard, my son, because I started something a long time ago, when work was fun. And now I can't let go. I employ too many people who are dependent on me for their bread and butter. When they plan a marriage or the building of a home or the purchase of a cottage organ, they have to figure me in on the proposition. I didn't have a name for the part I played in these people's lives until the other night when I was helping you with your algebra. I'm the unknown quantity."

"Oh, no," Bryce protested. "You're the known quantity."

Cardigan smiled. "Well, maybe I am," he admitted. "I've always tried to be. And if I have succeeded, then you're the unknown quantity, Bryce, because some day you'll have to take my place; they will have to depend upon you when I am gone. Listen to me, son. You're only a boy, and you can't understand everything I tell you now, but I want you to remember what I tell you, and some day understanding will come to you. You mustn't fail the people who work for you—who are dependent upon your strength and brains and enterprise to furnish them with an opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. When you are the boss of Cardigan's mill, you must keep the wheels turning; you must never shut down the mill or the logging-camps in dull times just to avoid a loss you can stand better than your employees."

His hard, trembling old hand closed over the boy's. "I want you to be a brave and honorable man," he concluded.

TRUE to his word, when John Cardigan finished his logging in his old, original holdings adjacent to Sequoia and Bill Henderson's Squaw Creek timber, he quietly moved south with his Squaw Creek woods-gang and joined the crew already getting out logs in the San Hedrin watershed. Not until then did Bill Henderson realize that John Cardigan had called his bluff—whereat he cursed himself for a fool and a poor judge of human nature. He had tried a hold-up game and had failed; a dollar a thousand feet stumpage was a fair price; for years he had needed the money; and now, when it was too late, he realized his error. Luck was with Henderson, however; for shortly thereafter there came again to Sequoia one Colonel Seth Pennington, a millionaire white-pine operator from Michigan. The Colonel's Michigan lands had been logged off, and since he had had one taste of cheap timber, having seen fifty-cent stumpage go to five dollars, the Colonel, like *Oliver Twist*, desired some more of the same. On his previous visit to Sequoia he had seen his chance awaiting him in the gradually decreasing market for redwood lumber and the corresponding increase of melancholia in the redwood operators; hence he had returned to Michigan, closed out his business interests there and returned to Sequoia on the alert for an investment in redwood timber. From a chair-warmer

on the porch of the Hotel Sequoia, the Colonel had heard the tale of how stiff-necked old John Cardigan had called the bluff of equally stiff-necked old Bill Henderson; so for the next few weeks the Colonel, under pretense of going hunting or fishing on Squaw Creek, managed to make a fairly accurate cursory cruise of the Henderson timber—following which he purchased it from the delighted Bill for a dollar and a quarter per thousand feet stumpage and paid for it with a certified check. With his check in his hand, Henderson queried:

"Colonel, how do you purpose logging that timber?"

THE COLONEL smiled. "Oh, I don't intend to log it. When I log timber, it has to be more accessible. I'm just going to hold on and outgame your former prospect, John Cardigan. He needs that timber; he has to have it—and one of these days he'll pay me two dollars for it."

Bill Henderson raised an admonitory finger and shook it under the Colonel's nose. "Hear me, stranger," he warned. "When you know John Cardigan as well as I do, you'll change your tune. He doesn't bluff."

"He doesn't?" The Colonel laughed derisively. "Why, that move of his over to the San Hedrin was the most monumental bluff ever pulled off in this country."

"All right, sir. You wait and see." "I've seen already. I know."

"How do you know?"

"Well, for one thing, Henderson, I notice Cardigan has carefully housed his rolling-stock—and he hasn't scrapped his five miles of logging railroad and three miles of spurs."

Old Bill Henderson chewed his quid of tobacco reflectively and spat at a crack in the sidewalk. "No," he replied, "I admit he ain't started scrappin' it yet, but I happen to know he's sold the rollin'-stock an' rails to the Freshwater Lumber Company, so I reckon they'll be scrappin' that railroad for him before long."

The Colonel was visibly moved. "If your information is authentic," he said slowly, "I suppose I'll have to build a mill on tidewater and log the timber."

"Twont pay you to do that at the present price of redwood lumber."

"I'm in no hurry. I can wait for better times."

"Well, when better times arrive, you'll find that John Cardigan owns the only water-front property on this side of the bay where the water's deep enough to let a ship lie at low tide and load in safety."

"There is deep water across the bay and plenty of water-front property for sale. I'll find a mill-site there and tote my logs across."

"But you've got to dump 'em in the water on this side. Everything north of Cardigan's mill is tide-flat; he owns all the deep-water frontage for a mile south of Sequoia, and after that come more tide-flats. If you dump your logs on these tide-flats, they'll bog down in the mud, and there isn't water enough at high tide to float 'em off or let a tug go an' snake 'em off."

"You're a discouraging sort of person."

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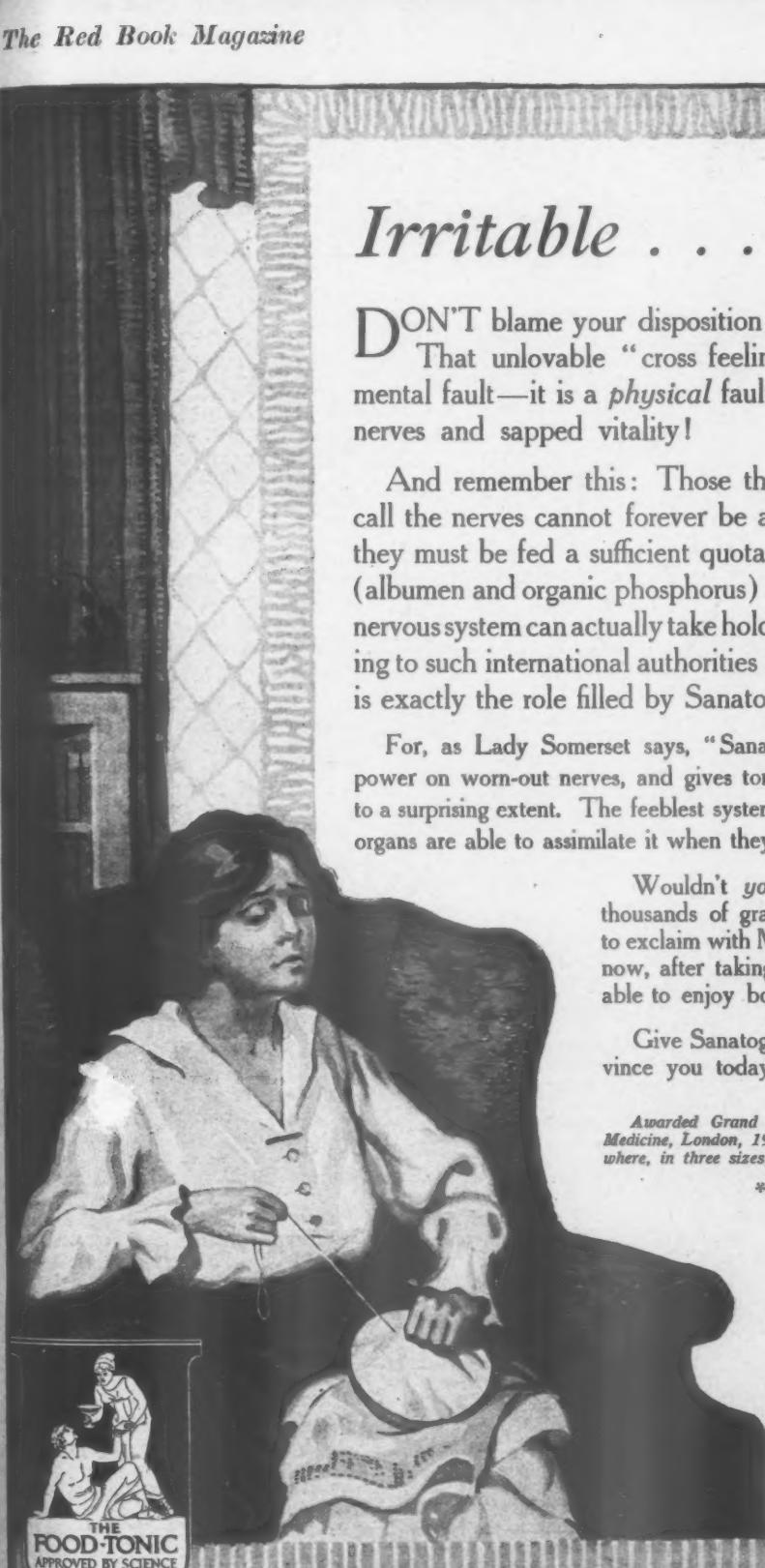
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the Colonel declared irritably. "I suppose you'll tell me now that I can't log my timber without permission from Cardigan."

Old Bill spat at another crack; his faded blue eyes twinkled mischievously. "No, that's where you've got the bulge on John, Colonel. You can build a logging railroad from the southern fringe of your timber north and up a ten-per-cent grade on the far side of the Squaw Creek watershed, then west three miles around a spur of low hills and then south eleven miles through the level country along the bay shore. If you want to reduce your Squaw Creek grade to say two per cent, figure on ten additional miles of railroad and a couple extra locomotives. You understand, of course, Colonel, that no locomotive can haul a long trainload of redwood logs up a long, crooked, two-percent grade. You have to have an extra in back to push."

"Nonsense! I'll build my road from Squaw Creek gulch south through that valley where those whopping big trees grow. That's the natural outlet for the timber. See here!"

Colonel Pennington took from his pocket the rough sketch-map of the region which we have reproduced herewith and pointed to the spot numbered "11."

"But that valley aint logged yet," explained Henderson.

"Don't worry. Cardigan will sell that valley to me—also a right of way down his old railroad grade and through his logged-over lands to tidewater."

"Bet you a chaw o' tobacco he wont. Those big trees in that valley aint goin' to be cut for no railroad right o' way. That valley's John Cardigan's private park; his wife's buried up there. Why, Colonel, that's the biggest grove of the biggest *sequoia sempervirens* in the world, an' many's the time I've heard John say he'd almost as lief cut off his right hand as fell one o' his giants, as he calls 'em. I tell you, Colonel, John Cardigan's mighty peculiar about them big trees. Any time he can get a day off he goes up an' looks 'em over."

"But, my very dear sir," the Colonel protested, "if the man will not listen to reason, the courts will make him. I can condemn a right of way, you know."

"We'll," said old Bill, wagging his head sagely, "mebbe you can, an' then again mebbe you can't. It took me a long time to figger out just where I stood, but mebbe you're quicker at figgers than I am. Anyhow, Colonel, good luck to you, whichever way the cat jumps."

This illuminating conversation had one effect on Colonel Seth Pennington. It decided him to make haste slowly; so, without taking the trouble to make the acquaintance of John Cardigan, he returned to Detroit, there to await the next move in this gigantic game of chess.

CHAPTER V

NO man is infallible, and in planning his logging operations in the San Hedrin watershed, John Cardigan presently made the discovery that he had erred in judgment. That season, from May to November, his woods-crew put thirty million feet of logs into the San

torrent to tidewater, reaching the bay shortly after the tide had commenced to ebb.

Now, a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and a log-boom is a chapter of small logs, linked end to end by means of short chains; hence when the vanguard of logs on the lip of that flood reached the log-boom, the impetus of the charge was too great to be resisted. Straight through the weakest link in this boom the huge saw-logs crashed and out over Humboldt Bar to the broad Pacific. With the ebb tide some of them came back, while others, caught in cross-currents, bobbed about the Bay all night and finally beached at widely scattered points. Out of the fifteen million feet of logs less than three million feet were salvaged, and this task in itself was an expensive operation.

John Cardigan received the news calmly. "Thank God we don't have a cloud-burst more than once in ten years," he remarked to his manager. "However, that is often enough, considering the high cost of this one. Those logs were worth eight dollars a thousand feet, board measure, in the millpond, and I suppose we've lost a hundred thousand dollars' worth."

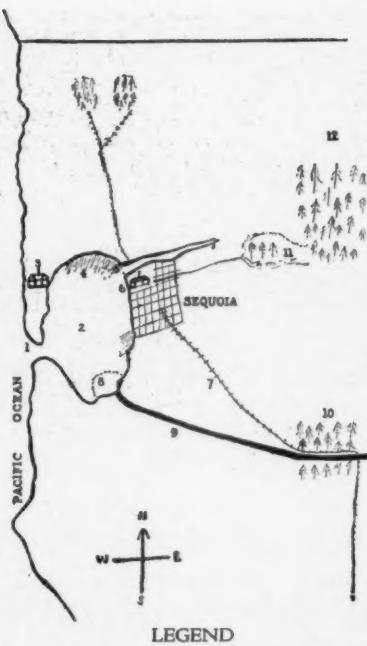
He turned from the manager and walked away through the drying yard, up the main street of Sequoia and on into the second-growth timber at the edge of the town. Presently he emerged on the old, decaying skid-road and continued on through his logged-over lands, across the little divide and down into the quarter-section of green timber he had told McTavish not to cut. Once in the Valley of the Giants, he followed a well-worn footpath to the little amphitheater, and where the sunlight filtered through like a halo and fell on a plain little white marble monument, he paused and sat down on the now almost decayed sugar-pine windfall.

"I've come for a little comfort, sweetheart," he murmured to her who slept beneath the stone. Then he leaned back against a redwood tree, removed his hat and closed his eyes, holding his great gray head the while a little to one side in a listening attitude. Long he sat there, a great, time-bitten devotee at the shrine of his comfort; and presently the harried look left his strong, kind face and was replaced by a little prescient smile—the sort of smile worn by one who through bitter years has sought something very precious and has at length discovered it.

CHAPTER VI

IT was on the day that John Cardigan received the telegram from Bryce saying that, following four years at Princeton and two years of travel abroad, he was returning to Sequoia to take over his redwood heritage—that he discovered that a stranger and not the flesh of his flesh and the blood of his blood was to reap the reward of his fifty years of endeavor. Small wonder, then, that he laid his leonine head upon his desk and wept, silently, as the aged and helpless weep.

For a long time he sat there lethargic with misery. Eventually he roused himself, reached for the desk telephone and pressed a button on the office exchange.



1. Entrance to Humboldt Bay.
2. Humboldt Bay.
3. Bill Henderson's sawmill.
4. Tide flats and shallow water.
5. Slough where Cardigan stored his logs at the mill.
6. Cardigan's mill.
7. Probable route which transcontinental railroad building in from the south would take. (Through the San Hedrin watershed.)
8. Log boom at the mouth of the San Hedrin River where Cardigan collected his logs when operating in the San Hedrin watershed.
9. The San Hedrin River.
10. Cardigan's ten thousand acres of timber in the San Hedrin watershed.
11. The Valley of the Giants. The dotted area to the west represents Cardigan's first holdings in the redwood country. Now logged off with the exception of the Valley of the Giants.
12. Bill Henderson's Squaw Creek timber.

Hedrin River, while the mill sawed on a reserve supply of logs taken from the last of the old choppings adjacent to Squaw Creek. That year, however, the rainfall in the San Hedrin country was fifty per cent less than normal, and by the first of May of the following year Cardigan's woods-crew had succeeded in driving slightly less than half of the cut of the preceding year to the boom on tidewater at the mouth of the River.

"Unless the Lord'll gi' us a lot more water in the River," the woods-boss McTavish complained, "I dinna see how I'm to keep the mill runnin'." He was taking John Cardigan up the riverbank and explaining the situation. "The heavy butt-logs ha'e sunk to the bottom," he continued. "Wie a normal head o' water, the lads'll move them, but wi' the wee drappie we have the noo—" He threw up his hamlike hands despairingly.

THREE days later a cloud-burst filled the river to the brim; it came at night and swept the river clean of Cardigan's clear logs. An army of Juggernauts, they swept down on the boiling

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station. His manager, one Thomas Sinclair, answered.

"Thomas," he said calmly, "you know, of course, that Bryce is coming home. Tell George to take the big car and go over to Red Bluff for him."

"I'll attend to it, Mr. Cardigan. Anything else?"

"Yes, but I'll wait until Bryce gets home."

George Sea Otter, son of Bryce Cardigan's old half-breed nurse, was a person in whose nature struggled the white man's predilection for advertisement and civic pride and the red man's instinct for adornment. For three years he had been old man Cardigan's chauffeur and man-of-all-work about the latter's old-fashioned home, and in the former capacity he drove John Cardigan's single evidence of extravagance—a Napier car, which was very justly regarded by George Sea Otter as the king of automobiles, since it was the only imported car in the county. Upon receipt of orders, therefore, from Sinclair, to drive the Napier over to Red Bluff and meet his future boss and one-time playfellow, George Sea Otter arrayed himself in a pair of new black corduroy trousers, yellow button shoes, a blue woolen shirt with a large scarlet silk handkerchief tied around the neck, a pair of beaded buckskin gloves with fringe dependent from the gauntlet, and a broad white beaver hat with a rattlesnake-skin band. Across the wind-shield of the Napier, he fastened an orange-colored pennant bearing in bright green letters the legend: My CRY—SEQUOIA. As a safety-first precaution against man and beast en route, he buckled a gun-scabbard to the spare tires on the running-board and slipped a rifle into the scabbard within quick and easy reach of his hand; and arrayed thus, George descended upon Red Bluff at the helm of the king of automobiles.

WHEN the overland train coasted into Red Bluff and slid to a grinding halt, Bryce Cardigan saw that the Highest Living Authority had descended from the train also. He had elected to designate her thus in the absence of any information anent her Christian and family names, and for the further reason that quite obviously she was a very superior person. He had a vague suspicion that she was the kind of girl in whose presence a man always feels that he must appear on parade—one of those alert, highly intelligent young women so extremely apt to reduce an ordinarily intelligent young man to a state of gibbering idiocy or stupid immobility.

Bryce had traveled in the same car with the Highest Living Authority from Chicago and had made up his mind by observation that with a little encouragement she could be induced to mount a soap-box and make a speech about Women's Rights; that when her native State should be granted equal suffrage she would run for office or manage somebody's political campaign; that she could drive an automobile and had probably been arrested for speeding; that she could go around any golf links in the country in ninety and had read Maeterlinck and enjoyed it.

Bryce could see that she was the little

daughter of some large rich man. The sparsity of jewelry and the rich simplicity of her attire proved that, and moreover she was accompanied by a French maid to whom she spoke French in a manner which testified that before acquiring the French maid she had been in the custody of a French nurse. She possessed poise. For the rest, she had wonderful jet-black hair, violet eyes and milk-white skin, a correct nose but a somewhat generous mouth. Bryce guessed she was twenty or twenty-one years old and that she had a temper susceptible of being aroused. On the whole, she was rather wonderful but not dazzling—at least, not to Bryce Cardigan. He told himself she merely interested him as a type—whatever he meant by that.

THE fact that this remarkable young woman had also left the train at Red Bluff further interested him, for he knew Red Bluff and while giving due credit to the many lovely damsels of that ambitious little city, Bryce had a suspicion that no former Red Bluff girl would dare to invade the old home town with a French maid. He noted, as further evidence of the correctness of his assumption, that the youthful baggage-smasher at the station failed to recognize her and was evidently dazzled when, followed by the maid struggling with two suit-cases, she approached him and in pure though alien English (the Italian *A* predominated) inquired the name and location of the best hotel and the hour and point of departure of the automobile stage for San Hedrin. The youth had answered her first question and was about to answer the second when George Sea Otter, in all his barbaric splendor, came pussy-footing around the corner of the station in old man Cardigan's regal touring-car.

The Highest Living Authority, following the gaze of the baggage-smasher, turned and beheld George Sea Otter. Beyond a doubt he was of the West westward. She had heard that California stage-drivers were picturesque fellows, and in all probability the displacing of the old Concord coach of the movie-thriller in favor of the motor-stage had not disturbed the idiosyncrasies of the drivers in their choice of raiment. She noted the rifle-stock projecting from the scabbard, and a vision of a stage hold-up flashed across her mind. Ah, yes, of course—the express messenger's weapon, no doubt! And further to clinch her instant assumption that here was the Sequoia motor-stage, there was the pennant adorning the wind-shield!

Dismissing the baggage-smasher with a gracious smile, the Highest Living Authority approached George Sea Otter, noting, the while, further evidence that this car was a public conveyance, for the young man who had been her fellow-passenger was heading toward the automobile also. She heard him say:

"Hello, George, you radiant red rascal! I'm mighty glad to see you, boy. Shake!"

They shook, George Sea Otter's dark eyes and white teeth flashing pleasurable. Bryce tossed his bag into the tonneau; the half-breed opened the front door; and the young master had his foot on the running-board and was about to enter the

car when a soft voice spoke at his elbow.

"Driver, this is the stage for Sequoia, is it not?"

George Sea Otter could scarcely credit his auditory nerves. "This car?" he demanded bluntly. "This—the Sequoia stage! Take a look, lady. This here's a Napier imported English automobile. It's a private car and belongs to my boss here."

"I'm so sorry I slandered your car," she replied demurely. "I observed the pennant on the wind-shield, and I thought—"

Bryce Cardigan turned and lifted his hat.

"Quite naturally, you thought it was the Sequoia stage," he said to her. He turned a smoldering glance upon George Sea Otter. "George," he declared ominously, but with a sly wink that drew the sting from his words, "if you're anxious to hold down your job, the next time a lady speaks to you and asks you a simple question, you answer yes or no and refrain from sarcastic remarks. Don't let your enthusiasm for this car run away with you." He faced the girl again. "Was it your intention to go out to Sequoia on the next trip of the stage?"

She nodded.

"That means you will have to wait here three days until the stage returns from Sequoia," Bryce replied.

"I realized, of course, that we would arrive here too late to connect with the stage if it maintained the customary schedule for its departure," she explained, "but it didn't occur to me that the stage-driver wouldn't wait until our train arrived. I had an idea his schedule was rather elastic."

"Stage-drivers have no imagination, to speak of," Bryce assured her. To himself he remarked: "She's used to having people wait on her."

A shade of annoyance passed over the classic features of the Highest Living Authority. "Oh, dear," she complained, "how fearfully awkward! Now I shall have to take the next train to San Francisco and book passage on the steamer to Sequoia—and Marcelle is such a poor sailor. Oh, dear!"

BRYCE had an inspiration and hastened to reveal it.

"We are about to start for Sequoia now, although the lateness of our start will compel us to put up to-night at the rest-house on the south fork of Trinity River and continue the journey in the morning. However, this rest-house is eminently respectable and the food and accommodations are extraordinarily good for the mountains; so, if an invitation to occupy the tonneau of my car will not be construed as an impertinence, coming as it does from a total stranger, you are at liberty to regard this car as to all intents and purposes the public conveyance which so scandalously declined to wait for you this morning."

She looked at him searchingly for a brief instant; then with a peculiarly winning smile and a graceful inclination of her head she thanked him and accepted his hospitality—thus:

"Why, certainly not! You are very kind, and I shall be eternally grateful."

"Thank you for that vote of confidence.



"Standard" "Pembroke" Built-in Baths

have won so sure a place in the favor of those who appreciate plumbing fixture values, in both beauty and service, that they may indeed be called the *standard* built-in baths of America.

The approved built-in idea was never more completely expressed than in the "Pembroke"—with its graceful lines, its wonderful china-dish finish, its massive and substantial appearance.

The "Pembroke" is practical as well as handsome. Good housekeepers appreciate the absence of dust-catching spaces. The "Pembroke" builds into walls and floor so that it is a part of the bathroom.

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TOLEDO.....	511-521 ERIC

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YOUNGSTOWN.....	1106 SECOND ST., N. E.
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ALTOONA.....	918 11TH
MILWAUKEE.....	95 W. WATER ST.
SAN FRANCISCO.....	149-55 BLUXOME
LOS ANGELES.....	671 MESQUIT
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DETROIT OFFICE.....	HAMMOND BLDG.
CHICAGO OFFICE.....	KARPEN BLDG.

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"Of Cardigan's Redwoods?" she queried. He nodded. "I've heard of you, I think," she continued. "I am Shirley Sumner."

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"No, but I'm going to hereafter. I was there about ten years ago."

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"Quite, Mr. Cardigan."

"Then we'll drift. George, suppose you pile Miss Sumner's hand-baggage in the tonneau and then pile in there yourself and keep Marcelle company. I'll drive; and you can sit up in front with me, Miss Sumner, snug behind the wind-shield where you'll not be blown about."

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How the pat. Gruen wheel train construction made an accurate watch thin

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How the pat. Gruen wheel train construction made an accurate watch thin

THE OLD WAY VERITHIN WAY

"Poor old governor! George, until you told me this afternoon, I hadn't heard a word about it. If I had, I never would have taken that two-year jaunt around the world."

George Sea Otter grunted. "That's what your father said too. So he wouldn't tell you, and he ordered everybody else to keep quiet about it. Myself—well, I didn't want you to go home and not know it until you met him."

"That was mighty kind and considerate of you, George. And you say this man Colonel Pennington and my father have been having trouble?"

"Yes—" Here George Sea Otter gracefully unburdened himself of a fervent curse directed at Shirley's avuncular relative; whereupon that young lady promptly left the window and heard no more.

THEY were on the road again by eight o'clock next morning, and just as Cardigan's mill was blowing the six o'clock whistle, Bryce stopped the car at the head of the street leading down to the water-front. "I'll let you drive now, George," he informed the silent Sea Otter. He turned to Shirley Sumner. "I'm going to leave you now," he said. "Thank you for riding over from Red Bluff with me. My father never leaves the office until the whistle blows, and so I'm going to hurry down to that little building you see at the end of the street and surprise him."

He stepped out on the running-board, stood there a moment and extended his hand. Shirley had commenced a due and formal expression of her gratitude for having been delivered safely in Sequoia, when George Sea Otter spoke.

"Here comes John Cardigan," he said.

"Drive Miss Sumner around to Colonel Pennington's house," Bryce ordered, and even while he held Shirley's hand, he turned to catch the first glimpse of his father. Shirley followed his glance and saw a tall, powerfully built old man coming down the street with his hands thrust a little in front of him, as if for protection from some invisible assailant.

"Oh, my poor old father!" she heard Bryce Cardigan murmur. "My dear old pal! And I've let him grope in the dark for two years!"

He released her hand and leaped from the car. "Dad!" he called. "It is I—Bryce. I've come home to you at last."

The slightly bent figure of John Cardigan straightened with a jerk; he held out his arms, trembling with eagerness, and as the car continued on to the Pennington house, Shirley looked back and saw Bryce folded in his father's embrace. She did not, however, hear the heart-cry with which the beaten old man welcomed his boy.

"Sonny, sonny—oh, I'm so glad you're back. I've missed you. Bryce, I'm whipped—I've lost your heritage. Oh, son! I'm old—I can't fight any more. I'm blind—I can't see my enemies. I've lost your redwood trees—even your mother's Valley of the Giants."

And he commenced to weep for the third time in fifty years. And when the aged and helpless weep, nothing is more terrible. Bryce Cardigan said no word, but held his father close to his great heart and laid his cheek gently against

the old man's, tenderly as a woman might. And presently, from that silent communion of spirit, each drew strength and comfort. As the shadows fell in John Cardigan's town, they went home to the house on the hill.

CHAPTER VII

SHIRLEY SUMNER'S eyes were still moist when George Sea Otter, in obedience to the instructions of his youthful master, set her, the French maid and their hand-baggage down on the sidewalk in front of Colonel Seth Pennington's house. The half-breed hesitated a moment, undecided whether he would carry the hand-baggage up to the door or leave that task for a Pennington retainer; then he noted the tear-stains on the cheeks of his fair passenger. Instantly he took up the hand-baggage, kicked open the iron gate and preceded Shirley up the cement walk to the door.

"Just wait a moment, if you please, George," Shirley said as he set the baggage down and started back for the car. He turned and beheld her extracting a five-dollar bill from her purse. "For you, George," she continued. "Thank you so much."

In all his life George Sea Otter had never had such an experience—he, happily, having been raised in a country where, with the exception of waiters, only a pronounced vagrant expects or accepts a gratuity from a woman. He took the bill and fingered it curiously; then his white blood asserted itself and he handed the bill back to Shirley.

"Thank you," he said respectfully. "If you are a man—all right. But from a lady—no. I am like my boss. I work for you for nothing."

Shirley did not understand his refusal, but her instinctive tact warned her not to insist. She returned the bill to her purse, thanked him again and turned quickly to hide the slight flush of annoyance. George Sea Otter noted it.

"Lady," he said with great dignity, "at first I did not want to carry your baggage. I did not want to walk on this land." And with a sweeping gesture he indicated the Pennington grounds. "Then you cry a little because my boss is feeling bad about his old man. So I like you better. The old man—well, he has been like father to me and my mother—and we are Indians. My brothers too—they work for him. So if you like my boss and his old man, George Sea Otter would go to hell for you pretty damn' quick. You bet you my life!"

"You're a very good boy, George," she replied, with difficulty repressing a smile at his blunt but earnest avowal. "I am glad the Cardigans have such an honest, loyal servant."

George Sea Otter's dark face lighted with a quick smile. "Now you pay me," he replied and returned to the car.

THE door opened, and a Swedish maid stood in the entrance regarding her solidly. "I'm Miss Sumner," Shirley informed her. "This is my maid Marcelle. Help her in with the hand-baggage." She stepped into the hall and called: "Ooh-hoo! Nunk-y-dunk!"

"Ship ahoy!" An answering call came to her from the dining-room, across the entrance-hall, and an instant later Colonel Seth Pennington stood in the doorway. "Bless my whiskers! Is that you, my dear?" he cried, and advanced to greet her. "Why, how did you get here, Shirley? I thought you'd missed the stage."

She presented her cheek for his kiss. "So I did, Uncle, but a nice red-haired young man named Bryce Cardigan found me in distress at Red Bluff, picked me up in his car and brought me here." She sniffed adorably. "I'm so hungry," she declared, "and here I am, just in time for dinner. Is my name in the pot?"

"It isn't, Shirley, but it soon will be. How perfectly bully to have you with me again, my dear! And what a charming young lady you've grown to be since I saw you last! You're—why, you've been crying! By Jove, I had no idea you'd be so glad to see me again."

She could not forgo a sly little smile at his egoism. "You're looking perfectly splendid, Uncle Seth," she parried.

"And I'm feeling perfectly splendid. This is a wonderful country, Shirley, and everything is going nicely with me here. By the way, who did you say picked you up in his car?"

"Bryce Cardigan. Do you know him?"

"No, we haven't met. Son of old John Cardigan, I dare say. I've heard of him. He's been away from Sequoia for quite a while, I believe."

"Yes; he was abroad for two years after he was graduated from Princeton."

"Hum-m-m! Well, it's about time he came home to take care of that stiff-necked old father of his." He stepped to the bell and pressed it, and the butler answered. "Set a place at dinner for Miss Shirley, James," he ordered. "Thelma will show you your rooms, Shirley. I was just about to sit down to dinner. I'll wait for you."

WHILE Shirley was in the living-room, Colonel Pennington's features wore an expression almost pontifical, but when she had gone, the atmosphere of paternalism and affection which he radiated faded instantly. The Colonel's face was in repose now—cold, calculating, vaguely repellent. He scowled slightly.

"Now, isn't that the devil's luck?" he soliloquized. "Young Cardigan is probably the only man in Sequoia—dashed awkward if they should become interested in each other—at this time. Everybody in town, from lumberjacks to bankers, has told me what a fine fellow Bryce Cardigan is. They say he's good-looking; certainly he is educated and has acquired some worldly polish—just the kind of young fellow Shirley will find interesting and welcome company in a town like this. Many things can happen in a year—and it will be a year before I can smash the Cardigans. Damn it!"

How Pennington sought to smash the Cardigans, and many other interesting things (including a joyous episode concerned with a blackberry pie) are told in the next installment of "*The Valley of the Giants*"—in the December RED BOOK MAGAZINE, on sale November 23rd.



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YOUNG CHARLEY

(Continued from page 94)

can keep from it. I haven't the heart to tell him. I can't. You started the joke."

"Yes—that's right; but I didn't think they would keep it up all the time. He can't make a living for you. He's too old."

Toward him she humped her shoulders. "He's not as old as he was. He's getting younger all—"

"What are you talking about? That's impossible, and you know it."

"Yes, I do know it," she admitted. "But I simply haven't the heart to throw him. It would be the cruellest thing! He will need some one to care for him, and it seems I am the one. I can work."

"You are a fool, Sadie, but the world fuller of such fools would be a better place to live in—I'll tell you that. He looks fine now, but you know it's impossible for him to live much longer."

"Then I'll be Young Charley's widow," she said.

THE day for the wedding was announced, and the comedy, instead of taking a serious turn, became livelier than ever. In the evening, following the ceremony, there was to be a grand ball in the dining-room of the Wingate Hotel. The Judge, invested with all rites, was to join the hands of the "happy young couple," the invitations said.

At the proper time Young Charley came down in a suit of broadcloth that appeared to have been saved over from a former occasion. Sadie was a whirl of white when the draught caught her as she descended the stairs.

The ceremony was as impressive as the old Judge could make it. Supper was served and the tables moved back, and the dancing began. Young Charley was waltzing with his wife when Jim Larkin motioned to him. He halted, released Sadie and inquired:

"What is it, my friend?"

"Old feller out in the lobby wants to see you right away. There he stands, over by the desk."

Young Charley went out with lively step. The old man came toward him, looked hard at him and said:

"This is Mr. Haywood, I am sure; and yet—"

"Yes, I am Charley Haywood. But I don't believe I ever met you before."

"What! Why, I knew you when you practiced law in Georgia more than fifty years ago."

Young Charley fell back, and Jim caught him or he might have sunk to the floor. "You—you are mistaken, sir. Fifty years ago? I am not yet thirty-two and can prove it by my friends here."

"What's that? Haywood, you are older than I am, and I have passed my eighty-second birthday. But that's not what I wanted to talk to you about. We have been looking for you. Your mine over at Thunder Mountain is appraised at more than a million dollars; a syndicate offers that much, and—"

"Out with you," the bridegroom cried. "Out, or I'll break every bone in your body."

Sadie came running out of the dining room. "My dear," said her husband, "let



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me lie down here on the sofa. I am not feeling well."

She put her arm about him, and with Jim Larkin's help, eased him down on the sofa and spread a cloak over his shoulders.

Sodges turned upon the stranger who had wrought this great change in Young Charley. "You old fool, why did you do that?"

"What have I done? I come to bring him good news. I should think any man would like to hear that he is worth a million dollars. Good news, I'd call it."

"Good news! You have killed him, you old fool! Get out!"

After a time the ball was resumed. Young Charley appeared to be sleeping. But suddenly Sadie stood in the door. "Please stop dancing," she gently commanded, and pointed to the sofa.

Sadly they looked at Young Charley.

It seemed that fifty years had settled down upon his countenance. Sadie sank beside him and took his withered hand.

THE old man had no relatives, and they buried him on the shore of Puget Sound where the flowers were glowing in the sun, where there was a wall covered with vines.

And Sadie with her million? Upon her friends she bestowed liberal gifts, remembering every kindly act. Then she called on Judge Pogue, and in a voice of tender melody she said:

"You were good to him. . . . I heard it said you were a failure because you loved to think, but you won't be a failure from this time on. I am ignorant now, but I won't be long, for I am going to study so I can be of use in the world; and I want you to help me."

"Madam, you are a strong character," the old man faltered, the tears in his eyes; and his hand shook as he touched his forehead with his fingers, after the manner of the one whom they had laid to rest. And Sadie, quieting her own emotion, smiled upon him, this learned old failure; and then she told him that she must have his advice.

They conferred a long time, day after day, talking, drawing up papers, both happy in their work. And now, standing high on a point that overlooks the blue waters of the Sound, there is a great building in granite, like a Norman castle, the "Young Charley Institute," where Sadie herself is a student, where tuition is free to all who have had no chance to expand the mind; and bronzed above the mighty door of the library are the words: THE TEMPLE OF YOUTH IN AGE.

NO JOB FOR A GIRL LIKE JOAN

(Continued from page 81)

And how long have you been—er—practicing your profession? About three weeks?"

Seeing himself quite stripped of disguise, he felt better. "Er—about that length of time," he admitted.

SHE smiled again. "Yes. Of course, I didn't know, at first, though it seemed rather funny to me. I thought something was wrong. But I couldn't be sure, until just lately. I don't know why you pretended to need a stenographer, and of course it's none of my affair; only, there's simply nothing for me to do here, and of course I can't stay. You must see that."

"Well—"

"It's out of the question. May I be really frank with you? I—I've been about the world a bit. My father was an artist, and after I was eighteen, I traveled about with him. I did that for seven years—until he died, a year ago. I'm twenty-six now. There's no reason why I should play the bashful maid. Of course I know why you pretended. You're too transparent. Only, you see, I did need the place—and I had to be sure before I would throw it up."

"Then," interposed North quickly, "if you know, there is no—"

"Wait, please!" said Miss Waldron gently. "There's every reason in the world. If you weren't a mere transparent, wholesome boy, you'd see it. I suspect you do, anyway. At least, however, it must be plain to you that no self-respecting being would take a place where she was expected to—to do nothing whatever but draw her pay."

"Why—"

"It's a question of personal philosophy," pursued Miss Waldron quickly, warming to her topic. "Mine is that we're entitled to what we work for in this world, and not much besides—of material things, I mean. That's as I feel it. You haven't had to work for things. You may not see it that way."

"See here, Miss Waldron. You mean I'm not entitled to my money, then, because I've not worked for it?"

"Does it matter what I think?"

"Come now, Miss Waldron. Let's be

abstract. It does matter—a lot. If you know so much about—er—things, you must know that."

"Well, then—yes. I should think you'd be ashamed not to work."

North took that smiling, too. "Then, suppose I should turn in and really go to work—would you stay?"

The girl considered. "I don't know whether I want to answer you or not," she said at length. "I'm not sure you'd understand, if I did. I'm not sure you wouldn't think I meant something that I really didn't mean at all."

"I wouldn't," said North gravely. "I'd take it at its face value—simply as consent or refusal. Nothing beyond."

"Then," she said, extending her hand impulsively, "I'll tell you! I would stay. I'd be glad to. I've heard a little about you before. I think you have ability. I know you could make a success. Anyone that can do the things you have done—though I'm no sports enthusiast—can do other and harder things, if he will. If my staying would make you try, I'd stay."

"Good!" said North quickly. "How long will you give me?"

"Why—" she began doubtfully.

"It's this way," explained North. "I've no idea just how hard it's going to be to get something to do. I don't suppose two dozen people in town have any idea I ever studied architecture. It may not be so easy right off."

"Two months," said Joan.

"Well—I'll try. Two months! Oh, you needn't look doubtful. I mean it. I'm off now to see what I can do. I suppose,"—he paused for a moment questioningly,—"I suppose there isn't the least use in my asking you something—else?"

"Not the least."

"Do you mind telling me if there's anyone in my way?"

Miss Waldron smiled. "Not at all. There is one man."

"Oh!" said North with a certain consternation.

"Yourself," continued Miss Waldron blandly.

"Oh!" said North, in a very different tone. "That's good. It's the one man I can beat. Good-by. I don't know when

I shall be back. I leave the rush of clients to you to handle!"

THE first man that North approached said, with every appearance of sincerity, that he had a long-time agreement with Knowlson, and that he was sorry he could do nothing for North. The second possible customer proved to have departed for Japan a week earlier. The third man was building nothing at present.

This was a fair sample of the first week's work. North wasn't surprised.

The men he had seen first had been his personal friends and acquaintances—men who, at least outwardly, accepted his word for the statement that he was able to draw satisfactory plans. Then he began to meet doubting Thomases. Comparative strangers wanted to know what he had planned. Well—nothing, of course. Most of them candidly advised him to get into some established architect's office and get experience.

It was not a particularly cheerful job. And the weather was hot. Gleason, Hayes and the rest were off north, fishing. Well, life had been pretty much one continuous vacation for him the last few years, anyway. He could afford to forgo that. Only—he knew these men he had been seeing were laughing at him—a lot of them.

Probably there was no better tonic in the world for his drooping determination than just that—ridicule. "I'll build in spite of 'em!" he told himself. "I'll build anything—anything! I'll show 'em. I'll make 'em come to me. I'll get a name in this town!"

But not in two months, of course! About ten days before his time expired, he went to Graham's office, easily passing the now thoroughly subdued office-boy, and greeted his friend airily.

"Hello, Roger. Beastly hot, isn't it? When are you off for the mountains?"

"Next week."

"I dropped in to talk to you about the plans for that house you're going to have me build you," said North blandly.

"Huh?" gasped Graham.

"Uh-huh!" said North. "You see, I've figured out that you need a nice little



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place—say out north of town somewhere; and I'm going to fix it for you."

"Birthday gift, I presume," said Graham thoughtfully. "Must be. It's nearly five months till Christmas. Why, thank you—tremendously, old man. It's mighty good of you."

North grinned. "Don't mention it. How much do you want to pay?"

"Pay? Me? Why, nothing at all. You weren't expecting me to foot the bills?"

"I most certainly were," responded North promptly. "Look here, Roger. I've got to get a job inside of ten days. I've been trying mighty hard to for a matter of six weeks or so, but my lack of actual experience puts me up against it. So you're elected for the victim."

"Why?"

"Well, it's not a thing I like to talk about, but I'll tell you what I've done."

He did.

GRAHAM was thoughtful for a little. "Supposing I were to let you," he said finally. "Do you think it would be quite fair? I know what the girl meant. She meant getting down to actuality. Now, of course, you could play at building me a house—that I don't know that I want, though that's beside the present point; but—"

"It wouldn't be play. It would be just as hard work building you a house as anyone. And I'd have something to point to."

"As far as that's concerned, you could just as well build yourself one. But does that accord with your sense of fair play?"

"How do you mean?"

"I told you. I know—if I'm any judge of character, and I think I am, and that girl worked here for eight months or more—I know she meant getting your work fairly, in the open market. Of course, if you insist upon using your social position or your money, you can cook up some sort of a job. I don't doubt that. But it won't be getting it on the strength of your merit or of your stick-to-it-iveness; and that is what she means."

North came up to that viewpoint easily enough; but: "Suppose she insists upon leaving me?" he suggested.

"She won't, if she thinks you're really trying. Ask her for more time."

"Well, I suppose you're right. But it wouldn't have made any difference about building your house, because I've about decided that I'll show this darned town, if it takes me till the judgment day, that I can do something besides beat it at golf and tennis."

"Good boy!" exclaimed Graham, extending his hand. "You'll do it, too! And I'll be boasting, on the side."

"Thanks," said North, and went out.

The day Graham was leaving for the mountains, he met North going into his office-building.

"Have you landed anything?" he inquired.

North replied gloomily: "Yes. A man out in the mill addition just called me up by telephone. He wants me to build him a chicken-house."

Graham went off into a fit of laughter. "A chicken-coop!" he gasped. "A chicken-coop! What did you tell him?"

"What the deuce do you suppose I told

him, you consummate idiot? I told him I would."

"No—you didn't!"

"Oh—good-by! You make me tired," said North with a reluctant grin. "Have a good vacation."

"I will. When do you take yours?"

"When I get married," said North coolly, "and not until then. So long."

He went up to his office. Joan Waldron glanced at him questioningly. "Nothing?" she asked.

"Well—just pretty nearly that," he admitted. "Unless you call five hundred dollars' worth of chicken-houses something."

"Of what?"

"Chicken-houses."

"But one doesn't need an architect to build a chicken-house!"

"No, and one doesn't need a doctor more than about half as often as he thinks he does, either. This man thinks he needs one. I'm not going to be such a fool as to disillusion him. Now, what I want to know is this: is that working? Does that count on our bargain?"

"You might as well understand me. I'm not quitting, whether you go or stay, because I'm getting mad—fighting mad. But I want you to stay, almost more than I want anything else. Does taking on this dinky little carpenter's job prove to you that I'm in earnest?"

"It does!" said Joan Waldron.

"And you'll stay?"

"Five years, if necessary—just for the pleasure of seeing you win!"

North set his chin in hard lines. "You'll see it," he said hotly. "I'll win!"

NEXT morning, however, he came in jubilant. "Do you know," he told Joan, "that man Irwin didn't want chicken-houses! He was an odd old customer. He wanted, he told me, to find some young architect that hadn't the swelled head, and he calculated, he said, that if he could find one willing to come out to him instead of making him traipse downtown, and one that was humble enough to take on a chicken-house, why, he'd got his man. And he wanted a fifteen-thousand-dollar house!"

"Fine!" cried Joan.

A few days later, while he was talking with Irwin at the latter's residence, the telephone rang and called for him. He went to the receiver. "Yes?" he said.

"Oh, this is Miss—this is Joan!"

"Yes," said North, smiling at the change.

"And I've run into the next office to call you, because I didn't want him to hear me. Mr. North, I've got a real, live prospect in the office, sitting on a chair! He's willing to wait half an hour—oh, can't you make it?"

"I can, if I have to break every speed-law the city ever passed!" said North. "Hold him, for the love of Mike!"

He went back to Irwin. "Can I see you again after lunch?" he asked.

"I guess so," responded Irwin. "Why?"

"Er—there's been an accident down at the office. I've got to rush down."

"All right. Come back at two," said Irwin.

In exactly twenty-seven minutes he was shaking Mr. Townsend's hand and assuring him that he was glad to know him.

"Well, I'm in a hurry," said Townsend. "I won't keep you waiting long this time. I've built a few houses in two or three towns—not any here, however. Now, here's what I want: I've got a fine lot out north on Tabor Avenue. I want to build on it. It's this way: I have a client, and I haven't—that is, this man will buy a house if he sees it done and ready to occupy. I'm dead sure of that. But he won't go to the trouble of building one. He's busy—it's a nuisance; he won't be bothered with it. So I couldn't sell him the lot. But I could handle him all right if I could get a good-looking house on it by, say, next June. I'm willing to take that chance."

"I see," said North. "May I ask how you came to see me?"

"Why, I heard of you from a man I met fishing a month ago—friend of yours. Gleason's the name. I told him I didn't know people here, and that I was looking for some young fellow that was starting out—er—cheap, and—"

North laughed. "All right; you've got him! How much do you want to put into it?"

Townsend considered. "Well, I'll tell you. I'm not particular. The man has plenty of money. I want it right. That's the main idea."

A heaven-sent client! A silver spoon in the mouth, thought North. "Can you give me some notion of what you want?" he asked.

"Well—no. But this is my idea: This man is pretty much your sort of man. You see, I've been inquiring about you here and there, and I've got the notion—he's not cranky—that what would suit you might pretty nearly suit him."

"Maybe he'd look it over?"

"Well—no," said Townsend. "I wouldn't ask him to. I'm playing my fish this way. He's a funny sort of man. I've a hunch if he thought I was engineering the business and unloading it upon him deliberately, he'd stall on me. But if he thinks it's in the open market, why—"

North laughed at this astute psychology. "I see."

"So, if you'll go ahead and draw up something rough and preliminary after looking at the grounds, why, we can go over it later. Say something about—oh, not over thirty or forty thousand—that is, if your fee is going to be—"

"It will be," said North. "I'll play into your hands right now, by telling you I'm something like those fishy-sounding bargain-sales you read about—no reasonable offer refused. I want your job. I'll do it right."

SO that winter there was actually a little work for Miss Waldron to do. The Irwin house was finished late in the fall, and its owner brought in two other clients.

But the Townsend house was his special care. Townsend himself was—well, incredible. He listened to North's suggestions, asked a few questions, heard the explanations, and said: "Well, I guess you ought to know more about it than I. Go on—do it that way."

North took Joan out to look at the house a dozen times or more that spring. Now, when he was making his last inspection, he induced her to go again.

They were getting out of North's car



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before the house when Townsend, coming down the street, hailed them. "I'd like to talk to you a few minutes, North, if you don't mind," he said.

Joan smiled. "I'll run on in and wait," she said.

"Well," said Townsend then, "I'll tell you what I had in mind. Er—you're pretty well satisfied with this house, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," said North promptly.

"Miss Waldron likes it too, doesn't she?"

"Very much," admitted North.

"Well," said Townsend, fixing him with a sudden stare, "why don't you buy it, then—take it off my hands?"

"What—me?"

"Why not?" said Townsend. "I don't mind admitting, now that it's gone this far, that you're the man I thought ought to have it from the beginning. Roger Graham put me on to it. As a matter of fact he advanced the money. And you can have it for just what it's cost. He said," pursued Townsend guilelessly, "that you needed the job, to get started—said all you'd been able to land was a chicken-coop. He said he guessed if you got the start, probably sooner or later you'd need the house too."

"Of course, he said, there was nothing compulsory about it, because he had no doubt he could sell it in open market. Only he thought maybe you—it seems to me, Mr. North, you'd better buy it."

THREE was a moment's silence. "Well, darn that man!" said North finally. "He did cheat, after all. After taking such a lofty moral plane with me, too! It would serve him mighty right if I didn't take it. You are expecting to see him soon?"

"Going down to his office in a few minutes."

"Tell him I'll let him know—as soon as I know."

"All right," said Townsend, smiling. "And—er—good luck to you!"

The house stood on a high bluff that towered steeply over the river. He went inside. He found Joan at last, sitting on a window-seat on the second floor in the hallway, looking out to the west over the shining river. She turned and smiled at him.

"Well?" she said at last, as he stood there looking down at her.

"Do you like my house, Joan?" he asked.

"Oh—I do!" she said, and rose.

"Very much?"

"Oh—it's a dream!" she said.

"Well, I don't want you to think I've bad anything to do with this. Townsend told me just now—I'm as innocent as you are—that I'm the mysterious client he had in mind all the while. He thought I ought to buy it. What do you think about it, Joan?"

Joan may have thought a great deal, but she said nothing.

"Of course," continued North after a bit, "it's a pretty big house for one—and I don't know that I have any *need* for it. As a matter of sentiment, naturally, I should hate to see a stranger get it. It's such a good house. What do you think, Joan?"

Joan looked out of the window and back again. Then she flushed and laughed. "I think," she said finally, "that you'd better stop hinting and get down to cases. I think I'm about as responsible for this house as you are. I think that—that it would make a—a lovely wedding-present for your—your wife, you foolish, bashful boy!"

And it did.

THE GUEST OF HONOR

(Continued from page 36)

the Central Presbyterian Church, who paid a high tribute to his brother of the Garden Street Baptist Church, whose good works had been familiar to him from the day he set foot in Kernville. And the Episcopal rector, who had never met the pastor of the Garden Street Baptist Church until that evening, followed and lauded the Doctor in unequivocal terms.

"We are honored to-night," began Ward when the rector was seated, "by the presence of men of every political party. I now take pleasure in presenting—it were absurd for me to attempt to introduce him to a Hoosier audience—the Honorable Joshua Ransdell, of Mason County."

The Honorable Joshua had received, as a slight recognition of his long and faithful services to the Republican party, a consulship in South America from the Roosevelt administration. He wound up all his speeches with a peroration beginning "Matchless Indiana—" which all the children in the State knew by heart.

Even an outsider would have been forced to concede the superiority of Indiana to every other State in the Union as the Honorable Joshua passed from "the wave-washed shores of Lake Michigan on our northern border to the hills that stretch out their hands like happy children to the proud, slow-moving Ohio on the south."

Ward caught Mary's eye; he was sure that she smiled at him. After giving time for the audience to hide its handkerchiefs, he introduced the Honorable Clay B. Dillmore, of Tarryville, as one of the most stalwart of Progressives, who had meekly subjected himself to defeat for Congress in the fourteenth district in his devotion to Progressive principles. He was greeted with undeniable enthusiasm.

"The toastmaster has spoken of sheep," Dillmore began with a quizzical smile, "and I entertain the suspicion that I was asked here as a conspicuous black sheep to emphasize the purity of the snowy lambs of Kernville" (laughter). "It is lonesome and a little cold out in the pastures, and I'm glad to be in out of the cold" (renewed laughter).

"So much has been said about the power of love that it is not without shame that I confess that there are men in this room that I've felt like hating—sometimes" (laughter). "But after all, it is a testimony to the power of goodness and kindness and charity and loving service that in this great company are gathered men from every walk of life to pay tribute to the least conspicuous citizen of this town, whose sole ambition has been to make the world a little better place because he is passing through it. Men seek and win high place in the counsels of the nation, but what does the power of place avail as against one kind word spoken, or a helping hand extended to a brother in distress? Many names from the honor-roll of the nation have been recited here; and yet who would not say that if he must close his life to-night, he would not choose rather to go to his grave with the record of Adoniram Andrews" (applause) "than that of any other man America has produced?"

"We may differ at times upon policies and leaders, but we never differ as to the beauty and glory of our starry flag or what it stands for" (great cheering). "I am proud to say that I stand here to-night with no feeling of enmity, hatred or malice against any man" (applause). "Under the deeply moving spell of this gathering, called together to honor one whom no man meets but to love, let me

say that if ever I uttered a word in bitterness against my former fellow-partisans, I am heartily sorry for it. And I will presume to say that if that great American, the Honorable Theodore" (yells and applause), "that valiant leader, were here to-night, it would be in his heart too to say in the words of *Tiny Tim*, 'God bless us, every one!'"

"It only remains," began Ward when quiet had been restored, "to introduce the guest of the evening. If, after all that has been said here, he does not realize how dear he is to us, if this spontaneous outpouring has not satisfied him of our deep affection, then indeed words are vain. I take pleasure in presenting Dr. Adoniram Andrews."

"My friends," began the minister, standing up very straight in his frock coat, "my young friend the toastmaster and these other friends have said things of me which I shall not even attempt to thank them for. This is the proudest hour of my life. My heart is overflowing with gratitude. I thank you one and all, and may the Giver of all good bless and keep you forever."

Silence filled the room. The Reverend Adoniram Andrews took a sip of water and fastened the last button of his coat. The color deepened in his face, and his manner underwent a sharp change.

"In the nature of his calling, a minister is denied any great part in the political life of his country. It is not for him to alienate one set of men by supporting the cause of another. And yet hearing to-night names I have long revered spoken by the eminent orators who have preceded me, I have heard the bugles singing and the drums sounding in the dim corridors of the sacred past. In my time, I have observed the men



Gladwin Barnard
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WHEN Emerson Hough was a boy, he had two predominant ambitions: to hunt buffalo and to write a "best-selling" novel. He has gratified both—and then some. He has hunted not only buffalo but practically every other species of big game; and he has written a dozen "best-selling" novels. At sixty, he is the youngest man we know. And he's the only writer who could have told so remarkably well the story of "The Good Scout," which will appear in the next issue of The Red Book Magazine.



WALTER PRICHARD EATON writes love-stories, dramatic criticisms, pieces about gardens and flowers and a lot of other things, but the subject he handles best is youthful love. That's why we are so pleased that the best of his love-stories are to be published in this magazine. The first one, called "A Dabble in Iniquity," will appear in the next issue. It begins with a young man who entered a bookstore to purchase a book of poems, and encountered there a young woman who stopped crying long enough to say: "I am looking for some good man to help me be wicked."



At the time Dean Cornwell was "doing assignments" on The Chicago Tribune, they used to consider firing all the other artists, because Dean wanted to make all the pictures that went into the paper. When he went East to study under Harvey Dunn, he put that same spirit into his job as a student. But among other things, he learned to do fewer pictures. Fortunately for The Red Book, it saw him first when he emerged as a full-fledged illustrator. To-day he's at the top of the heap. Just take a look at his pictures with Peter Kyne's novel in this issue and you'll understand why.



THERE is none of what Rupert Hughes calls "that sultry brother-in-law feeling" between William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer. Their friendship has stood not only the test of being in-laws but that of collaboration on half a dozen novels. Perhaps the reason is that both the publishers and the public have liked the novels so well. Their popularity is enough to make any man at peace with the world. In addition to their novels, each writes exceptionally high-grade short stories. "The Price of Success," by Mr. Balmer, which we will publish in our next issue, is a perfect corker of an American story.

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Book Magazine's
Best Writers and
in the Land

ROYAL BROWN spends his summers at Humarock, Mass. He spent most of last summer building himself a house. Just as he got it finished, Humarock had one of those hundred-thousand-dollar fires you read about. Brown spent the night sitting on the roof of his handiwork, pouring buckets of water to right and left. He saved the "old home place," and next day wrote the best story he ever turned out. The only fires in it are the fires of youth and love, but we've advised him that if burning houses have that effect on him, he should burn one every little while. The story will appear in our next issue.



KENNETH HARRIS is the best-humored writer in America, but we'll admit that he doesn't look the part. He looks, as you see, like the stern parent in a Down East play. We have never seen him in his studio, but we assume that when he writes those delightfully light-hearted stories of his, he wears a different expression. "A Case of Kindred Emotions," which will appear in our next issue, just bubbles with the joy of living. No man could have written it with the stern countenance shown in the photograph.



THIS picture really should have been sent to Bruce Barton to publish in his "Jobs We Would Prefer to Ours." It shows James Montgomery Flagg whiling away the idle hours at his summer place at Biddeford Pool, Maine. You didn't know artists had summer places? Yes, indeed, they do. All that stuff about their working in garrets is camouflage; one of the rules of the illustrators' union is that each member must have a country estate. Mr. Flagg, as an example, spends three months each summer on his. Also three months each winter writing a play for the Dutch Treat Club. Also three months each year drawing caricatures and painting portraits of his friends. The other three months, he illustrates.



WE have always wanted to publish this photograph of Albert Payson Terhune, just because it's so exceedingly picturesque. It was taken while he was over in the desert, bedouining around with the Bedouins. We publish it now with the announcement that the best short story Mr. Terhune has ever written for The Red Book—and he's written his best for us always—will appear in the next issue.

and measures of half a century. I have watched with the liveliest interest every political campaign since as a boy I followed with my father the Lincoln-Douglas debates. It was my privilege as a lad to see almost daily in Washington during the trying years of the great war that noblest of men, the towering giant in the great company of immortals, the wise, farseeing Abraham Lincoln" (applause).

"Out of the prairies of Illinois rose that man of simple heart and iron will—"

A kind of exaltation had come upon Dr. Andrews' face. His voice rose till it overflowed the room and loungers in the lobby below heard it. For twenty minutes he built up before them the character of Lincoln—a hundred careful strokes, every one of them effective, and an electric thrill played up and down Ward's spine. The pastor of the Garden Street Baptist Church, whose thirtieth anniversary he had used merely as an excuse for a gathering of Republicans and Progressives in order that they might further a personal scheme of his own, was making the speech of the evening.

Suddenly Ward felt small and ashamed, sick of what he had done and had yet to do before the night was over.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said the minister, turning finally to the portrait of Lincoln behind him, "knowing all that this incomprehensible leader and statesman did for mankind, all that he did, with so sweet a tolerance, so generous a feeling even for the vilest of his calumniators, you will understand with what humility I have heard my own poor labors for humanity praised in the terms that have been used here to-night. To be merciful,"—he stretched out his arms, and his face expressed a wonderful sweetness,—"to be just, to be kind—to love one another—this is all that we need to make a heaven of earth."

The instant the thunder of applause died away, the Honorable Joshua Ransdell started "Auld Lang Syne." A procession formed, and everybody passed the speakers' table and shook hands with the Reverend Adoniram Andrews. Before the banqueters began to leave the hall, Tom Welborn had arranged for a conference with his friend Clay B. Dillmore in the room of the Honorable Clay B.

NEXT day while Ward sat at his desk at the Bank as usual, it seemed that every man who had attended the dinner came to shake hands with him. The visits of the statesmen from abroad to shake hands with his son caused a pleasant stirring in the bosom of the elder Barstow. When former Governor Barker stood for at least five minutes with his hand resting on Ward's shoulder, Mr. Barstow was so elated that he renewed a note for a customer of whose responsibility he had lately entertained the darkest suspicions.

Dillmore came in and greeted Ward and the former governor warmly, and the three adjourned to the directors' room; and then half a dozen other Republicans and Progressives strolled in as though by chance and joined the trio.

At noon Ward, having bidden good-by to the last of the out-of-town guests, retired to the Commercial Club rooms to audit the bills for the dinner—and his

gain or loss in self-respect. Roughly computed, he was out of pocket only about four hundred dollars; but spiritually Ward could not strike a balance. The reward for his work was an empty thing, and the thought of the methods he had used left a bitter taste.

Then Mary came. In arranging the details of the dinner, it had seemed necessary for him to visit the parsonage of the Garden Street Baptist Church something like seven times, and so with plausible excuse he had seen a good deal of Mary. He had planned to see her again, but not until he had his confused thoughts in better shape. He stammered:

"This is mighty nice of you! I meant to come out to the house to ask after Dr. Andrews. I hope he is well."

"Oh, yes; he's very well." Mary answered, taking the chair he offered her.

Her gravity confirmed his forebodings.

"Grandfather really did have a bad night," she began. "There's something he wanted me to say to you."

"Of course I know—" he blurted out, eager to make full confession and throw himself on her mercy.

"Oh, it was all lovely; it was perfectly beautiful!" she cried, the tears welling in her eyes. "I wouldn't have you think he didn't appreciate everything. But what troubles him is that he made that speech! He says that when everybody else was speaking of ideals, of the great men of the nation who have lived to make the country better, that he—that he somehow—somehow he just couldn't help it. He made a speech that somebody—that perhaps everybody—must have thought was a political speech—meant to call back the Progressives to their loyalty to Republicanism; and he wouldn't have done that, for anything! He couldn't sleep. He's almost sick over it!"

WARD gave a tug to his tie, swallowed and looked at her sharply. She was drying her eyes. After a long time the handkerchief fell, and she rose and faced him, and he saw that she was laughing hysterically.

"You knew—you knew!" he faltered. She stood erect and shook her head and surveyed him with quivering lip.

"Of course I knew! Did you think me as stupid as all that? Didn't everybody know, except Grandfather; and he—he thought he had turned the dinner into a Republican barbecue! The dear—it's almost broken his heart!"

"Thank God!" Ward muttered. "I was afraid you had come to give me the raking I deserve. And now to hear that he didn't suspect—Lord, it makes it all seem worse!"

"Oh, not that! But I wish you would assure him that what he said was all in keeping, that nobody would attribute any sinister motive to him."

"Sinister motive!" he repeated weakly. "But you know," he began eagerly, "it was his celebration; nothing could take it away from him. Those tributes were all heart-felt and sincere!"

"I think they were; I think the dinner will rouse the people here to the importance of what he's trying to do. And even if he knew,—knew what he doesn't know—it gave him the happiest day of his life."

"I know—I know," he reiterated dully. "He was a wonder, but—but Lord, Mary, I've got to tell you about me! I—I—"

Mary broke in quickly: "I suppose you thought—you thought it your duty, a patriotic duty to use any means to bring your party together."

Her evident desire to justify him made Ward realize that he must here and now divest himself of all his false garments and show her the naked ugliness of his motive and actions.

"No, it was not that!" he blurted. "At least not only that. It—it was because I wanted to be nominated for the legislature, and Welborn could not swing it for me unless the Progressives came back into camp. I hated this loafing—the bank. I—I wanted to be a lawyer—politics—"

His attempt to excuse what he had done died away before the direct gaze of her steady eyes. For a long moment the situation held its tenseness; then, there being to her no need for words, Mary slipped through the door.

ONE day early in March, the elder Barstow called his son into his private office and closed the door. His manner was ominous.

"You know, Ward, I've been afraid sometimes you weren't cut out for the bank. You don't seem to take hold of it just right."

Ward fidgeted. "Well, Father, I never pretended to be crazy about banking."

"We won't discuss that," said Ward père. "Judge Paxton was in yesterday, and we had a long talk about you. He tells me that you have been putting in a good many evenings at his office reading law. I'm sorry you didn't tell me you were so much interested; I thought you'd give it up."

There was something a little wistful in the gaze he bent upon his son.

"The Judge is going off the bench next month to resume his practice," he went on. "He says—he says he'd be mighty glad to have you go into his office, that with what you got at the law-school and the reading you've done since you came home, you could be admitted to the bar without trouble. How would that be?"

Ward felt his chains loosen. He turned to his father with a broad smile.

"It's too good to be true; that's all! I knew when I chucked the law-school that I'd never make it go here. But I'm sorry if I've been a disappointment to you. If you'll let me have a try at the law, I'll do my best; I'll—"

His father reached out and touched his hand furtively—then clasped it tightly.

"I believe you will; I know you will, Ward."

A FEW minutes later Ward was at his Commercial Club desk, whither he had fled for privacy to marshal his thoughts.

The privacy he thus gained for himself was of short duration, for the door opened and in walked the person the thought of whom was inextricably mixed into all his plans and hopes.

"Mary—Mary!" There was a note of yearning in his tone. "You—here?"

Her answer came quickly, as if what must be said was bitter medicine.



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I sighted the whalers dead ahead, black-hulled, their naked yards crisscrossed against the rainy sky, their masts all bleak and bare, their lofty crow's-nests untenanted by any watchers now. The current gurgled caressingly against their ironwood sheathing, all scared and bruised by the stubborn Arctic ice—a grim, dark fleet whose empty stacks had belched their sooty clouds against Kamchatka's lowering skies and hung with drifting palls the floe-lanes east of the Mackenzie's log-strewn delta. Aye, and there were one or two whose bluff bows, in ancient quest for sperm and ambergris, had churned the lukewarm waters where the coral islands grow.

To one of these I called, "*Grampus ahoy!*" and Captain Dan, port admiral of this sleeping fleet, best known among his fellow-skippers as Crow's-nest Dan, came to the bulwarks amidships, to drop a line.

The tale which Captain Dan told that night, "The Islands of the Four Mountains," will be the first of the series, "Sindbad of Oakland Creek." It is one of the most thrilling in all the annals of the sea. Together with many other striking stories, it appears in the November issue of—

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"I'm here, Mr. Barstow, to ask you if you would not come and call on my grandfather."

"You want me to come?" cried Ward. "No, I don't want you, Mr. Barstow." "Oh-h-h!" The inflection was descending.

"It's Grandfather," Mary hurried on. "The letter you wrote the day after the banquet was a great comfort to him. It made him quite easy about the part he played in your—your game—that is, for a time. As the time passed and you did not come yourself, he began again to worry. That's why I've come to ask you to come and see him."

"Why—why, I'll be gl—"

"Besides, it won't be time wasted," interrupted the girl, "because if you get Grandfather on your side, he will probably swing the entire vote of his district to you."

Mary was startled by the change in the man she had been so industriously deviling. Before her eyes he seemed to grow an inch in height, and an angry light gleamed in his eyes as he banged an outraged fist on the corner of the table.

"Do you mean to say" (another bang) "that all these months you have been thinking I would go on with the nomination I earned in that despicable fashion?"

"What was I to think? You—you—" Quite suddenly she found herself on the defensive, and Ward began consolidating the advantage he had won.

"You did think it! Never for a moment have I dreamed that you would believe me capable of *that*, in spite of all the rest. You wouldn't wait to listen, but I—I tried to tell you a lot of things that awful day! Hang it, Mary, there was something on my side!"

Mary's head was bent, so that Ward could not see her face. Her hands were fidgeting with her gloves. After a moment she said, without looking up:

"Perhaps—perhaps, even if so long a time has passed, you can remember what you wanted to say? No, no!" she cried, stifling an exclamation from him. "I'd like to take away with me as good an opinion of you as I can when I leave to do that work in psychology."

AT that Ward plunged in and as rapidly as possible sketched for her his hatred of the comparatively idle life he had been forced to lead between the Bank and the Commercial Club, while his whole heart (until he met her) was wrapped up in the law and the straight politics that he believed went hand in hand with it.

"And since that day," he finished, "when I told Welborn that he'd have to count me out of the game until I'd hung up a shingle of my own, I've been boning up on all the law I could lay my hands on down in Judge Paxton's library. Just to-day Father told me that the Judge wanted me to enter his office and—and now you go and spoil it all!"

Ward certainly was showing his aptitude for the bar! His sudden switching of the subject under discussion had confused Mary Andrews almost to the point of desperation. She was entirely disarmed, and before she knew it had stepped into his trap.

"How?" she asked innocently.

"By going away when I most need you!" he answered promptly.

Mary tried to gain back the ground she had lost, but the best she could do was:

"You take a lot for granted, Mr. Barstow."

Hardly had she said the last word before she laughed, and Ward laughed too, a happy laugh. Although she had said nothing in words, Ward knew that his sins were forgiven him. Besides this, there was a queer, panicky feeling in her breast that Ward had divined another and much dearer secret. This too was a laughing matter, but only for her heart.

As Ward started toward her, she darted to the door and remarked from that safe refuge:

"Grandfather likes you a lot, Mr. Barstow. He'll be disappointed if you don't come to see him."

"To-night?" he demanded.

"It's been a long time since he's seen you," she conceded.

"And—and you?"

"I'm going home and get out all my authorities on psychology. Perhaps I'll find you've been acting all along according to established laws. In that case, as a psychologist, I'm afraid I'll have to forgive you."

"Better get your fill this afternoon, then, young lady, for it's the last of that sort of reading you'll have time for after this," Ward almost shouted at the suddenly closed door. Then, smiling fatuously, he returned to his swivel chair and dreamed of the nightfall.

THE FAMILY HONOR

(Continued from page 60)

At the hardware store he bought a paper of tacks, a dozen closet-hooks and a carpenter's lead-pencil. This expenditure of fifteen cents upon articles to be employed solely for the benefit of his family was a great moral advance for Dennis, if it could have been appreciated; but it could not be appreciated.

Scouting carefully round the outside of the Donahue house and reasoning from the silence within that his wife was safely out for the afternoon, Dennis ventured to enter. A reconnaissance confirmed her absence, and he stood contemplatively in the center of the children's room. A hammer was in one hand, and the clothes-hooks were in the other, as he surveyed with solemn disapprobation the hopeless disorder about him.

"The poor, bleedin' heart of childhood!" he almost wept. "Tis lucky they have a father can sit them an example and suppliment their mother's trainin' where it reqlues supplimentin' the most."

With this nourishing reflection, Dennis removed the encumbering dignity of his Prince Albert and began to attach the clothes-hooks to the wall like banderillas to a bull. When his perspiring efforts were concluded, one side of the room fairly bristled with the hooks. Next the wife's shears, wielded by his clumsy, hastening hands, reduced a shoe-box to small, stiff cards. On these, by means of a carpenter's pencil, went the names of the chil-



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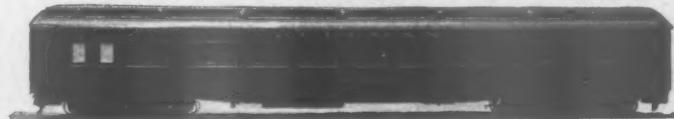
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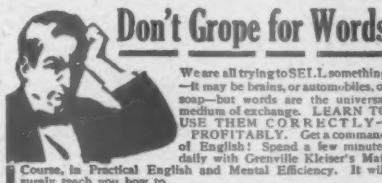
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dren, spelled dubiously in some cases, but intelligibly in all. These were tacked on the wall over the hooks.

"There!" crowed Donahue, his face gleaming like the sun. "Let there be ordher, and by golly, there was ordher."

A CHEST of drawers next claimed Dennis' attention. It stood as high as his head, was painted a dark red and scarred with many kicks, indicating that it was the playful habit of the users of the lower drawers at least, to open them with their hands and close them with their feet. The order-loving, barracks-trained Dennis peered into one or two of these receptacles, but his deeply sensitive nature prevented him from examining any more. They were all alike hopeless. With noble impartiality he turned each upside down, emptying the contents into a growing heap upon the floor.

Scattering the drawers about in a semicircle, Dennis tacked upon each a card bearing again the name of a child. This done, he systematically gathered the crop of small apparel that festooned the furniture and flung it, too, into the heap. Next, placing himself strategically in the center, it was Donahue's intention to distribute the garments of his children each to its assigned compartment. But difficulties presented. Perhaps there was an alcoholic mist before his mind, or perhaps the perspiration of so much unwonted labor had drained into his eyes and blinded him. Possibly it was that habit of his wife's of shuffling garments about from child to child that baffled him. Anyway, difficulties presented.

"Is them pants Jimmie's, now, or Harry's, I wonder, or is Betty been usin' them for overalls? I swear by the Holy Father I seen 'em on all av them," murmured Dennis in deep perplexity.

Taking a long chance, he cast them into Harry's drawer, but stood defeated before another garment with short sleeves and short legs—short everything, in fact.

"What sex are them, I wonder, or is it 'it'?" he inquired of himself futilely, while a tinge of sadness entered his tones. "Begorra," he mourned, "times has changed, and clothes has changed. What wid their B. V. D.'s and their C. M. B.'s, why, if I was to come on a good, honest pair o' drawers or a red-flannel undershirt, I'd think I was back in the halcyon days av me lost but well-spent youth."

The end of this soliloquy found Donahue wiping his brow and recalling that there was forty-five cents yet in his pocket and balm still in Schwarzburg's.

"Tis woman's work, anyway," he grumbled in sudden disgust, planting a kick that sent the top of the pyramid of clothes before him flying in all directions about the room. Thereafter, recovering his Prince Albert from beneath a drawer, he buttoned it about him and departed hastily, no whit depressed by the fact that behind him was a greater confusion than he had found, because in the back part of his consciousness was an intention to

return later and conclude the task. It was the stimulus for this that he had gone to seek.

But for a time the atmosphere of Schwarzburg's was distracting and enticing. Then he saw Detective Dugan march in and draw Schwarzburg to one side, where they talked with a serious frown on Dugan's brow and a look of surprise and discomfort on the wide features of the German—after which Schwarzburg went and took something out of his safe, something that had the gleam of metal about it. Dugan looked at it, nodded and returned it to Schwarzburg, who returned it to the

nis heard that which warned him he had come too late, and which set off wild alarms in his timorous soul.

"Who done ut?" rasped the sharp, indignant voice of Nora in its most menacing tones. "Who-o-o-o done ut?"

An instant before, the house had been full of a pleasant medley of domestic chords and discords. The five small Donahues were home from the Dugans' party, each with griefs and joys to relate; but now suddenly every voice was hushed but that one voice which rang out shrill, wrathful and accusing.

Softly the hand of Dennis found the doorknob for retreat, but in such a silence the faint rattlings of the rickety lock echoed like a burglar-alarm.

"There ye are! Stop right in yer tracks."

The keen eye of Nora had picked out her husband's form, slinking in the gloom.

"Come here," she shrieked, like a stern parent towering over a diminutive and conscience-stricken child. Donahue advanced, obediently but watchfully. His wife's hands were empty; that was one auspicious sign.

"Look at ut!" she declared, halting Dennis at the door and pointing within where an unshaded gas-jet revealed the trail of that cyclone of good intentions which after raging in the breast of Dennis had slipped out into the room. "Who done ut?" she demanded sharply.

Dennis clasped his hands across his ample Prince Albert paunch and like a clergyman in the comics, affected a blandly deprecatory smile.

"Ordher," he announced with a feeble attempt at grandiloquence. "Ordher—efficiency—progress! Widout them the sacred position av woman in the home becomes a—"

"Aw, don't ye go makin' a speech to me, ye shrivelin' coward!" exploded Mrs. Donahue in tones of deep, rumbling disgust. "The impertinence, the impudence av ye! Ye did it to insult me! I'll not have ye interferin' with me household duties. Is it not enough, Donny-hoo, that ye guzzle yer money and that ye live off yer chilfer, but on top o' that, ye must come insultin' the wife av yer bosom, that ye swore to love, honor and obey?"

"I did not swear to obey ye," protested Donahue, "though I've sometimes done it."

"Mock me, will ye, ye brute!" roared Mrs. Donahue, raising her hand.

BUT Dennis was still a gentleman. He never yet had struck his wife—save in self-defense. Now he sidestepped quickly; but this maneuver brought him into the room in which his act of sacrifice had been committed, and his foot, unfortunately, was planted in one of those drawers which he had strewed about the floor. The bottom went out of it with a loud pop. This so disconcerted Dennis that he stepped into another one, and it popped also, with a sound like a pistol-shot.

There is no doubt that these poppings excited Mr. and Mrs. Donahue, the latter particularly—so much that she caught up the first drawer from the floor

and smashed it down upon the head of her offending husband with such violence that the bottom was pierced completely and Dennis appeared with a square wooden collar about his shoulders, and his embarrassed features protruding through the jagged hole.

Upon such trifling accidents do battles turn; for the tight-fitting drawer held the upper-arms of Dennis wedged at his sides while Mrs. Donahue smote him with the open palm of her hand, *thwack! thwack!* right and left, *thwack! thwack!*—with Mr. Donahue reeling and staggering backward, stepping into more boxes, creating more poppings, struggling to free himself from his wooden collar and finally stumbling over the heap of clothes which he himself had made and bringing up in a corner with his head under the chest which was to receive the drawers, and his heels waving frantically in the air, while his wife danced around the room letting loose wild screeches and crying:

"Donny-hoo! Donny-hoo! Don't ye strike me, don't ye dare strike me!"

By this time the noise like pistol-shots, the screams, the tramp of feet and the shock of a fallen body, had warned the household that this was no ordinary parental discussion, and the entire family flowed in upon the battlefield, the children rushing round their mother, and the older of them taking up her cry:

"Father, don't you strike Mother, don't you dare!"

DENNIS, thus far accepting the fortunes of war as became a good soldier, felt that this was rather rubbing it in, since he had been struck and not returned the blow, since he had not in fact raised a hand to strike—owing to the way that box gripped his shoulders—and since at the present moment he was still endeavoring to disengage his ear from the lower story of the chest of drawers. Fearing, however, that with all this rush of reinforcements, attack might come upon his unprotected rear, he wrenches himself free by a violent effort, leaped up, shook the drawer off over his head and regained an upright position just as Tim entered the room. The boy was furious and yet self-controlled:

"Dad! what are you doing?" he demanded sternly, and there was a kind of horror in his eyes, a look that hurt Dennis inexplicably. But Tim's act was worse than his mother's. He did not strike his father; if he had, it would have hurt less. Instead, he gripped him by the shoulders, swung him around with as much ease as if he had been a wooden man and then hustled him—yes, that was the word—hustled his own father out into the hall and led him by the collar into the kitchen, where with one shake of that strong young arm he dropped him into a chair.

And after Tim came all the family, piling out to stand before him with black looks and accusing silence.

After an interval the older girls moved toward the table and the stove; presently the whole family was dining, but Donahue, unusual for him, had no stomach for dining. He sat where Tim had thrust him, plunged in bitterness. Ashes of humiliation were upon his head. He was a proud man, in his fatherhood, was Donahue, for in that alone he had been successful. And



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now his children took away from him all his joy and pride. Without evidence they believed the worst of him.

For ten minutes, while knives clashed and tongues clacked, Donahue sat steeping in the gall of bitterness. Then the doorbell rang. Some of the smaller children ran to answer it.

"It's Detective Dugan!" they chorused, dancing round him with reviving memories of the merriment and the hospitality of his daughter's birthday-party. Dugan, clothed in the majesty of the law, separated himself quickly from the childish welcome and strode with heavy feet down the hall toward the room which served the Donahues as kitchen and dining-room combined. At the first sound of these heavy feet, ominous apprehensions thrilled through the frame of Nora. She knew, ah, well she knew, that in the hysteria of the moment there had been launched some very loud screams upon the neighborhood air.

"Sure, if me husband wants to bate me, whose business is it if I let him?" Nora demanded, seeking to forestall the officer.

"I never bate you in me life," contradicted Dennis doggedly, from out of sight behind the half-open door.

"'Tis not for beatin', that I want your husband, but for stealin'," explained Officer Dugan.

THE change in Nora Donahue was as sudden as thought could produce.

"Detective Dugan," she announced, "I'll inform ye this: me husband is no thief. He is a man of honor. He may bate me when he is in his cups, but Dennis is no thief!"

Dennis, behind the door, was recalling the talk between Dugan and Schwarzbürg.

"For stealin' Genie Morris' watch—daughter of Judge Morris," specified Detective Dugan bluntly.

Donahue suddenly remembered and shot one quick look at his son, whose face reddened and whose eyes, after a single glance, avoided his father's as if embarrassed by their honest gleam. Out in the hall, Mrs. Donahue's hand clutched tightly at her throat for a moment.

An appreciable portion of the Donahues' living came, one way and another, from the well-to-do Morrises, who lived high up on the hill. Mrs. Donahue helped there three days a week in the laundry, and Dennis was always odd-jobbing about the place, while Tim often drove their second car at night upon occasions when it was needed and young Chauncey Morris was not around.

"Genie Morris' watch!" echoed Mrs. Donahue, her mind dizzy with gripping an idea so foreign and monstrous.

"Dennis sold the pawn-ticket for one dollar to Schwarzbürg this afternoon," announced Dugan conclusively.

"Ah me!" wailed Mrs. Donahue, breaking. "'Tis the honor av the family that's at stake. There's some mistake, somethin' wrong," she insisted desperately, clutching at Dugan's arm. "Dennis is a common, no-account drunken bum, but he's no thief. In his drink, even, he's no thief. Officer Dugan, ye're a father, ye're a neighbor and an Irishman. Ye can understand me plight. Would ye leave me alone wid him, Officer, for two hours—for an hour, even, till I can reason

wid him and get the straight av it and go up to see Mrs. Morris?"

Officer Dugan had great respect for Mrs. Donahue—who that knew her had not?—and sympathy for her present situation.

"I could not do that," he replied with conscious probity, "but"—after slight hesitation—"I could search the house for him, and if I didn't find him I could seek him in his familiar haunts and keep on seekin' for an hour or two and then come back—if you could say to me on the family honor that he would be here then."

"Dennis," called his wife, "d'y'e hear that? Will ye be here in an hour when Detective Dugan comes for ye?"

"I will," answered Dennis stoutly.

"The family'll not fail ye," assured Mrs. Donahue. "God bless ye, Officer, for a good neighbor and a loyal friend."

DUGAN made a cursory search of the Donahue premises, taking obvious pains not to look behind the kitchen door, and took himself off.

"Dennis, ye're a thief!" announced his wife, confronting the crushed figure in the chair.

So much she said, and stopped, gazing at him in helpless, heartbroken silence. But the look that Dennis gave back to his wife was not one of guilt; on the contrary, it was solicitous and tender. Presently it shifted, and with childlike appeal swept the circle of faces about the table. All pretense at eating had ceased. The young children, sensing something grave and terrible, were crying; the older ones simply looked at their father. Donahue's glance rested longest, lovingly, forgivingly, and—as he meant it—reassuringly, upon his oldest son; but it is doubtful if Tim saw this look. His eyes were on his half-emptied plate.

"Dennis!" exclaimed Nora sharply, as if recalling her husband to his shame.

Donahue lowered his face into his hands.

"'Tis the demon rum," he groaned.

"And ye see what it's brought ye," wailed his wife. "Look at them girls! Niver can they hold up their heads again. Donny-hoo, ye've disgraced us; ye've dragged the family honor in the dust. Think av that boy there!"

"I'm thinkin' av him," groaned Donahue.

"Puttin' his name to a lawyer's sign, 'Timothy Donahue, Practitioner of the Bar,' and Dennis Donahue his father in stripes in the penitentiary."

Fresh sobs broke out among the children.

"Is there niver a word ye can say for yourself?" Nora demanded. Dennis shook his bowed head.

"Dennis, where did ye git that pawn-ticket?" she coaxed with a sudden change in manner.

Donahue became instantly defiant.

"What ye know, ye know," he answered shortly. "Ye'll niver convict me out av me own mouth."

"Wurra, wurra!" moaned Mrs. Donahue, softening still more. "Thin it's to Mrs. Morris that I'll be goin'. The fear at God is in that woman's heart, and mercy too."

"Twill do ye no good," insisted Dennis. "Stay away from her. I wont have

ye humiliatin' yerself goin' pleadin' to any woman for mercy on yer husband."

"Indade!" sneered Mrs. Donahue, angered again. "So that's the turn yer drunken Irish pride is takin'! Well, I'll lave ye know that to have me husband wearin' stripes is more humiliatin' to me than to go walkin' on me knees through the muddy streets a million miles to plead wid a woman like Mrs. Morris, God bless her gentle soul!"

"Nora, darlin', don't!" urged Dennis with apprehension in his tones. "If ye have a bit av feelin' for yer worthless old husband left in yer heart, don't! Ye'll only make matters worse."

"Dennis," his wife demanded suspiciously, "is there anything else ye're afraid I'll find out if I go to Mrs. Morris?"

Donahue rolled his eyes in pain.

"Why torture me wit' questions?" he protested. "I'm wounded to the soul av me already."

"And it's wounded ye should be," retorted Mrs. Donahue, pinning a shawl about her head. "I'll save ye if I can; but it's for the sake av the girls; it's for Tim, there. For yerself, Donny-hoo, ye deserve to be punished for yer sins."

Dennis made a gesture of helplessness. "Nettie, give yer father some supper."

"I don't want anny," protested Donahue, though even in the depths of his despair he could not resist the opportunity to point a reproach. "I've got out o' the habit av eatin'."

"Thin don't," acquiesced Mrs. Donahue with terse asperity; "and don't move out at that chair. Tim, see that he does not."

This departing injunction to her son was a further heaping of the ashes of humiliation upon the head of her husband, as conveying the intimation that even in a crisis like this her husband's character might not be trusted. Dennis interpreted it clearly and felt it keenly, but molted no feather of his resolution. His eye for a moment found Tim's, where the young man stood now by the kitchen stove, scowling over his pipe.

"Ye have nothin' further to fear from yer father, Tim," he said, looking at the young man significantly. "He has done his worst."

FOR an hour the Donahue house remained shrouded in the gloom of its tragedy. With solemn faces, and only now and then a word, as if working in the presence of the dead, the big girls cleared the table and washed the dishes and put the room to rights. Tim, as if to advertise his own faith in the word of his father, stalked ostentatiously from the room and was absent for a considerable while. Later he returned with the code of criminal procedure in his hand and sat down to read by the table.

Tiny Terence, after eying the silent, repressed figure of his father with awe for a time and sidling nearer and nearer, finally thrust a soft palm into his father's great one and was taken with a sob of joy gently to the Donahue breast.

Tim frowned and turned the pages of his book backward and forward in a dissatisfied way, his lips clamped very tightly, as if quite set and determined in the way wherein he was going. From time to time, too, he bade the children be quiet

and lifted his head as if listening for the heavy tread of Dugan at the front door.

But before that came Mrs. Donahue—rushing up the back steps excitedly and tearing off her shawl as she flung into the room.

"Twas that young devil Cha'ney," she broke out. "When I was talkin' to his mother, he comes rushin' in excited. 'Where's me speckled suit?' he says. 'Why, I give it to Mrs. Donahue for Tim,' his mother says. 'I'm sorry my husband stole your sister's watch,' I says. 'He's been arrested for it.' The young devil turned as white as a sheet. 'Mother,' he says, 'nobody stole Genie's watch. I borried it and pawned it. I thought I'd get it back before she missed it. The ticket was in that speckled suit.'

DENNIS, paralyzed for a moment, leaped up.

"And so ye're not a thief, Tim?" he cried, attempting to throw his arms around the boy.

Tim held his father off, with a look of amazement and rebuke on his face.

"I was lookin' through yer clothes for the makin's av a cigarette," explained Dennis, "and I found the pawn-ticket. I thought it was yer own watch ye'd pawned, till Dugan came."

"And then ye thought I stole it," reproached Tim, his face a study as comprehension broke over him.

"What else could I think?" inquired Donahue. "Besides, ye acted guilty; yer face was red, and ye couldn't look at me."

"It was shame for you, Dad," confessed the big voice of Tim. "But I was looking up the law for grand larceny and studying how to get you clear."

"And would ye have gone to jail to save the boy?" demanded Nora, with her arms about her husband and lifting her teary face to his. "Would ye?"

"Would I? I would have gone to hell!" answered Donahue with a grin of abandon that was utterly convincing.

"Dennis, we done ye a wrong!" sobbed his wife, burying her face on his shoulder.

Tim stood on the other side with a strong arm about his father, patting him encouragingly, but without words. Nettie, Flo, Fan and the bigger children came crowding around.

"Daddie's not a thief, Daddie's not a thief! No-o-o-body's a thief!" chorused the smaller Donahue fry, dancing about the circle.

"Dennis," suggested Nora timidly, humbly but volubly and through fresh floods of tears, "ye can move in from the woodshed, if it's worthy, ye think we are, to sleep in the same house wid ye."

Donahue himself was by this time swept with a mighty gust of emotion.

"Nora," he declared with impressive solemnity and uplifted right hand, "I've taken me last drink."

Mrs. Donahue stood off and gazed at her husband, kindly but critically, estimating and then indulgently, as she said, with a shake of her head:

"I wish I believed ye, Dennis. But no, don't stop! Drink if it pleases you. Bate me if ye want to."

"I never bate ye in me life," protested Donahue solemnly.



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THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

(Continued from page 56)

not be seen. She had secreted it herself. It was shame enough for Noll to have read it; to tattle would be contemptible; yet he could not explain his abrupt about-face without disclosing that document. He mumbled:

"I was just talking to hear my own voice. Anyway, we're getting nowhere with this poor girl's case. You told me these books might help me to understand her. There's nothing in them that has anything to do with her trouble."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Mitford. "She has suffered some big crisis that has overwhelmed her. It may have some Freudian meaning, and Freud may help—"

"Rot!" Noll raged. "The Germans may have caused it, but they can't cure it!"

"And what do you mean by that?"

"Nothing. Go on with your theory."

"This girl, I believe, has had a deep wound in her soul, and she wants to forget it. She wants to forget the whole world. She is trying to be dead without dying. She is suffering perhaps from what Pfister calls a 'traumatic repression.' Sleep is her disguise, her form of self-protection. The only way I can imagine to get her out of this frightful despondency would be to extract her secret from her."

Noll was uneasy. "How would you do that?"

"By a mild hypnosis, perhaps."

"You don't believe in that old fake, do you?"

"Not in the vaudeville circus-tricks, nor in the Sunday-supplement miracle stunts. The honest hypnotists admit that they can't compel people to do anything they don't want to. But sometimes they can persuade some poor scared souls to have self-confidence. I don't know much about it, but I'm going to work along that line—unless you want to send her to some big nerve-specialist in Chicago or St. Louis."

"We oughtn't to neglect anything. But—how much would he charge?"

"Oh, five hundred dollars or so. It's a good deal to pay for a doctor, but it's cheap for a soul."

Noll pondered. He was not rich, but he could not afford to let this precious bargain in experience go by. Noll liked the idea of spending money on the girl. The outlay would make him in a sense her purchaser. He would buy her from death, and she would belong to him, in a way.

Dr. Mitford had another suggestion: "I could get her in the free ward of one of the big city hospitals."

The thought of taking the girl out of his life brought a gasp of protest from Noll, and he could not think of leaving her among paupers in a hospital. Dr. Mitford did not fail to observe the unwitting confession. He was practicing a little psycho-analysis on the young man.

"Of course, the girl has money," he intimated.

"You don't think I'd touch her funds, do you?" Noll stormed. "You do the best you can, and if you fail, we'll get the best doctor in the world. I have a little money

my father left me, and if it's not enough, I'll loot the bank."

"You might take home this book of Janet's on hysteria," said Mitford. "It's French, but perhaps your German prejudices will excuse that. It was written before the French made their outrageous attack on Germany through Belgium."

Noll winced at this. He was finding that repression is actually a strain upon the soul.

He took Janet's book home with him. And that night after dinner he went to his room to read it. He was first impressed by that amazing clarity of the French mind, which seems to find it as hard to write a cloudy sentence as the German to write a clear and graceful one. He was fascinated, too, by Janet's theory that the true hysteria is a form of somnambulism and that the noisy outburst is rare. He studied and studied till he had literally hypnotized himself into a deep and dreamless stupor.

HE slept late into the next forenoon, and the Sabbath air was shaken with church-bells when he woke. His mother felt that since she was able to be about the house, she was able to resume her churchgoing. She was all Sundayed up when Noll finished his breakfast, and she asked him to go to church with her. He begged off with a smile.

"Thank you, but I've had sleep enough for one morning."

He went to the little garage in the alley and came chugging to the curbstone with one of those small motors that have practically replaced the "horsanbuggy" as a small-town institution. He went to the church and back home at a secular rate, and on his return told Miss Stowell that if she wanted to go to church he wouldn't mind watching the patient.

Miss Stowell was one of the black sheep of her white profession. She always wanted to go anywhere that was out.

CHAPTER X

NOLL made sure that the cook was absorbed in the big noon dinner of Sunday before he went to the terrifying door. He paused; then after guilty hesitation he knocked with formality—no answer; he stepped in with timidity.

There she lay, a waxen effigy. The nurse had bathed her and brushed her hair and spread it out on the pillow. She had just begun to braid it when she decided to take Noll's advice. Noll closed the door after him and tiptoed forward with the mingled feelings of a ghoul in a graveyard and an Orpheus going down into Hades to fetch forth Eurydice.

He drew a chair close and with utter trepidation spoke to her. The sound of his voice alarmed him. He half expected her to spring up and shriek. She made no more sign than a statue addressed.

Recalling the Doctor's purpose and hoping to anticipate him, he murmured slowly, tenderly:

"You will get well, you will get well, you will get well."

It was his breath now that stirred the hair at her temples. That was all the influence it had.

He varied his theme: "You must wake up soon. You must wake up soon."

He said this a hundred times with a fanatic obstinacy, and at last he would have sworn that she heard him. As one sometimes stares and listens with such eagerness that the senses seem to thrust forth tentacles instead of waiting passively for power to come from without, so his thought seemed to crackle like a wireless telegraph, shattering space with long, rhythmic feelers, trying to attune some other instrument to its repeated S. O. S.

He hammered at her ear with murmurs that grew louder and louder, "You must wake up soon!" He did not know that people going by on the street paused and wondered at the noise.

If he could only call her by name! He tried various names at random: "Mary! Rose! Susanne! Catherine! Kitty! Kate, Alice, Edith, Ethel, Helen, Elizabeth, Dora, Clara, Lucy"—all that he could think of. He had no answer. If there had been only a name in that letter! There was just one. He dreaded to try it, but he was desperate. He leaned close and called:

"The First Thuringians! The First Thuringians! The First Thuringians! The Thuringians!"

WHEN he had kept this up until even those words were gibberish, his heart stopped suddenly, for her eyelids shivered. He thought he saw her make one quick catch for breath. Her hand moved fitfully as if to brush away a gnat.

Then it fell back lifeless; she resumed that baffling rigidity so grimly that he hardly knew whether he had really seen her lashes quiver or had only breathed on them, whether her hand had moved or he had only imagined the gesture.

He put all the power of his heart into the reiteration: "The Thuringians! The Thuringians!"

His throat grew husky with fatigue, but he said to himself: "I'll say it ten times more and stop!" And afterwards he said it again and again, renewing his pledge and the breach of it alternately. At last, abruptly, a convulsive shock ran in icy ripples down through the coverlet above her. Her hand twitched and went up. There was a little whisper:

"Mamma!"

And nothing more! The lips relaxed; the hand fell. Noll was so frantic that he gripped her by the shoulders lest she sink back and drown in oblivion again. He seized her and shook her with frenzy and dared to shriek to her again:

"The Thuringians!"

And now she trembled indeed. The breath throbbed in her bosom. Her mouth opened and panted like the beak of a thirsty bird. She sat up quickly as if she were called or alarmed. A bare foot came forth, pink and shapely, its instep high-

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ached. It sought the carpet and he saw once more that bruised knee before he turned his eyes away. When he could not help looking again, the girl was standing by the bed. She was wringing her hands and gazing about as if trying to imagine where she was and how she had come there.

He spoke the word again. Now she caught his arms and clung to them with the palsy of a child waking in a nightmare and clutching at help. But her eyes stayed shut, and her words were clamor that he could not understand. Once more he smote her with "The Thuringians!"

She was so startled that a smotheringly sweet, amazingly abundant billow of hair tumbled down about her, covering her face. She was not cold and remote as she had been, but warm and silken and timid. She tried to run, dragging him with her, but she was weak from being so long abed; she toppled, and he had to hold her as she made a feeble burlesque of flight. And now she grew articulate with panic, babbling:

"Mamma! Mamma! Where can we hide? Quick—where can we hide? I can't bear it again. Kill me. Please kill me, Mamma! Then you can kill yourself. Or I'll kill you first. No, we mustn't do that, must we? If we did that, we should never see poor little Dimny in heaven—nor Papa. For their sake we must bear what God sends, and He'll take mercy on us by and by. Yes, we must live." Noll realized that she thought herself to be her sister. He was stupefied at the new problem. She went on muttering with a ghostly frenzy:

"Papa, don't let them take us! Why did you go so far—so far—and leave us so helpless? What will he think when he gets back from the North, and finds that you are not there, and that the war has broken out and we can't be found. Poor Daddy! Poor little sister! Thank heaven she's safe out in Los Angeles. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Hush, Mamma! We mustn't cry so loud or they'll find us! Shh! Shh! Hide behind me. Let them take me and they may not look for you. Shh!"

She tried to put Noll back of her and to shield him. He was too weak with pity to resist her. He was too weak to keep from weeping. She heard his sobs and thought them her mother's and tried to offer comfort and strength—bent her head and petted Noll's hand. Then she froze again.

NOLL could feel that her eyes were opening, that she was staring at his hand. She put back her hair and turning her head, followed his arm to his shoulder. She twisted about in his embrace and stared full at him. He had never seen such eyes. They grew tremendous as they found sight and recognized him for a man. She stood aghast for a moment. Then she flung back and tore his hands away, and when he reached for her again, she dropped to the floor and hunched along the carpet with grotesque awkwardness.

She whispered: "Don't touch me or I'll tear your eyes out. No, we are not Englishwomen. We are Americans. Your Kaiser honored my father once—gave him a decoration. Your Kaiser will put you to death if you harm the daughter of Stephen Parrot. Don't you know the difference between England and America? We've never harmed you. We've given you welcome and riches, and we love



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Noll implored her with his hands and protested: "I am an American! An American!"

She recoiled in fright, waving palms of repulsion at him and laughing maniacally: "You are American, and you are here! Can't I see that you are German. Don't I know you? Haven't I suffered enough from you?"

Noll dropped to his knees to quiet her, pleading with her incoherently to believe him and trust him.

"Don't be afraid of me. Let me help you. I am your friend."

"I don't want your friendship," she groaned. "I've had your friendship, and I want to die. Where is your revolver? Kill me with that, or give me your helmet and let me stab myself with the spike."

Noll prayed her to believe that she was in America and not in Belgium—in blessed warless America, not in the hell of Belgium. But she fought him off, her face haggard with loathing in the witch's cowl of her hair about her fierce eyes, her lips uttering wild screams that made no sound.

He was in despair, but he could not leave her on the floor. He caught her hands to lift her, and she tried to cry out, but all that came from her white lips was a little shrill whisper.

"Mamma! Papa! Dimny! O God, don't let him!"

Then her eyelids drooped over her mad stare, and she fell asleep again.

CHAPTER XI

THE sudden relaxation of her taut muscles, and her collapse upon his shoulder, nearly felled him. It was hard to lift her, and he made a gawky business of it before he could carry her to the bed and stretch her on it. He drew the coverlet over her and brushed her hair from her face, and back from her snowy brow, and spread it on the pillow as he had found it when he first entered the room. Then he dropped into his chair gulping for breath, sick with emotion and fatigue. He wanted to faint. He understood why she took refuge in the bliss of inanition.

He would have been glad to go with her out of horror into sleep, but he heard grouped voices on the walk outside. People were drifting by in clusters from church. His mother would be home soon. He heard the brisk step of the nurse on the front walk. He heard the doorbell ring, and he hurried from the room.

He cowered near his closed door, heard the nurse coming in. She noticed nothing, apparently, for he could hear her moving about, and she was crooning a hymn.

He bathed his face in cold water and slapped the back of his hot head with it. He was completely distraught. He had accomplished the miracle of waking the dead, but he had come back to earth in another incarnation. She was tortured by her fervid imagination; her sister's experience had taken such possession of her that she had become her sister.

Noll remembered something he had read

in Janet's book. He took it up and hunted through it as through a dictionary, looking for definitions of strange, unfathomable novelties. He found much talk of duplicate personalities, alternating personalities, souls leading various lives in succession, forgetting one in another. There were the stories of Dr. Azam's "Férida," of the boy with six souls, Louis Vivet, of Dr. Morton Prince's Miss B., of Janet's Marceline and of many others who played whole repertoires of rôles within the theaters of their own skulls.

But there was the stamp of insanity in all of them. Noll would not have this girl insane. If her experience had driven her out of herself and she had too literally put herself in her sister's place, she must be rescued back into her own beautiful identity before she established herself in the other.

But how was he to accomplish this? He had interfered in her destiny, and his guilt would be discovered. Once, when he was a boy left alone in the house, he had investigated the big clock and it had suddenly come to pieces; the mainspring had leaped at him, whirring viciously like a rattlesnake. He had been unable to restore it and had been found among the ruins. He was appalled now to see what he had done to that girl's soul by his rash words.

HE heard some old horse come clopping up to the curbstone. He heard his mother's voice. He had forgotten to go for her, and a neighbor had brought her home. He heard the peaceful seesaw of the old rocking-chair. He heard her call out cheerfully to other neighbors who went by: "Thank you—I'm lots better. Nice sermon, wasn't it? Beautiful day, isn't it? No, the poor girl hasn't moved yet." He was afraid of his mother now, as he had been when he heard her come home on that long-ago day of his clock experiment.

There she sat, while that other mother was—where? After what unspeakable experiences? In the other room that girl slept, beaten into unconsciousness under the bludgeonings of chance.

He began to think back over what he had heard Dimny say. At last he had a name to call her by. He loved the name. It had a honey taste on his tongue. Out of the hubbub of her delirium certain other names began to emerge to his memory. He wrote them down lest they escape him again.

He knew something about her: that her father was Stephen Parcot. Noll vaguely remembered reading of the eminent explorer. He had gone to the North just before the war, leaving the world at ease. Evidently he had left one daughter in a convent in Belgium somewhere and closed the Arctic door behind him like the door of a peaceful study. He had another daughter named Dimny. That was the name of this girl. And Noll knew where she came from. Her father had left her in Los Angeles—with her mother, no doubt. When the war broke over Belgium, the letter told how the mother had made haste to cross the ocean to bring home that daughter, and both of the luckless wretches had been caught in that first all-devastating tidal wave of the German sea.

It was plain now to Noll that the girl in the other room had received the letter



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from Belgium. He imagined what a fearful blow it must have dealt her. He could imagine how the world must have rocked about her. The letter had ruined his own peace of mind. What must it have done to her?

Tears and moans were too weak to express her desolation. She must have fallen into just such a sleep as this. But how had she come to Carthage? It was thousands of miles from her home, and no railroad led from here to there. By what magic had she been transported?

He could imagine her gathering her effects together, sobbing but resolute, providing herself with money and setting out on a quest to find her people and give them what help she could. That was what he would want her to do. He loved her for the impulse.

She had sewed the letter into her money-belt so that no one should learn what had happened. Something had diverted her from her path to Belgium. Something had brought her down helpless, all but lifeless, without friend or name or baggage, in a strange village. But she should not lack a champion. His aimless life had suddenly received a direction, a mission. He heard a call. The days of knighthood were returned, together with all the cruelties that gave chivalry its being.

He took a high resolve that he would recover this girl's soul and restore her next to her sister and her mother and help them keep from the morbid public their pitiful secret. It would be a thing worth doing, a beautiful, holy, compassionate task in hideous, savage, heartless times.

CHAPTER XII

NOll wrote on the letterhead of the bank a formal request upon its correspondent bank in Los Angeles for information concerning Miss Dimny Parcot and her family, and their commercial standing. This last was merely an excuse for the letter. He asked that the answer be addressed to him personally as the assistant cashier.

From day to day the nurse reported no progress in the case, and the Doctor found the patient insulated against all his hypnotic efforts. Noll grew increasingly impatient to retrieve her destiny himself, but when the nurse was away, his mother interfered with his plans to practice his soul-therapy, till he began to feel that she was suspicious. On the few occasions when he had access to Dimny, he kept up that one-sided conversation. He poured into her ear the refrain: "You are Dimny Parcot! You are not your sister but yourself! You are not in Belgium, but in your own country. You are Dimny Parcot!"

It was a most unusual wooing. He was playing Pygmalion to a Galatea who was not quite marble nor yet quite flesh. She hovered between life and death, breathing statuary. Noll's heart failed him again and again. But when he was away from her, she haunted him, and he used every device to get into her room and plead his cause, recommending himself by his incessantly repeated name: "I am Noll Winsor—Noll Winsor. I love you, Dimny: I want to be your friend. Don't die without letting me live for you, or let me die for you in your place. Dimny, Dimny Parcot, it is Noll Winsor talking to you."

His infatuation would have been evident to a far less eager student of his moods than his mother was. She kept silent for a long time and hoped that his idle interest would pass. It had been burden enough that the girl had been inflicted on the household. The quiet obscurity of the home had vanished into a neighborhood notoriety. The telephone was always bringing in queries. People called for no purpose but to ask impudent questions. The girl was an expense of time and toil and money. If in addition she should carry off the only son of the house, what a wretched repayment that would be for the Christian charity squandered on her!

Mrs. Winsor saw in her a kind of *Lorelei*. She did not sit on a high cliff combing her hair with a golden comb and singing the young voyager to shipwreck, but she lay still and drew him with invisible nets. Mrs. Winsor resolved to get her out of the house as soon as she could, and in the meanwhile to get her out of Noll's heart before she fastened herself there with too many deep roots. She made a definite attack at last one evening.

"Noll, honey."

"Yes, Mother?"

"I've been thinking."

"Yes, Mother?"

"That girl upstairs—the—the poor thing—she isn't getting the best of care here. She ought to be taken to—to the hospital in St. Louis."

"Why, Mother!"

"The newspapers and the police ought to be notified, and advertisements printed so as to find her people and let them take her away."

Noll did not dare to tell her that the girl's people could not be found.

"I think we'd better keep her a little while longer," he said.

His mother spoke out sharply.

"You act as if you were in love with her."

"Why, Mother! You're joking."

"I'm dreadfully worried about you—and her. There's no telling who she is or what brought her here."

"I only know that she's a girl in great distress."

Mrs. Winsor hesitated before she divulged her own secret.

"But how do we know what she—what sort of girl she is?"

"Mother!" Noll cried. "It isn't like you to be suspicious of a poor child that you know nothing at all about."

"I know something about her that I've never told you."

NOll's gaze went toward her with alarm. Perhaps the girl had had an awakening one day while he was at the bank. "Tell me what you heard," he said.

"It's not what I heard but what I saw—the night she was found in the street, you know. I was sitting on the porch worrying, waiting for you to come home. Finally two people walked past—very slow, mumblin' to each other, like lovers. I couldn't hear what they said, but they disappeared in the shadow of that big maple, you know. Well, they didn't come out. I wondered and waited. I supposed they stopped to—spoon."

"Mother! Don't!"

The iron of jealousy was twisting in Noll's soul, leaving its rust there.

Mrs. Winsor went on relentlessly: "By

and by there was a funny little sound like a gasp, and then—then the man came out of the shadow. I couldn't see who he was. He disappeared round the corner. He acted very queer—like a thief—or a murderer.

"I was too scared to scream or move. I just sat there wondering. And then you came home at last. And you were excited, and I was afraid at first that you were the man and that you had left her there and run round the block. But I didn't dare ask you, and a little while after, you told about the fight you had with Duncan Guthrie because he called the Germans Huns. So I knew you weren't mixed up in it.

"But that was after Ward Pennywell had found the girl—after the woman Ward was with had screamed. I never heard who she was, did you?"

Noll growled: "I suppose it was that Mrs. Lynne he's been running after. He's making a fool of himself over her."

Noll dismissed the intruders with an impatient gesture. He was more interested in his mother's disclosure.

"You say you saw Dimny—this girl—walk into the shadow of the tree with a man?"

"With a man—yes. So now don't you agree with me that she'd better go to the hospital?"

"No."

"What are you going to do?"

"Find the man."

Noll suffered as only the young can suffer, the young who can still believe in perfection, and hope for the first blossoms of love. He loved a girl and hardly knew her name. He hated a man and did not know so much as his name. What claim had the man upon her? How had he brought her to Carthage, and what had he done that threw her into this stolidity? Why had he never reappeared or made any attempt to see her?

Noll tried to tell himself that there was some innocent explanation. He must be careful not to condemn anybody in advance. But his heart was sick within him.

CHAPTER XIII

HIS mother brooded over him with the heartache of a mother who sees her boy entangled in the first problems of mistaken infatuation. Abruptly she spoke.

"Noll, honey."

"Yes, Mother?"

"Didn't you call that girl by some name? What name did you call her by?"

Noll answered absently:

"Dimny. Her name is Dimny Parcot."

"But how did you find it out?"

He was startled to realize that his secret had jumped from him. He could not escape his mother's eyes. After a moment he reverted to a habit that boys get over all too soon. In his early years he had used to tell his mother nearly everything. Now that she demanded what he knew, he felt that she had a right to his confidence and he a need of her counsel. He threw himself upon her love as once upon her lap. He told her of the finding of the letter sewed up in the lining of the money-belt. He even took from his pocketbook the letter itself and handed it to her.

She was so shocked with pride at hav-

ing her prodigal home once more in his trouble that she could not withhold proud laughter—the laughter of an ancient Sara finding herself a mother again.

She took the letter with the all-beautiful smile of old age breaking through the wall between itself and youth. She began to read; her smile was erased from her face like a mask snatched off, revealing tragedy beneath. When she understood, she was afraid to look at her son across this fearful truth. With her eyes lowered, she murmured:

"The poor child! The poor, poor child and her mother!"

She shuddered and did not speak for a long while, and then:

"But you called her Dimny. There is no such name here in the letter."

Then Noll told her of his séance and how he had used the word "Thuringians" as the *Open Sesame!* to the locked gates of that mind in siege, and of the untoward result.

A long silence followed, till at length he said:

"Mother, honey, my cousin, Nazi Duhr, belonged to one of those Thuringian regiments."

She cried out against this implication. Noll explained:

"I don't say he was with this regiment. I don't say that. But I do say—"

"He was such a nice boy!"

"Armies are made up of nice boys, Mother. It's war that makes them go out and kill people and outrage free countries."

"But he was such a nice boy!"

"The Germans don't deny that they are in Belgium, do they? They don't deny that they have burned cities and shot priests and old hostages and women in Belgium, do they?"

That mysterious instinct that leads people to defend their races against other races, led this old lady in the Midwest to rally to the standard of invaders she had never seen, doing deeds that revolted her.

"But think what the Russians did in East Prussia before the great Von Hindenburg drove them out."

"What the Germans accuse the Russians of is just the same thing as this," said Noll. "It proves to me that they've both been guilty."

Mrs. Winsor fought on.

"The Russians are barbarians. They began the war, and treacherous England joined them to finish her work against poor Germany."

"That's what I've been telling people," Noll sighed, "but I'm beginning to feel that the attack on little Belgium puts us Germans out of court. Anyway, we are not responsible for Russia's soul or England's. But we are, a little, for our own, aren't we? The worse the Russians were, the better the Germans ought to have been. Or else, how can the Germans say they fought to save Europe from the Slav peril? How could the Slavs have done worse than the Teutons? Nobody ever did worse, not even the Mexican bandits. And I always come back to this—that the French and Russians and Germans were at war, but the Belgians weren't. The English didn't declare war till after Belgium was attacked. There never can be any excuse for the attack on Belgium. That's all there is to it, Mother."

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It's simply one of those horrible mistakes that are worse than crime."

MRS. WINSOR did not intend to alienate her recovered lad by any dispute. "Well, what can we do about it, honey?" she asked meekly.

"I don't know. But I have a feeling that the people of German blood in America ought to do what they can to prevent the Germans at home from doing any more wicked things. Our Germans ought to do all they can to undo the evil the Germans abroad are doing, so that, in after-times, people can say of the Germans that came to America for freedom and enjoyed it, that they did their best, their *Möglichste*, to teach freedom to the old folks at home. It's the fault of the Kaiser and the Czar that Europe is on fire. But we don't believe in kaisers and czars here. They're a joke to us—and a mighty poor one."

Mrs. Winsor was reminded of the tradition that family traits skip a generation. Hearing Noll rage against the pretensions of royalty, she saw not her husband but her father alive again. Mrs. Winsor reverted a little to her own youth. She had heard her father storm at the autocracy of Prussia in much the same disgust. The German-American of 1914 had small resemblance to the exiles of 1848. She had forgotten recently how ardently liberty and equality had been chanted in her ears when she was young. She had once heard "*die Freiheit!*" shouted with the ringing cry of passion. She had known of Prussia as the oppressor of the other German states. And now the democratic fervor of her young son, for whom Mrs. Winsor felt infinitely more devotion than for all the nations in the world, kindled the mother's heart with some of his fire. The important thing to her was that her boy was exhibiting his blazing heart to her. He was no longer the shy stranger who had for years treated her as a sort of beloved landlady with no part in his real life.

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"I'll do what I can," she repeated, indicating by a little spreading of the hands

her feebleness and her age. "But what can I do?"

"Help me to get poor Dimny well. That's the first job. I've been sneaking into that room unbeknownst to you—"

"Not always, honey. I've worried myself to death every time I heard her door open and close. I was afraid to speak, but I've worried!"

"Well, you needn't have. You see why now. I couldn't tell the Doctor or the nurse about this letter, don't you see? I was afraid to tell you too, till you shook it out of me."

"Oh, honey, if you would only know that there is nothing on earth you could tell your mother that would hurt her half as much as your not telling her. You don't know how it has broken my heart to realize that you thought of me as a stranger. It is many, many years since you and I have been like this. I'm so glad, so glad!"

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"It's a famous name, anyway. I'm proud of it for my father's sake. You've heard of him, of course."

"Of course," said Noll, trying to be calm. "I'm a great admirer of his. I've always loved the great explorers, especially Stephen Parcot."

"Oh, I'm so glad, because I've a favor to ask of you—a great favor."

"Please!"

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She laughed politely as if he had spoken.

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She was as light and cheerful as the mad *Ophelia*, except that there was a slight affectation, an excess of sprightliness such as one who is embarrassed assumes before a stranger. But she must be mad indeed to speak of coming to Carthage to take ship to Europe, to Carthage, almost equally remote inland from either ocean!

"The station-master tells me," he heard her say, "that you live in Carthage and just happened to be here in—in Macuta; funny names new towns have, haven't they?"

Macuta was a small village a few miles away on the Santa Fe railroad, which did not touch Carthage. But Dimny was babbling on:

"Oh, you have? You will? You are an angel straight from heaven!" She broke down, weeping and laughing at once. "I'm sorry to be so weak and foolish, but if you knew how terribly I want to catch that boat! My trunk is all right. I got it on the train ahead, thank heaven. Of course you understand that I will pay you—oh, but I couldn't think of it unless you let me pay you. . . . You embarrass me. Well, if I must, I must. I'll be grateful to you as long as I live. I don't care how fast you go."

NOW apparently she dreamed herself aboard a little motor-car. Noll hearkened for the name of the man, but she seemed to be uncertain of it. Suddenly, after much whispering, she spoke aloud:

"Great heavens, my suit-case and my handbag! I left them on the sleeping-car! No, no, don't stop. Don't go back. . . . I can always buy more clothes; I wouldn't risk going back for worlds. The handbag had a little money in it—not much, though. I have more with me."

She tightened her lips and blushed as if he had offended her by a familiarity. "No, it's in a money-belt."

She did not speak for some time; then the man evidently apologized, for she said: "Don't speak of it, please. I—I'm sure I'm too much indebted to you to mind a joke. . . . A girl traveling alone ought not to be too sensitive. You see I've never been alone so long before."

The car evidently stopped, for she spoke with anxiety.

"Yes, I suppose you really ought to light the lights. It begins to look like a storm, doesn't it? So peaceful off to the west, and the sky so red in the east, as if the sunset got turned round. It's like America and Europe, isn't it?"

"No, thanks, I'm not cold. That's excitement that makes me shiver. Oh, please! Oh, I beg you! You can't mean to be unkind when you've been so kind. You wouldn't take advantage of my helplessness!"

There seemed to be a silent amorous struggle. Noll blazed with jealous rage. It was uncanny. He hated a ghost who was not there but tormented her in memory, a persistent flirt who had annoyed her before Noll ever saw her. Noll loathed the dog. She was moaning now:

"Oh, no, I'm not a pretty girl. I'm a heartbroken woman. I don't want anything like that. No, never. Don't stop to apologize. . . . Please drive as fast as you can."

"Yes, of course, a woman's 'No!'—but not always. A woman can't always mean yes. . . . Oh, it's nothing against you, but my heart is dead. I don't want love. I hate love, that kind of love. . . ."

"Please watch where you are driving. You nearly wrecked us that time. And if you knew—"

"Now we seem to be coming into the town. It's Carthage, I know. . . . What's that—a revolver? Oh, a tire! Oh, no! It couldn't be. Oh, hurry, please! It's late. We'll never make it. . . . At last. At last! Faster! Would you mind? My watch says we have only

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"Great heavens, my suit-case and my handbag! I left them on the sleeping-car! No, no, don't stop. Don't go back. . . . I can always buy more clothes; I wouldn't risk going back for worlds. The handbag had a little money in it—not much, though. I have more with me."

She tightened her lips and blenched as if he had offended her by a familiarity. "No, it's in a money-belt."

She did not speak for some time; then the man evidently apologized, for she said: "Don't speak of it, please. I—I'm sure I'm too much indebted to you to mind a joke. . . . A girl traveling alone ought not to be too sensitive. You see I've never been alone so long before."

The car evidently stopped, for she spoke with anxiety.

"Yes, I suppose you really ought to light the lights. It begins to look like a storm, doesn't it? So peaceful off to the west, and the sky so red in the east, as if the sunset got turned round. It's like America and Europe, isn't it?"

"No, thanks, I'm not cold. That's excitement that makes me shiver. Oh, please! Oh, I beg you! You can't mean to be unkind when you've been so kind. You wouldn't take advantage of my helplessness!"

There seemed to be a silent amorous struggle. Noll blazed with jealous rage. It was uncanny. He hated a ghost who was not there but tormented her in memory, a persistent flirt who had annoyed her before Noll ever saw her. Noll loathed the dog. She was moaning now:

"Oh, no, I'm not a pretty girl. I'm a heartbroken woman. I don't want anything like that. No, never. Don't stop to apologize. . . . Please drive as fast as you can."

"Yes, of course, a woman's 'No!'—but not always. A woman can't always mean yes. . . . Oh, it's nothing against you, but my heart is dead. I don't want love. I hate love, that kind of love. . . ."

"Please watch where you are driving. You nearly wrecked us that time. And if you knew—"

"Now we seem to be coming into the town. It's Carthage, I hope. . . . What's that—a revolver? Oh, a tire! Oh, no! It couldn't be. Oh, hurry, please! It's late. We'll never make it. . . . At last. At last! Faster! Would you mind? My watch says we have only

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a few minutes. . . . Is it much farther?"

She gave a little cry and seemed to be flung and stunned.

"Don't mind me. I'm not hurt. But the car? The wheel isn't broken off. It can't be. Isn't there another car? Not a thing in sight. Then I'll run. Don't hold me. How far is it? Which road do I take? You can't leave your car. You're terribly kind. . . . No, thank you, I can get along faster, I think, if I don't take your arm."

SHE fell into complete silence. Noll had lost her again. He tried to recall her before she fled too far.

"Miss Parcot, Miss Parcot," he cried, "you'll miss your train."

It was a long time later before she spoke again; then a gush of tears first drenched her cheeks. She groaned:

"To think that I should have missed it! The other train will get there first, and I'll not be on it. Oh, you never know when you are making haste, do you? That train at three in the morning—will it really make the connection? Oh, what are hours? What's a little sleep? I can always sleep. What does my convenience matter in a world like this?"

"It's very good of you to offer me your home. It would be nice to sit there till the train goes. I won't disturb your mother. She must go to bed. I'll sit up. Is it far?

"Oh, I'd better walk. They say it's best for a strained ankle. We can make it before the storm breaks. It's going to be a big storm. How hushed everything is! The town's asleep already. Such a pretty town, it seems to be."

She spoke so softly that Noll kept close to her to hear.

"No, thanks, I don't need your arm. I'll rest here just a moment, if you don't mind, and lean against this tree. Wonderful old tree, isn't it?" She began anew to put away imaginary hands, to move her head aside as from pursuing lips. Noll's heart plunged as she struggled with a shadowy wrestler.

"Oh, no. Please—you promised! Don't, don't kiss me! Don't! You're too strong. You frighten me. In the lightning then your face looked like a—*a Thuringian's!* Mamma! Sister! The Thuringians! Ah! I'm dying! I'm dead! It's better so! Ah!"

She was drowned again in oblivion, and nothing that Noll could do or say or cry could recall her.

CHAPTER XV

NOLL was bewildered both more and less by this latest utterance of that increasingly restless brain. He had read in one of the books that a true awakening from such an attack would be shown by a recurrence to the last experience before the curtains of oblivion fell about the soul. He found in Janet's book the account of a girl who had crises of sleep from terror caused by a narrow escape from a bull; of a man who, being wrongfully accused, became unconscious whenever he met his accuser.

Noll had no intention of confronting Dimmy with the tormentor she had described, but he had an intense desire to

confront the man with himself. He had small material to work on. Fortunately he had a small town to work in.

After fastening his suspicions on various men who proved innocent of this affair, if not of others, it occurred to him to visit the garages and inquire what car had been wrecked on the Macuta-Carthage road on the date of Dimmy's arrival.

At last, at "John and Joe's Practical Garage," he found not only the name of the man but the car itself. It had been brought in by the owner's orders and was still awaiting his return.

John and Joe explained how Lou Neebe had telephoned in that he'd smashed his "tin Lizzie" out on the Macuta road a piece and would they go git it and glue it together, and they done so but he hadn't showed up yet.

They spoke of it with the derision a garager has for a cheap car, but Noll's lip was curling with scorn for the cheaper man who owned it and who had been flattened by fate with the misunderstood privilege of such a companion.

Noll despised Lou Neebe as everybody else did. He was a "tin-horn gambler," a petty rascal who traveled with that dimest of human societies, the underworld of a small town. Noll wanted to crush him with a long stick as if he were a caterpillar.

BUT first Noll must find him, and it was several days more before Neebe returned to town from his travels. Then one evening on his way home Noll saw the fellow rounding a corner in the swaggering way that Carthage calls "flip." He was bigger than Noll in height, but his courage was only bluff-deep. When Noll said, "Neebe, I've been looking for you," he tried to brush by with a brusque: "See you s'mother time. Got no time to-day."

Noll took him by the gaudy necktie and held him at arm's-length.

"Oh, yes you have," said Noll. "Now tell me all about it."

"About what?"

"You know well enough. And so do I. But I want to give you a chance to speak before I beat the daylights out of you."

Neebe sputtered a moment; then he began to plead.

"About that girl, you mean?" Noll did not waste a nod, but his look was confirmation enough. Neebe did not wait for definite indictment.

"Why, I never meant any harm to the little lady. I wouldn't harm a flea. You oughta know me well enough not to suspicion I would. But I'll tell you how it was, Noll. You see it was like this, Noll. I'm up at Fort Madison sellin' a little bill of goods, and comin' long home in my car, I remember a frien' o' mine in Macuta and I roll round to say howdy, and I see a big freight-train spilled all over the Santy Fee tracks. Well, whilst I'm looking it over, the Chicago express comes along and nearly smashes into the box-cars. The passengers climb out cussin' the delay and the place they've got to spend it at.

"Well, it looks like a long job clearin' the track, and I guess I'll be moseyin' along when up comes one of the passengers, nice young lady, and says the

station-agent says she can maybe make Chicago in the morning by cuttin' over to Carthage and pickin' up the Q., and would I take her. I says of course I would. Well, she offers me money, but I says I never take money off a lady, and she's entirely welcome. She's in an awful rush and I don't hit nothin' but the high spots. What's a little gasoline to oblige a lady? Well, I just couldn't go fast enough to suit her."

"You were fresh enough to suit her, though!" Noll snarled. "You put your dirty hands on her fast enough."

"Aw, I didn't mean nothin'. I'm a feller's very susceptible to good looks, and I may have been a mite too polite on first acquaintance. But I wouldn't of harmed her. You oughta know me well enough to know that, Noll. Why, I just run that car of mine to death to oblige her and never charged her a cent. I lose one shoe, and finally—splung! into a telephone pole, and bim! goes the wheel."

"That little trick cost me twenty-five plunks, or will when I pay it."

"I'll pay it," said Noll.

"You will?" said Neebe, a flash of joy breaking through his gray alarm. "I'll tell John and Joe. Well, as I'm tellin' you, we missed the Q. on account of bustin' the wheel, and she's in an awful stew about it."

"Well, I don't want to see the little lady sittin' down in the deepo till three A. M.; so I says: 'Come on up to the house, and Ma will be glad to see you.'"

"Was your ma at home?" said Noll.

Neebe turned white and nearly dropped. "Well, I naturally supposed she was. It turned out she was in Buena Vista, but I'd forgot that."

Noll was sick with rage. He thought of the other sister in the grip of the Thuringian beast and Dimmy at the mercy of this slimy adventurer. But he controlled himself. "Go on—get it out."

"Well, goin' up the street the little lady—I never got her name—well, anyways, she's so nice and grateful and so sad and all, that I got a little too friendly, I guess. She stops by that tree by your house and wants to rest a minute, and I offered her my arm and—and—" He caught Noll's steely eye. "Well, you see, Noll, she was so pretty, and I'm a very susceptible feller, and—well, at that I only tried to put my arm around her."

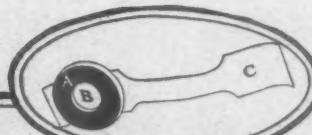
"O' course she said 'Stop!' but they all do, and—well, you know what women are like. So I supposed she just wanted a little coaxin', and I guess I did use a little force. She didn't scream or anything—just mumbled something I couldn't understand. I'm very strong, you know, and—well, I was just goin' to—I was goin' to give her one little kiss, you know, when—my Gawd, she just died on me. She just crumpled up and slid to the ground. I thought she must have been attacked with heart-disease and went out like folks do sometimes. I'd ought to have got a doctor, but somethin' put such a scare in me, I lit out for home. Gawd, what a night I spent!"

"Next mornin' I inquired around and heard folks sayin' a strange girl had been picked up outside the Winsors', and nobody knew if she was goin' to die or not. So I knew she was in good hands. But I was afraid she'd tell on me, and besides, I had business out of town and



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I—I couldn't wait. I wrote to a certain party in town, and they said she was still sick, so I took a chance and come on home. And that's all, so help me, Noll! I don't know what to say or do. What you want me to say or do?"

Noll glared at him. He was more caterpillar than ever. Crushing him would be a sickening task. People were coming and going along the street. And the thought sung in Noll's heart that if it had not been for this loathsome creature's doing just exactly what he did, Dimny Parcot would have passed through Carthage without ever entering Noll's life. Noll could not punish the wretch for being what he was, because he owed him so much gratitude as well as so much contempt.

The most he could accomplish was to say:

"You want to know what you can say and do? Well, I'll tell you. You can keep this thing to yourself till your dying day. If you do, I won't harm you. If you breathe a word of it to a human being, I'll make you wish your father and mother had died before they met. Understand? Promise?"

"Promise? Great Lord, I ain't likely to tell on myself, am I? I swear to Gawd, nobody will ever hear a squeak from me."

"All right, then! Go on about your business, if you have any. And if your tongue gets to itching, cut it out and save yourself trouble."

"Count on me, Noll. Don't worry about me, Noll. Much obliged, Noll." He hurried off; then he turned round and came back to say: "And do I tell John and Joe to look to you?"

Noll shoved his hand in his pocket and gave Neebe twenty-five dollars.

"Get your car yourself," he said. "And if you take my advice, you'll move to another State."

"You said something then, Noll. I ain't stuck on this one."

CHAPTER XVI

WHEN Noll reached home, he found Dr. Mitford in a mood of great excitement. His patient had come out of her sleep and had enacted exactly the same scene that she had played for Noll.

Mrs. Winsor had been present, and she signaled Noll that she had not betrayed her knowledge of its repetition. And Noll played the part of surprise too, as best he could. Dr. Mitford was too much elated with the success of his treatment to observe any constraint on Noll's part, and he was rendered even more incandescent when Noll told him that Lou Neebe had confessed to being the man who had frightened the girl almost to death. Noll told the Doctor all that Lou Neebe had told him, but none of the things that he had found out for himself.

Dr. Mitford had to think this over, and he went about his business, promising to return that night before eight with a new program.

As soon as he had gone, and as soon as the nurse had been invited to take her usual two hours of air, Noll went with his mother to Dimny's room. She was sleeping truly now, in a gracefully

lithe attitude, with color alive in her cheeks and in her arms, and with the breath lifting her bosom gently, peacefully, lovable.

And now Noll tried another experiment from the books. He began to say to her: "You are well now, Dimny. Your nightmare is over. This is Noll Winsor talking. When the clock strikes, count the strokes. And when it strikes eight times, open your eyes and take up your life again. Understand?"

He said this over and over and over. He held her warm hand while he said it, and though he felt no answering pressure, every time he said "Understand?" there was a little tremor in the great petals of her eyelids as if they were impatient to obey.

At a little before eight the Doctor came. The nurse was there in uniform. Noll and his mother waited outside the door. They did not know what stimulus the Doctor had planned to use. He wanted to perform his miracle himself.

The town clock began to boom in long, leaping throbs of sound. Eight times the billows of tone went across the air, and then Noll and his mother heard the Doctor gasp. They heard the nurse drop something as the Doctor cried out: "Quick! put pillows back of her!"

Noll could not wait. He opened the door and said:

"Did you call me?"

The Doctor answered by pointing toward the bed.

DIMNY PARCOT sat upright, oblivious of her audience and putting her hair back with gentle sweeping gestures of her arms. She was perfecting a noble yawn. Noll had never before admired the act or thought it beautiful. Always before it had meant a losing battle with sleep. Now it was the last struggle of sleep. It was the twilight before the daybreak.

Dimny had come back to life. And nothing proved it more vividly than the fact that as her eyes made out that she was not alone, one of her hands dropped quickly before her lips to hide her magnificent yawn, and she gasped:

"I beg your pardon!"

She was awake enough now to realize that there were strangers who stared at her. And her muscles, taking up again their instinctive duties, gathered the coverlet about her, and she began to be afraid again.

Mrs. Winsor pushed the Doctor and Miss Stowell aside, clasped her close and spoke to her motherly:

"My dear, you are with friends. You have been ill, but we love you and you are well again."

Dimny acknowledged the affection by returning the embrace; then she disengaged herself a little to say:

"Thank you. You're very good. But who—who—please—who are you? And where are we?"

"I am Mrs. Winsor, and this is my son Noll Winsor, and this is Dr. Mitford and Miss Stowell."

"Noll Winsor!" Dimny cried. "Oh, I know that name."

Noll blushed with joy to think that his courtship had not been altogether vain. But when he stepped forward, her eyes did not know him, and she shrank into his

mother's arms, whispering: "I beg your pardon. I'm mistaken. I've never seen you before, I think."

Noll said nothing, but fell back disheartened. Doctor Mitford took charge of the case and told his patient in his bedside manner that she had been through a fever, and that she was all well but the getting strong enough to go about her business.

"About my business—oh yes!" said Dimny. And then a wave of terror broke over her. She seemed to be retreating into her past, when the Doctor sharply commanded her to stop her nonsense and get well.

Dimny responded to the lash and collected herself. She asked:

"Does anybody know who I am?"

Doctor Mitford rescued the Winsors from their consciences by saying:

"We haven't the faintest idea, except that you missed your train and fell into the hands of an impudent fool and then into the hands of these good people here. Don't tell us anything till you're good and ready. The main thing is you've missed your train, and the sooner you wake up and the more you eat and do as you are told, the sooner you'll catch another."

Dimny pondered a long while, eying the spectators furtively before she made another query:

"Did I have anything with me—any money, or anything?"

Noll spoke: "Yes, my mother found this."

Dimny started at his voice and stared at him keenly, but when he brought forward the money-belt she took it eagerly from his hand. She merely glanced at the money, but she studied the stitching closely. Her fingers surreptitiously kneaded the space where the letter was hidden. She breathed deeply with relief.

The Doctor, understanding nothing of this, felt called upon to intervene.

"I don't want to bother you, but have you a mother or anybody that might be worrying about you?"

Noll and Mrs. Winsor put out their hands to check him, but the word had passed, and Dimny broke. Tears gushed to her eyelids; sobs pounded at her heart, and she cried: "My mother! Oh, my mother! My poor mother!"

Mrs. Winsor gathered her up again and held her while her grief flung and tore her. Mrs. Winsor ordered the Doctor and Noll and the nurse out of the room with her eyes, and whispered what comfort she could.

"Don't tell me anything you don't want to, my sweet child. But let me be your mother till you find your own."

"I wish I could tell you," Dimny wailed. "I can't, though, I can't. But you are good, good, and I'll try not to be any more trouble to you. I've been enough. Have I been here long?"

When she learned how much time had been squandered in idleness, she found strength somewhere to suffer another onslaught of pain and self-reproach.

Again Mrs. Winsor dragged her up from despair and promised her help and compelled her to take up her fardels again.

DAYS followed of alternate surrender to gloom and reconquest of hope. Always Dimny's mission had to be held

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before her. She must eat because she needed the strength. She must read or talk because her mind must not poison itself with brooding. She must go out riding in the car because the air was medicine.

She was as obedient as she could be in everything, but she would not talk of herself when the Doctor asked her to. Noll and Mrs. Winsor never troubled her. They knew already too much for their peace of mind.

She would not meet the townspeople, and the Winsors did not urge her to. They kept a guard about her, and the tormented neighbors had their own theories for their own information.

Noll was desperately in love with her, but she would none of love, except a sad and sisterly tenderness and the gratitude of a beggar. He suffered from her gratitude, but dared not ask for any other boon. His heart hungered for endearments, but he felt that his first hint of a caress might cast her back into the pit of oblivion where Lou Neebe left her. He dared not play any part but that of brother, court jester, nurse and servant.

And she gave him ample reward of thanks in all of those capacities, but never dreamed of him otherwise. She was intent upon thoughts that he understood and dared not ask to share. She was getting well frantically, too frantic-

cally for her own success. When the Doctor told her that it would take weeks to build her strength anew, she scouted him. When he warned her that any rash act might throw her back to where she had been, she yielded with reluctance.

She asked the news of the war with a feverish interest. It was December by then, and the manhood of Europe had taken up a hellish residence in the endless leagues of freezing ditches. The deadlock had gripped the armies of the world, and the sorry Christmas of 1914 was the next important event in the calendar of America.

THIS second evening after she was strong enough to take dinner with the family, Dimny sighed:

"Last Christmas I was at home with my father and my mother and my sister. And we were complaining of the flowers and the fruits of California. We wanted cold and snow. We were complaining of roses! And this Christmas! This Christmas!"

She did not weep. She was worn out with tears. But she ran from the room. Noll and his mother did not pursue her. They finished their meal in miserable silence.

Noll waited a long time now, before he said:

"Mother, hadn't you better go comfort the poor thing?"

He helped her up the stairs and stood back while his mother tapped on the door. The very sound seemed to imply an empty room. Getting no answer, Mrs. Winsor went in. An envelope set up against a pincushion caught her eye.

While she fumbled for her glasses, she called to Noll. He ran in, took the envelope from his mother's hand and read:

Dear Kind People:

Forgive me, but I have gone on my way. I have troubled you enough. This five hundred dollars is for the doctor, the nurse and a few of my expenses. I can never repay your goodness except with undying gratitude and my ceaseless prayers. If you do not hear from me again, it is because I have failed in my mission. My love for you both will never fail. God bless and keep you.

Your devoted

DIMNY.

Noll ran for his car and sent it flying to the railroad station. The Eastern express was just moving out, a sliding array of lighted windows and dark. In the smoke, sparks were alive like shooting stars. One of the baggage men told the breathless youth that he had seen a strange young lady clamber aboard the sleeping-car.

The next installment of Mr. Hughes' extraordinary novel will appear in the December RED BOOK MAGAZINE, on sale November 23rd.

ANTONIA

(Continued from page 49)

Grayson. When Antonia married, but not him, Albert at first raved around wildly, threatening to kill middle-aged George Jerensky or himself. But no killing came off. Instead, Albert began to weep noisily; and Bianca's neat black-alpaca shoulder, gently turned toward him, proved the nearest weeping-place. It seemed natural to lay his—let us say cracked; it was hardly broken!—heart there also. Then he put his name and eighteen per alongside the heart. And if the young Mrs. Grayson's eyes took on a certain greenish light whenever the young Mrs. Jerensky swept through the store, no one knew it, because the capable Bianca had been promoted to the book-keeping department and naturally her eyes were mostly turned bookward.

Albert Grayson had never been laid off—or raised, either. At the end of these seven years he was still drawing eighteen dollars a week—which may have been the reason his irresolute mouth had become resolutely saturnine and drooping. Or he may have stayed around the eighteen-mark because of his saturnine and drooping mouth!

Let it not be supposed that the young wife of the owner of the store had anything to do with his retention on the Jerensky pay-roll, or with his wife Bianca's promotion. No, indeed! It was no case of heaping coals of fire on the head of an ancient enemy or of kindness to an old lover. No, no! In one respect Antonia proved her young self an ideal wife. When stout, bald George fatuously (and sheepishly too, for he was too much the son of his father not to know a fool when he met one, even though the fool

happened to be himself) told her that he wanted to marry her, merely that he might give her all her heart desired, she took him at his word and let him get busy.

Albert did not know this. Once, when Bianca sniffed a suspicion of his mental fidelity, he snapped: "Aw, I forgot her and her brassy brown eyes a long time ago. But"—he could not forbear adding this darkly—"she aint forgotten me, you bet! She don't ever look me in the eye when she meets me in an aisle." Poor Albert! He might not have believed if told—or any other man, possibly, in like case!—that she did not look him in his sour light-blue eyes because she was utterly engrossed in her own sweet thoughts, being usually on her way either to tell her husband to buy her a new fur coat or to hear him tell her, with an indulgent chuckle, that her bank-account was overdrawn and she ought to let him know in advance when she was going to do anything like that so he could add to it.

He was a happy man, George Jerensky. Even strangers and Bianca could see that he thought Antonia's slim, curved, lovely body the best bit of work that the Creator had done.

And Alton Greminway saw. George happened to be there the second time young Mr. Greminway beheld young Mrs. Jerensky. And the second time the young man saw Antonia, this time getting a full front view of her golden-brown irises, he felt a queer shock in the region of his chest.

To himself he reflected at once—and afterward told Antonia—"hat the translu-

cent gold-brown rims of her irises made him think, for some reason, of cathedrals. But Antonia did not tell Alton Greminway—perhaps she had forgotten—that the devout light glowing in her eyes that day was due to a conviction that her fatuous husband was planning to buy her a new motor-car. At that time, Antonia Jerensky's idea of a perfect day was to spend four superb hours getting her handsome young body into some superb clothes and then glide madly down Michigan Boulevard (or as madly as traffic regulations permitted) in a superb car to a tea-room where was served a delectable iced fruit salad.

Very soon afterward Antonia's ideas about days changed. None was perfect unless during it she met Alton Greminway for an hour or two, or a minute or two—or spoke to him over the phone.

She never remembered precisely how this state of mind and affairs came about. George introduced her that day to his new efficiency-manager—who, by the way, did not come from Chicago's West Side, but from the west side of New York City, which is an altogether different location. A day or two later she met him again, in an aisle of the store. He bowed politely, and she nodded politely. And a week or so later she met him again.

Then it began to seem to Antonia that she had always known well his bright-blue, clever eyes, known them long as well as well! Also the look in those eyes—eager, wide, pulsing. To be sure, it was a familiar look to her. Many men-folks—Oh, the last names that Antonia had forgotten! But the evening of that day of introduction she asked George

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Jerensky how to spell his new manager's last name.

Not long afterward she had strolled up to George's private office and found ensconced in its solitude only Alton Greminway. It was an hour and fifty-six minutes before George Jerensky got back from the monthly directors' meeting at the Jerensky West Side Bank. In an hour and fifty-six minutes two people can exchange quite a lot of autobiography and persiflage.

A MONTH later—could it have been possible that Antonia remembered the date of the monthly directors' meeting?—it happened that she again found Mr. Greminway alone in that office. And as during the month several meetings, more or less casual, had occurred, there may be some excuse for the fact that Alton Greminway, losing his sense of wisdom, expediency, decorum, reserve and propriety, was moved by the flutter of Antonia's silky chestnut lashes to blurt forth words that shouldn't be blurted to a young married woman.

Antonia looked at him regretfully—and gratefully—much as she had looked, years before, at Otto Hafer, George Tack and others, much as she often looked at her middle-aged husband. But all those persons had given her something to gain the glance of gratitude. Alton Greminway had given her nothing except his heart; and that, he told her plainly, he grudged her.

"A rotten bit of luck!"—angrily. "You're the only woman I'll ever care for—and you're married already!"

"I'm sorry," murmured Antonia politely and regretfully.

"Sorry for what? Because I've fallen in love with you—or because you're married?"

Antonia's regretful golden-brown eyes fell, for a second, before his staring, angry blue ones. But she raised them gently at once and said nicely: "Because you love me. I dare say there was some nice, pretty girl that you—"

Now there had indeed been a nice girl (though not so very pretty) back at the university that had given Alton Greminway the degree that had put him in line to accept charge of the Jerensky store, and he had half intended to look her up sometime in the coming years. But now he answered young Mrs. George Jerensky fiercely: "There is no girl but you, and there never will be any till I am dead."

What more he would have said—or what Antonia might have said to what he had already said—cannot be known, because at that point, the directors' meeting being over, George Jerensky entered the office.

YOUNG Mrs. Jerensky's character at that time may or may not be analyzed from the fact that for one month thereafter, including the day of the next directors' monthly meeting, she did not take her silky-eyelashed self near her husband's department-store; but as soon as the month and the day were over, she forthwith betook herself there every day for five successive days—and fluttered leisurely from floor to floor and from aisle to aisle until she, accidentally, happened to meet Mr. Greminway.

And Mr. Alton Greminway's character may or may not be analyzed from the fact that the first of these five days he said "How d'ye do, Mrs. Jerensky?" and busily went right on his way to the dry-goods section of her husband's store; and the second day he said "Good afternoon," and went right on his way to the men's-shoes section—though it seemed to be not quite so busy a way as the previous day; and the third day he said "How do you do?" and went somewhat slowly on his way to the wrapping department; and the fourth day he said "Good day!" and went hesitatingly on his way to the book-keeping booths; and the fifth day he said "Ah—good morning!" and almost paused before he went on his way to the hardware section—almost paused, but not quite; Mrs. George Jerensky glanced carefully to see.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that on the first day of these five Antonia wore a coffee-colored broadcloth dress with chestnut-colored fur trimmings that perfectly matched her silky eyelashes; and on the second day she wore a brand-new chocolate-colored fur coat which exactly matched her sleek puffed hair; and on the third day she wore a golden-brown velvet costume which precisely matched her irises; and on the fourth day she wore a royal blue outfit that resembled nothing so much as a splash of summer sky and perfectly matched the big-stoned earrings in her small pink ears; and on the fifth day she wore a black-and-cream striped suit with cream stripes that exactly matched her lovely complexion. Verily, Antonia was one of those to whom much had been given, including an eye for effective gowning of her slim self.

Also, incidentally, it may be remarked that on the fourth day Bianca Nordberg Grayson looked up in time to catch Mr. Greminway's irritated manner toward his employer's wife. And that day and the next she noted the effective gowns. Whereupon Bianca's eyes became green with intuition. "I wonder!" she murmured spitefully to herself. "I've always looked for something of the sort."

A FULL week later Antonia, in her plainest fur coat, walked down the center aisle of the first floor and met him face to face.

Without any "How do you do?" at all, Alton Greminway, his face more drawn than was compatible with efficiency or management, stated fiercely at once: "I want to see you—talk to you—and right away!"

Antonia listened meekly, almost as meekly as a cash-girl might listen to a domineering floorwalker.

Half an hour later she inattentively put a spoon into a plate of fruit salad brought her by a leisurely waiter in a tea-room on Michigan Avenue, and at the same time told Alton Greminway that never in all her life had she cared so much for anything or anybody as she cared for him.

"Oh—Antonia!" gasped that young man, exceedingly enraptured and honestly surprised. For he had been nursing a large, grouchy suspicion that what was life and death, so to speak, to him, was merely a pleasing fillip of flirtation to this cool, lovely-eyed young woman.

Antonia nodded, lashes low.

"Why, then, that's all that's necessary to be said!" gurgled Greminway, almost incoherent from joy, and not at all suspecting that he was using precisely the same words used by a blue-eyed but less resolute and lower-positioned young man some years back. "It's all right! I'll resign this week. Don't want to be in his pay another week. Anyway, I've got the offer of a better one back in New York. You can get a divorce right away"—he spoke with the assurance of one sure of his times—"and we'll get married."

Antonia began to dig her spoon around in her salad.

"Of course I can't give you quite as much as he has," airily went on Greminway. "But you won't starve"—with a confident laugh. "And maybe you won't miss—"

"Oh, I wouldn't miss anything," said Antonia, lashes still low, absorbedly separating a shred of iced pineapple from a shred of iced apricot. "I used to think things—good things—were all that there is in life. But—" Suddenly she raised her long, silky chestnut eyelashes and looked at Alton Greminway's capable, attractive face.

Though Alton Greminway did not know it, only one other of his sex had ever received so eloquent and so sincere a look from Antonia. The other had been a small, anemic cash-boy named Willy Anderson who reddened and gulped with almost hurting rapture when he obtained it—which was when he gave Antonia a handful of chocolate-covered macaroons—the most delectable gift that the lean, hungry little Antonia had ever received.

Alton Greminway, though older—oh, by many years and by many experiences—than stunted, white-faced Willy, reddened too, and he gulped twice before he could cry in an undertone: "Oh, Antonia darling!"

But Antonia herself was talking in a gulpy undertone. And her chin, which usually was as firm as a charming chunk of creamy marble, was visibly trembling. "I—I didn't know I could care more for a man than for—for just things," she quavered. "But I—I don't want anything now but—just *you*—all the rest of my life!"

"Why, everything's all right then!" Alton Greminway actually stammered. "Certainly you can get a divorce somehow, or make him divorce you, if he won't act decent—though I've an idea he'll be all right and be willing for you to be happy."

"Oh, I—I'm sure he would," said Antonia slowly, again absorbedly digging the silver spoon round and round in the iced fruit. "George would want me to be happy; he's always saying he wants to be sure to give me everything I want. And he's given me lots; if I hadn't met you I'd never have minded him."

ALTON GREMINWAY grinned almost idiotically in his delight and said eloquently: "Ah, if I hadn't met *you*! And, d'ye know, I came darned near taking a position down in St. Louis instead of this." Then suddenly he reverted to type—jealous type. "Well, what if he has given you lots of things! He can't

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Very thoughtfully Antonia continued painstakingly to separate iced apricot from iced pineapple. And it was evident that in her head was going on a mental process that Alton Greminway could not guess. For now she asked irrelevantly: "Did you ever notice my Aunt Theresa? Often she's around the store somewhere."

"Tall woman in purple charmeuse mostly?" asked Greminway. "Yes, some one—Mrs. Grayson of the bookkeeping department, I believe—pointed her out to me."

There was a glint of a smile in his eyes. "That purple dress is a nice one!" said Antonia defensively.

"Certainly!" tenderly and readily agreed Alton Greminway, suppressing the amused glint. Purple and satin had come too late in Theresa Balesti's life for her to wear them except incongruously.

"George gave it to her," slowly informed Antonia. "He has given her lots of things—as well as me."

"Why, that's all very well, dear," said Greminway uneasily, "but—"

Antonia Jerensky laid down her silver spoon. On the small iced plate a heap of shredded golden apricot lay quite separated from a heap of shredded yellow pineapple. "It—it isn't honest not to pay for things," she said slowly—and sadly—and decisively.

"See here, Antonia," cried Alton Greminway, startled. "You mustn't have any such idea. That's nonsense."

Antonia raised silvery lashes, and Alton Greminway, looking down startled into her eyes, suddenly went white. "Antonia!" But it was significant that the accent of his voice was not pleading but despairing.

"I think you'd better take that position in New York," she declared simply, and rose.

Alton Greminway rose too—unsteadily. "I—I suppose I'd better," said he, with white lips. "But I—I don't think I can stand it, Antonia. "Oh,"—drearly—"Antonia!"

THE day that Alton Greminway left for New York, George Jerensky received a short letter—anonymous, in a feminine and bookkeeperish handwriting. Reading it, he first sighed and then brooded. Then he sought Antonia and said to her wistfully: "Antonia, if ever you feel that you don't want to stay married to me—"

Antonia laid her soft, creamy cheek against his stout, overhanging one. And if in her action there was none of that passion which can drive blood into completely out of a cheek, there was, on the other hand, none of that repulsion which makes the touch of cheek upon cheek unendurable.

"But I want to," said she.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE HASTY ARROW

(Continued from page 88)

look for comfort, wherever the action of the law may leave him."

She shivered once; then she glowed with renewed fire.

"Thank you," she said; "I will not fail him."

CHAPTER XXXI

THEY waited while he wrote. A calm quite unlike that which the victim of his ambition had shown under the stress of equal suffering, if not equal guilt, had subdued his expression to one of unmoved gloom, never to be broken again.

Having finished, he rose and handed over what he called the statement of his case to the gentlemen awaiting it.

I, CARLETON ROBERTS, in face of an inquiry which is about to be held on the death of her who called herself Barbara Willets but whose real name is, as I have since been told, Barbe Duclos, wish to make this statement in regard to the same:

It was at my hand she died. I strung the bow and let fly the arrow which killed this unfortunate child—but not with the intention of finding my mark in her innocent bosom. She simply got in the way of the woman for whom it was intended—if I really was governed by intent.

The child was a stranger to me, but the woman whom she saved by this lightning bound I had known long and well. My wrongs to her had been great, but she had kept silence during my whole married life; and believing the past quite dead because I saw no signs of life, I allowed my ambition to build recklessly upon this fact. Those who read this may know how majestic were my hopes. I was happy, arrogantly so, perhaps, when without premonition on my part, the woman I had not seen in years—whom, if I thought of her at all, I honestly believed to be dead—wrote me a letter recalling her claims and demanding from me their speedy recognition. After fifteen years—and at a time when I had not only entered upon a new matrimonial engagement but had reached that culminating point in my political life where one breath of scandal might destroy the hope of years!

The shock was too much. I could not meet her demands; at least, not knowing the woman she had become, I thought I couldn't; and to defy her meant the loss of all prestige if not actual disgrace.

What remained?

If there had been any prospect of escape from the impending scandal by means usually employed by men in my position, I might have given my thoughts less rein and been saved at least from crime. But I could see no way but the one. She was not a woman who could be bought. She was not even one I could cajole. Death only would rid me of her. If fate would only bring me this deliverance! This is as far as I went at first.

But when my sleep began to be dis-

turbed by dreams,—and this was very soon,—I could not hide from myself toward what fatal goal my thoughts were tending. *To be freed from her!* *To be freed from her!* dinned itself in my ears, sleeping or waking, at home or abroad. The plan for which I was seeking unfolded itself before me the day I came upon a discarded bow lying to open view in the Museum cellar. The woman who blocked my way, against whom I meditated this crime, was connected in my mind with Alpine scenery and Alpine events. It was at Lucerne I had first met her, young, fresh, but giving no promise of the woman she has since become; and in the visions which came and went before my eyes, it was not herself I saw so much as the surroundings of those days, and the feats of prowess by which I had hoped to win her approbation.

Among these was the shooting at a small target with a bow and arrow. I had become very proficient in this. I had shot as by instinct. I could never tell whether I really took aim or not, but the arrow had infallibly hit the mark. In my dreams I always saw it flying, and when this bow came to hand, a thought of what the two might accomplish came with it. Yet even then I had no real idea of putting into practice this fancy of a distempered brain. I brought the bow up from the cellar and hid it unstrung in the Curator's closet, more from idle impulse, I fondly thought, than from any definite purpose.

Another day I saw the Curator's keys lying on his desk and used them to open a passage to the upper floor. But still I felt sure that I would never use the bow even after I had thrust it near to hand behind the tapestry.

But the devil knew me better than I knew myself. Impelled by these same instincts, I answered the letter sent me, with the assurance that I would surely see her; but I did not name any day, intuitively knowing that what I dreamed of doing but certainly should not do required a certain set of circumstances not always to be fulfilled. Instead, I bade her show herself in the second section of the western gallery every Tuesday and Friday at the exact hour of noon. If at the moment when the two hands of the clock came together, she should see me standing on the lower step of the main staircase, she was to know that I was free to talk, and would soon join her. If she did not see me there, she was to return home and come another day.

She answered that she would come but once, and set the day.

I was to wait two weeks. Why she required this I do not know. Before I saw her, I thought it was from a sheer desire to make me suffer; now I know it was not for that. However, it did make me suffer from the alternate weakening and strengthening of my resolve. When the day came, the most trivial of circumstances would have deterred me from what still had the nature of a dream to me. Unhappily, everything worked for its fulfillment. There were never fewer



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in the building at the noon hour; nor had there ever been a time during the two weeks when the Curator was more completely occupied in a spot quite remote from his office. As I tried the door leading up the little winding staircase to the one back of the tapestry where the bow lay, and found it, just as I had left it, unlocked, I for the first time had a sense that my courage, concerning which I had my doubts, would hold. At that moment I was a murderer in heart and purpose.

As I recognized this, I felt my face go pale and my limbs shake from horror of myself. Had anyone been nigh, I should have been a marked man to that person forever. But I was quite alone and I felt my blood flow evenly again as I slipped from behind the tapestry to my place of concealment back of the upper pedestal. I felt sure of finding her in the place I had set, true to the time and minute.

I had not seen her, as I have said, in fifteen years; and I had no other picture of her in my mind, than her appearance as a girl, coarsened by time and disappointment. Why I should have looked for just this sort of change in her, God knows; but I did expect it and probably would not have recognized her if I had passed her in the court.

I had picked out Section II as the place where she was to show herself, because it was in a direct line with the course an arrow would take from a sight behind the vase. I had bade her to look for me in the court, and that would bring her forward to the balustrade in front. A knot of scarlet ribbon at her breast was to distinguish her. But the spot I had thus chosen for her, and the spot I had equally chosen for myself, had this common disadvantage: I could see my mark from the peephole I have mentioned, but very little else either way, so that after the one glimpse I got from the side of the pedestal of a woman's figure entering the opposite gallery by the upper arch, I saw nothing more till there flashed upon my view the scarlet bow of the woman for whom I was waiting.

For an instant I was dazzled. I had not expected to see so noble a figure; and in that instant my resolution failed; she was almost saved—I was almost saved—when instinct got the better of my judgment, and the arrow flew from the string just as there bounded past her that young creature all alive with delight at seeing her steamer-admirer watching her from the opposite gallery.

The shock of thus beholding a perfect stranger fell under my hand benumbed me, but only for an instant. Pulling out the edge of the tapestry, I slipped behind it through the door left open for my passage, dropping the bow in my wake. This caused me no thought and awakened no fears. But what took all the nerve I possessed, and gave me in one awful moment a foretaste of the terror and despair awaiting me in days to come, was the opening of the second door—the one leading into the Curator's office.

What might I not be forced to encounter when the knob to this was turned—some strolling guest, Correy the attendant, or the guard? But my fears did not make me hesitate in my course for an

instant. Everything depended upon my being one of the crowd when the fire alarm was raised. So, with the daring of one who in escaping a present danger hurls himself knowingly into another equally perilous, I pushed open the door and entered the office.

It was empty! Fortune had favored me thus far. Nor was there anyone in the court beyond, near enough or interested enough to note my presence or observe any effort I might make at immediate departure. With hope riding high that I should yet reach the street before my crime was discovered, I made for the nearest exit. But I was not destined to reach it. When I was only some half-dozen paces from the great door, Correy's cry rang loudly through the building. By this, egress was shut off, and I was left to face my own deed and its possible consequences, with no aid but my own assurance.

How that served me, you have seen. Steeled by a sense of my own danger, I was able to confront the woman whom I had so deeply wronged, whom I had even endeavored to kill, and to ask those questions upon her answers to which depended not only my honor, but my very life. . . .

Now, as the shadows fall thickly about me and the past page of my dishonorable existence awaits to be turned, my mortal wound is this: that I must leave to loneliness and unspeakable grief the great-souled woman who has seen into the heart of my crime and yet has forgiven me. All else of anguish or dread is swallowed up in this one overwhelming sorrow. To her my heart's thanks are here given; to her my last word is due.

CHAPTER XXXII

THAT was all; the pen dropped from Roberts' hand, and he sat inert, almost pulseless, in the desolation of a despair known only to those who, at a blow, have sunk from the height of public applause into the depths of irretrievable ignominy.

The district attorney, who was a man of more feeling than was usually supposed, contemplated him in compassionate silence for a moment; then gently—very gently for him—he leaned forward and drew from under the unresisting hands the scattered sheets which lay in disorder before him, and passed them on to his stenographer.

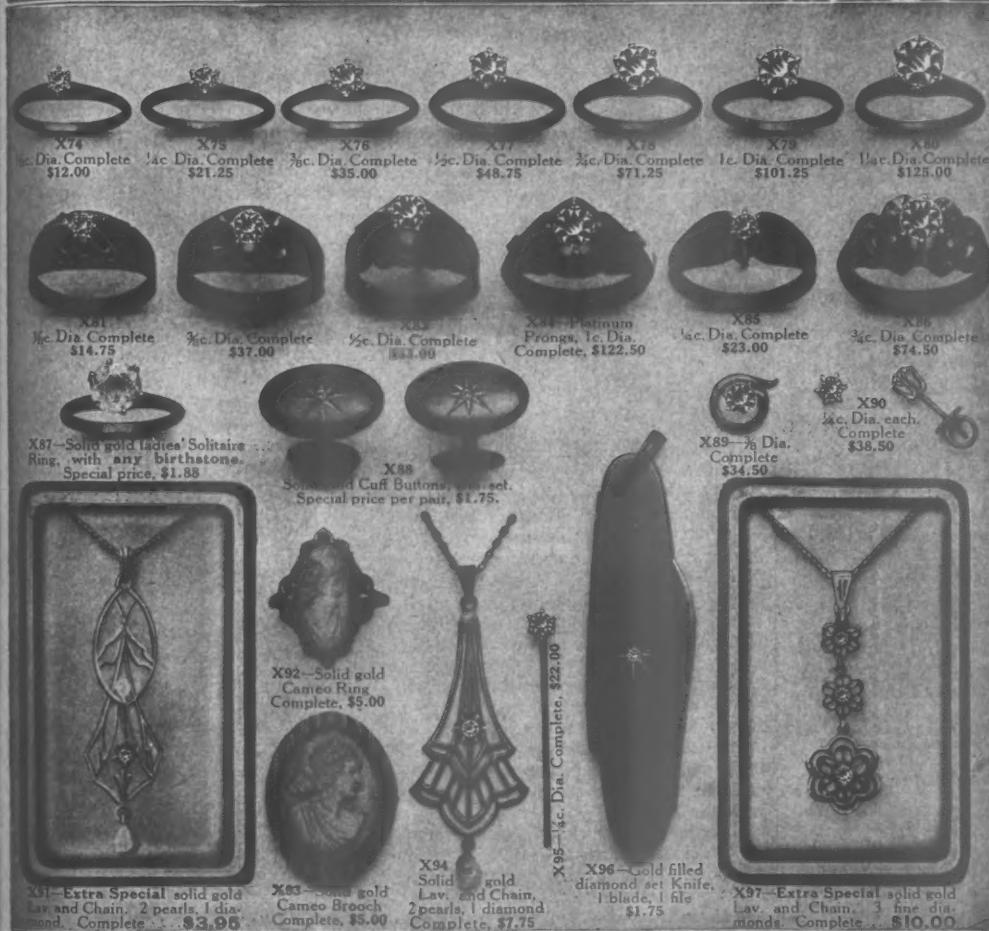
"Read," said he; but immediately he changed his mind and took them back. "I will read them myself. Mr. Roberts, I must ask you to listen. It is right for you to know exactly what you have written before you affix your signature to it."

Mr. Roberts bowed mechanically, but he looked very weary.

The district attorney began to read. It is a matter of doubt whether Mr. Roberts so much as heard him. Yet the reading went on, and when the last word was reached, the district attorney, after a pause during which his eye had consulted that of the chief inspector, remarked in a kindly tone and yet with an emphasis impossible to disregard:

"I see that you have made no mention of Madame Duclos in this relation of the

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cause and manner of her young daughter's death. Is it possible that you are ignorant of the part she played in your affairs or the reasons she had for the suicide with which she ended her life?"

"I know nothing of the woman but that she was the mother of the girl"—Mr. Roberts hesitated, then let the dreadful word fall—"that I killed."

"She was a friend of Mrs. Taylor," suggested the chief inspector as the silence grew somewhat oppressive, "an old friend, a friend of her early days—do you not remember?"

"I do not."

His tormentors went no further. Why harass him for an item of knowledge which the morrow would certainly bring to light? Instead they hurried through the remaining formalities, adding to the reading already made that of such answers as he had given to their questions, and witnessing while he signed both papers.

This done, he was left for a moment in peace while the two officials drew aside into the embrasure of the window for a momentary conference.

HE seemed to notice the hush, for he roused from the torpor into which he was about again to sink and glanced cautiously about him. The stenographer was busy with his papers, and the other two stood with their backs to him. If help were to come, it must come now. This he realized with a sudden graying of his face which took from it the last vestige of that youthfulness which had been its distinguishing feature; and the finger which had fumbled from time to time in his vest pocket, stole thither once more, bringing forth a little vial which in another moment he raised to his lips.

Was there no one to see, no one to stop him?

No, the stenographer was closing up his bag; and the two officials were deep in conversation. He could drain the last drop unseen.

But the sound of the little vial crashing upon the hearthstone whither he had flung it broke the quiet and startled the district attorney forward in a doubt bordering upon terror.

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to the fragments that had just missed the ash heap.

"It contained oblivion," was the answer given him in steady tones. "Do you wonder that I sought it? Nothing can save me. I have two minutes before me. I would dedicate them to her."

His head fell forward on his hands. The clock on the mantel struck. Could it be that when the minute-hand had circled its small disc twice—

This was the thought of the district attorney, but not of the chief inspector. He had advanced to the desk where Mr. Roberts was still sitting, and he said with a gravity exceeding any he had hitherto shown:

"Mr. Roberts, I have a great disappointment for you. This little vial of yours, which held poison yesterday, contained nothing but a few drops of harmless liquid to-day. The change was made in the night, by one suspicious of your intention. You will have to face the full consequences of your crime."

Carleton Roberts' arms collapsed, and his face fell forward upon them, and they heard a groan. Then in the short silence which followed, another and a very different sound broke upon their ear. Seven clear calls from the cuckoo-clock rang out from the room beyond, followed by a woman's smothered cry.

It was the one ironic touch the situation had lacked. It pierced the heart of Carleton Roberts and started him in anguish to his feet.

"O God!" he cried, "that I should have let that thing of evil shriek out the wicked hours from day to day, only to torment her now with old remembrances! Why did I not crush it to atoms long ago? Why leave it here?"

With a dash he was in the hall. In another instant he was at the door of his bedroom, followed by the two officials crowding closely behind him.

Would they find her there? Yes, but not, as was to be expected, in an attitude of increased weakness, if not of utter collapse. Instead of that she stood quite apart from Mr. Gryce, with her form drawn up to its full height and her finger pointing, not at the cuckoo clock, as all looked to see, but at a small newspaper print of the dead girl's face pinned up on another wall.

"Why is that here?" she cried in a passionate inquiry which ignored every other presence than that of him who must heed and answer her. "Carleton, Carleton, why have you pinned that young girl's face up opposite your bed where you can see it on wakening, where it can look at you and you at it? Or, perhaps you did not put it there yourself? Perhaps it is a trick of the police to startle you into betrayal. Was it? Was it?"

"No, Ermentrude." The words came slowly but firmly. "I put it there myself. I thought it would haunt me less than if left to my imagination."

Then in a low tone which perhaps reached no other ears than hers:

"I do not know what it does to me, or what I see in it—something besides youth and beauty, something—"

"Hush!" She had him by the arm. "These men are listening."

But with a convulsive movement he broke from her hold, and in so doing his eyes fell on a mirror confronting him from the opposite side of the room. Two faces were visible in it, his own and that of his young victim pictured in the print hanging on the wall behind him. They seemed alive. Both of them seemed alive, and as he saw them thus in conjunction, the sweat started on his forehead and he uttered a great cry. Then he stood still, swaying from side to side, the eyes starting from his head in a horror transcending all that had gone before.

"Take him away!" she cried. "Out of the room! Let him remain anywhere but here. I pray you—I entreat."

But he was not to be moved.

"Ermentrude," he whispered, "they say her name was Duclos. She gave her name as Willetts. What was her name? You know the truth and can tell me."

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BOSTON BLACKIE'S MARY (Continued from page 76)

Ellis sprawled across the room and toppled to the floor. In a second Blackie was upon him again, grasping his throat in a frenzy of savagery.

The whole reception-room was in an uproar. Women screamed; convicts shouted encouragement. Blackie's vise-grip was strangling the all-but-unconscious guard. Mary's voice, pleading with him frantically, restored the convict to sanity.

"Don't kill him! Don't kill him!" she begged. "For your sake and mine, let him go, dear. Think what it means to us both!"

Slowly Blackie's grip loosened. He dropped the man and took Mary in his arms.

"Good-by, dear one," he said. "I've tried to get by here without trouble, but Sherwood won't let me. From now on I've just one purpose. I'm going to beat this place. I'm going to escape. Watch and wait for me. It may be a month; it may be a year—but some day I'll come."

Guards summoned by the uproar rushed in, and one struck Blackie over the head with a club, laying him bleeding and senseless.

Blackie, still unconscious, was carried inside the gates and to the Deputy's office, where Sherwood was informed that Boston Blackie had committed the most heinous of prison crimes: he had struck an officer.

"Take him to Punishment Hall and leave him there for to-night. Don't give him punishment of any kind. I'll attend to that in the morning," the Deputy ordered.

As the guards carried Boston Blackie across the yard toward the punishment chamber, Martin Sherwood took a match from his desk and lighted the cigar he had been chewing.

BOSTON BLACKIE lay on the floor in Punishment Hall trussed up in the strait-jacket as tightly as two able-bodied guards could draw the ropes. Great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. A thin trickle of blood showed on his chin, beneath where his clenched teeth bit into the flesh. The man's eyes betrayed the torture he was suffering, but no sound came from his lips.

Martin Sherwood stood above him, looking down at the helpless form in the canvas sack. He was smoking.

A prison strait-jacket hanging on a wall is nothing alarming to the eye, but in operation it is an instrument of most fiendish torture. The victim stands upright, arms straight down before him and hands on the front of each leg. The jacket itself is a heavy canvas contrivance that extends from the neck to the knees with eyelets in the back in which ropes make it possible to cinch it to any degree desired, as a woman's corset can be tightened. When the jacket is adjusted over the arms and body, the man is laid face downward on the floor and guards tighten the jacket by placing a foot on the small of the convict's back and drawing in the ropes with their full strength.



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Fully tightened, the jacket shuts off blood-circulation throughout the body almost completely. For the first five minutes, oppressed breathing is the only inconvenience felt. Then the stagnating blood commences to cause the most excruciating torture—a thousand pains as if white-hot needles are being passed through the flesh run through the body. The feet and limbs swell and turn black. Irresistible weights seem to be crushing the brain.

Four hours in the jacket made one convict a paralytic for life. Some men have endured it for a half or three quarters of an hour without crying out, but only a few.

Boston Blackie had been in the jacket for an hour and five minutes, and as yet Martin Sherwood had waited in vain for groans and pleas for release.

The prison physician stood near by, looking on anxiously. One man had died after the jacket had been used on him in San Gregorio, and the newspapers made quite a fuss about it. The doctor didn't want a repetition of that trouble, and yet he knew the man on the floor had been under punishment fully twenty minutes too long. Still the Deputy gave no indication of an intention to release him.

Five minutes passed. Blackie's face was a ghastly purple. Blood oozed from his nostrils. He rolled aimlessly to and fro on the floor, but his lips still were clenched, and no sound came from them.

The doctor grew more and more nervous. At last he called the Deputy Warden aside.

"He's had enough—more than enough, Deputy," he urged. "Hadn't we better call it off?"

"Never till he begs," said Sherwood, biting off his cigar in the middle and tossing it away. Perspiration stood on his brow too.

Five more minutes passed, and the form on the floor, too horrible now to be described, ceased to roll and toss. The doctor stooped over him quickly.

"He's out," he announced. "You've got to quit now, Sherwood. A few more minutes are likely to kill him, and anyway he's unconscious and you're not doing any good."

"Release him," said the Deputy Warden curtly. "Take him over to the hospital and bring him round. We'll try it again to-morrow."

Hours later Boston Blackie, slowly and painfully, came back into what seemed a blurred and hideous world.

"He didn't break me," he said over and over to himself. "I've beaten him again. I'll do it just once more, too. Nobody has ever escaped from this place since Martin Sherwood has been deputy, but I will."

The relieved doctor gave Blackie a drink that sent him off into an uneasy slumber in which he was climbing an interminable ladder to a garden from which Mary stretched down her arms to him, but when he seized her hands, the fingers shriveled into cigars, and her face changed to Martin Sherwood's, whose white teeth bit into his flesh until he clenched his lips to keep from crying out.

"When Blackie gets out of the hospital, put him in charge of the lawn in front of my offices," said Sherwood to the assig-



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ment captain the following morning. "I have decided not to give him any more of the jacket."

The captain wonderingly obeyed. It was the first time he had ever known the Deputy to deviate from his inflexible rule that a convict once sent to the jacket stayed until he begged for mercy.

MARTIN SHERWOOD, from within his office, stood fixedly studying Boston Blackie, who was spraying the courtyard lawn with a hose. The convict was more like a skeleton than a living man. His striped coat hung sacklike across his emaciated shoulders. His cheek-bones seemed about to burst through the crinkled, parchmentlike skin that covered them. His eyes were dull, deep-set and haggard, his movements slow and languid like a confirmed invalid's.

"He's ill, without a doubt," mused the Deputy Warden. "The doctor's evidently right about the stomach trouble. No man could counterfeit his appearance; and yet—" Sherwood's brow was wrinkled with perplexity as he studied the convict. "Everything may be as it seems. If he were any man but Boston Blackie, I should be wasting my time thinking about it. But because he is Boston Blackie I'm puzzled. It's three months since I barred his wife from the prison and gave him the jacket—three months in which he has been docile as a lamb, though I know such a man must have murder in his heart every time he lays eyes on me. Why this calm?"

The perplexed furrow in the Deputy's brow deepened. For ten minutes he stood studying Blackie without making a movement or a sound.

"One of two things is true," the Deputy concluded. "Either he is just a common con after all and I did break him in the jacket, or else he's getting ready to cover my king with the ace of trumps. Suppose his plan, whatever it is, requires him to sleep in the hospital. He'd have to be sick to get there, of course—really sick, too."

Just then Boston Blackie, unconscious of the Deputy's scrutiny, turned toward him, and the sunlight fell full on his emaciated face.

"Gad, he looks like a corpse now," was Sherwood's thought. "It's impossible that this sickness is a trick, and yet nothing is impossible to a man who can stand the jacket without a murmur. I'm going to play safe. I'm going to move him out of the hospital, though there isn't a surer place to keep a man inside the walls, as far as I can see. I'll move him, anyway. If he tries to get back there again, I'll know I'm right."

Sherwood turned to his clerk.

"Phone to the doctor to come over," he said.

THE physician protested strongly against the Deputy Warden's order to transfer Boston Blackie from his cell in the hospital to one of the dormitories in the cell-house.

"The man's nothing but a living corpse now, Deputy," he argued. "He has a stomach complaint I haven't been able to diagnose. He isn't likely to live another three months. He hasn't eaten a

thing but hard crusts of bread for weeks. Let him die in the hospital."

"Move him over to C Dormitory tomorrow morning," Sherwood commanded with finality. "I'm going to put him in with Tennessee Red, who'll keep me informed of what he does nights. I've got a hunch, Doctor, that Mr. Boston Blackie is framing another surprise-party for us. I'll find some excuse to move Red's present cell-mate out by to-morrow morning."

The doctor went back to the hospital shaking his head at the strange vagaries of his superior concerning Boston Blackie. He sent his runner, the half-witted, one-armed boy Blackie had protected on the day of the strike, for the turnkey.

"The Deputy has ordered Boston Blackie out of the hospital," he said when the messenger returned with the officer. "He thinks Blackie is framing something. I told him the man won't do anything worse than die, but he's set on moving him and so we'll have to do it. Look's to me as if Blackie's sort of on the old man's nerves since the affair of the jacket. I never knew him to worry so much about any man in the prison. He's going to put him in with Tennessee Red, his chief stool-pigeon, and see what he can find out. The Deputy won't have Red's cell-partner out till to-morrow, so don't say anything to Blackie to-night."

The officers separated. The Squirrel climbed back on his stool and looked out through the barred windows to the lawn, where he could see Boston Blackie laboriously dragging his hose across the grass. There was new grief in the Squirrel's dull eyes. He had heard what the doctor told the turnkey. They were going to take Blackie away from the hospital dormitory—Blackie, who gave the Squirrel tobacco and the inside of a loaf of bread each night—Blackie, who always protected him when the other men teased him—Blackie, his friend. The boy's eyes filled with tears. Blackie was the only one who liked to hear the Squirrel play his mouth-organ, and now they were going to take him away. But Blackie was smart. The doctor had said "not until to-morrow." Maybe if the Squirrel told Blackie at dinner-time what he had heard, Blackie would find some way to make them let him stay in the hospital. Slowly the ideas filtered through the haze that clouded the dull brain.

BOSTON BLACKIE was sitting in his dormitory cell slowly chewing the crust of a half-loaf of bread, from which he had hollowed out the soft inner portion that his tortured stomach couldn't digest, when the Squirrel slipped by the turnkey and dodged silently into the cell. The boy laid his finger on his lips as Blackie started to speak.

"They mustn't know I'm here," he said. "I heard what the doctor told the screw" (turnkey). "They're going to take you away, out of the hospital."

Boston Blackie's loaf fell to the floor.

"When, little Squirrel, when?" he whispered hoarsely, gripping the boy by the shoulder. A great fear showed in the convict's eyes.

"To-morrow, when the Deputy gets a place ready for you with Tennessee Red," the boy answered.

"Thank God, I've one more night."

One night must be enough." Blackie, scarcely aware that he was voicing his mind, sank back in relief so intense it left his whole body dripping with perspiration. A new danger occurred to him.

"What else did the doctor say, little Squirrel?" he asked.

"He said the Deputy thinks you are framing something, but it isn't so because you're going to die in three months. Are you going to die in three months, Blackie?"

"No, not in three months, little Squirrel," answered Blackie, and then softly to himself he added: "—but maybe to-night." He turned again to the boy, his mind swiftly grappling with the details of the task before him, which must be done now in a single night.

"Will you play your mouth-organ for me to-night, Squirrel?" he asked. "Will you play it all the time from lock-up till the lights go out? All the time, Squirrel, and loud so I can hear it plain. Here's a sack of tobacco for you. You won't forget? All the time, and loud."

"Yes, all the time and loud," the boy repeated, doglike devotion in his eyes.

Boston Blackie mopped a forehead dripping with cold perspiration. All his hopes of freedom depended on a half-witted boy and his mouth-organ.

BOSTON BLACKIE'S mind that afternoon was a jumble of torturing doubts, painstaking calculation and unflinching resolution. The Deputy Warden's intuition had not misled him. Blackie had planned an escape, and his every act for weeks had been taken with that sole purpose in view. His plan required that he sleep in the hospital dormitory used for tuberculous patients and others unfit for the cell-houses, but not bedridden. To accomplish this he diluted prison laundry-soap, strong with lye, and drank it day after day until it ruined his stomach and left him unable to digest any food but hard-baked crusts of bread. The lye caused him excruciating anguish, but in ten days it accomplished its purpose. Blackie had been ordered to the hospital dormitory to be put on a diet and given treatment for his puzzling stomach-trouble. He had been there two months and was still using the lye to prevent the possibility of being turned back to his old quarters. He had wrecked his physique, but each night saw him a step nearer his goal.

He wasn't ready to make his bid for freedom, but the Deputy with uncanny divination had given him no choice. He must make the attempt that night or never.

First he took a spade and laboriously began to dig around the rose-bushes that flanked the lawn. No one saw him uncover a rudely improvised saw made with his hoe-file from a steel knife stolen from the kitchen. The saw and a tobacco sack containing a single five-dollar bill were quickly hidden in his blouse. The bill had come from Mary in the cover of a book sent him according to instructions delivered by a discharged convict.

Next he asked permission to air his blankets on the clothesline in the lower yard. The toolhouse in which his garden implements were kept was near by. From

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beneath its floor he took the treasures that had cost him the hardest work and greatest risk—a civilian pair of trousers, a blue shirt and a mackinaw coat made from a blanket and a cap. It had taken him one full month to steal them from the tailor-shop where the clothes of the new arrivals were kept after they received their prison stripes. The trousers Blackie put on under his striped ones, pinning up the legs well out of sight. When his blankets went back to his cell, the coat, shirt and cap were hidden in them.

A half-hour before lock-up time Blackie rolled up his garden hose and carried it to the toolhouse. Once within its doors and alone, he cut off six feet of the hose and wound it around his body, tying it securely in place. Next from a pile of rubbish he unearthed a single rubber glove which he had filched one day from the hospital dispensary. He had tried in vain to get its mate. Two hundred feet of heavy twine from the mill completed the list of his preparations.

It would have puzzled even a man as shrewd as Martin Sherwood to determine how Boston Blackie planned to escape from San Gregorio Penitentiary with the motley array of contraband he had gathered together. The hospital dormitory where he celled was on the top floor of a detached building that stood alone in the yard, fully a hundred feet from the wall that surrounded the prison. It was conceivably possible for a man with even such a makeshift saw as Blackie's to cut the bars of his window and escape from his cell, but freedom from his cell was a long step from real freedom. There still remained the thirty-foot wall to be scaled—a wall guarded on top by a gun-guard in a watchtower and patrolled at the bottom all night by other armed guards.

AT five o'clock Boston Blackie and the other hospital inmates were locked in their cells for the night. Thereafter, twice each hour, a guard was scheduled to pass and inspect the cells. At five minutes past five the Squirrel, faithful to his promise, began to play on his mouth-organ.

And as the boy played, Blackie chipped away the soap and lampblack with which he had plugged a half-sawed window-bar and cut at it with his pitifully inadequate saw in frantic haste. The noise of the mouth-organ drowned the gentle rasping of the saw, a vitally necessary precaution.

A mirror hung on the wall near the door warned Blackie of the approach of the guard each time he made his rounds. Hour after hour the Squirrel played, and hour after hour Blackie sawed. He had spent a month and a half sawing through the first bar and halfway through the second. To-night in four hours he must complete the task, for at nine o'clock "lights out" would sound throughout the prison, and silence would settle over the dormitory, making further work on the bar impossible.

The saw-blade cut into his hands and tore his finger-tips. His arms were numb with pain. The singsong rasping seemed like a voice crying out a warning to the guards. The saw grew hot, and again and again he had to cool it in the water-bucket. Often it seemed as if he couldn't drive his tortured muscles another second, but he conjured into his mind a pic-

ture of Martin Sherwood's face with the teeth gleaming in a white line as he bent over a form in the strait-jacket. Sheer will-power kept the saw moving then, and so slowly it was almost imperceptible; but surely, nevertheless, it bit through the steel that seemed a living thing bent on binding Blackie to years of prison slavery and punishment.

At last it was done! With fifteen precious minutes to spare, the saw grated through the outer rim of rust and left the bar severed. With two bars cut and bent outward, Blackie knew he could squeeze his body through the window to the wide ledge outside and four stories above the guarded courtyard below. He swept the glistening filings into his water-bucket, hid the saw, worn now smooth as a knife, and tumbled on his bunk a quivering wreck.

The prison-bell tolled out nine; the lights winked out; and silence settled over the dormitory.

At one o'clock Blackie waited for the guard to pass, and then, with a half-hour at his disposal, slipped out of his convict clothes and fashioned them into a dummy which he covered with blankets to resemble a sleeping man.

He dressed in his civilian clothes, with his six-foot length of hose still coiled about his body. He tucked his one glove carefully into his breast beside the ball of twine. Then he pulled out one of the heavy legs of his stool and tied it across his back. His preparations were complete. He took another stool-leg and, using it as a lever, bent the severed bars straight out. A moment later he stood outside on the window ledge.

BELOW him the wall fell away sheer for four stories. Six feet above his head the rain-gutter marked the level of the flat roof. So far, Blackie had followed in the footsteps of other men who had tried to escape. But the others, once free from their cells, had gone down, each to be shot to death as he lurked in the courtyard vainly seeking a means to cross the towering wall that barred him in.

Instead of going down, Blackie went up. He took off his shoes and hung them about his neck. With fingers and toes clutching the bricks that jutted out a few inches around the window coping, he climbed slowly and with infinite caution upward. A single slip, the slightest misstep, and Martin Sherwood would smile and light a cigar in the morning when they carried his body in.

Inch by inch Blackie raised himself, pressing his body close to the wall to keep from overbalancing. For the first time he realized his physical weakness. His arms were like dead things, and unresponsive to the iron will that commanded them. Again and again, in the agony of forcing his wasted muscles to obedience, he thought of releasing his clutch and falling to a quick death—relief! But always, in the wake of that thought, Martin Sherwood's face danced before his eyes, and the cruel satisfaction of the Deputy nerved Blackie to climb on.

At last his groping, bloody fingers clutched the edge of the roof-gutter. He faced the last crucial task. He must now swing his feet clear and raise himself to the roof by his arms alone—no greatfeat

for a well man but, to the ill and exhausted convict, one that taxed even his iron resolution to the last atom of its resource.

Somehow he did it and lay at last safe on the roof, blinking back at the stars, which hung so low it seemed he could reach up and touch them. He lay still, thoughtlessly content, until the chiming prison-bell forced on his wandering mind the realization that a precious half-hour was gone, leaving him still inside the walls that barred the road to Mary.

Blackie rose and crept silently to the edge of the roof nearest the wall. He was high above that stone barricade, from which he was separated by a full hundred feet of space. Nothing, apparently, spanned that impassable gap, and yet when one looked again, something did span it—two glistening copper wires that ran down from the roof at a sharp angle to a pole outside the wall above which they hung a full twenty feet. They were uninsulated, live wires which fed the prison machinery and lighting system with a current that was death to whatever touched them—yet they were the key to Boston Blackie's plan of escape.

Carefully he unwound the length of rubber hose from about his body. Carefully he laid the insulating rubber over the strands of shining metal. With infinite pains he bound and rebound the stool-leg to the dangling length of rubber that hung beneath them. The result was a crazily insecure trapeze which swung under wires the touch of which was fatal.

THEN Boston Blackie pulled out his ball of jute twine and attached it to a brick chimney, the only thing upright and secure in sight. He glanced toward the wall far beneath him, where a sleepy guard dozed in his tower; then Blackie毫不犹豫地 seated himself on the bar of his improvised trapeze. With his back toward the wall, he swung clear of the roof and began to slide down the wires, regulating his speed with the cord on the chimney.

The light wires swayed and sagged but supported his weight. Yard by yard he let himself down. Half the perilous journey through the air was accomplished, and he was directly over the wall, when the chimney cord that kept him from shooting madly backward down the incline, suddenly snapped. The hose trapeze shot downward at headlong speed. Instinctively Boston Blackie reached up with both hands to seize the wires and check his fall.

Even as he reached, realization of the certain death they carried flashed through his brain. He stayed one hand within inches of the wires. With the other—the one covered with his single rubber glove—he caught one of the wires and gradually checked his fall. Slowly he slid over the wall and down toward the pole outside the prison inclosure. When its shadow warned him he had almost reached it, he stopped himself and turning his head, studied the network of wires with deep caution. Seeing no way of avoiding their death-dealing touch if he tried to work his way through them and clamber down the pole, he slipped from his seat on the trapeze, hung by his hands for the fraction of a second and dropped.

The fall jarred him from head to foot

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but left him crouching by the light-pole—uninjured and outside the walls.

For five minutes he lay motionless, watching for any sign of an alarm from the walls. None came; he was free.

Slowly and on his stomach, Indian-fashion, Blackie worked his way out from San Gregorio and across the sweet-smelling fields that led toward the world of free men. When the last watchtower was behind him, he rose to his feet and raised his arms toward the blinking and kindly stars in a fervent but unspoken prayer of thanksgiving. He had done the impossible. He had escaped from the hitherto unbeatable prison ruled by Martin Sherwood.

Just as the morning bell was rousing the sleepy cell-houses at San Gregorio to another weary day of serfdom, a gaunt wraith of a man climbed a rear stairway to a tiny apartment on Laguna Street, San Francisco. The early morning fog added to his ghostlike appearance as he softly rapped at the bedroom window with the knock that is the open sesame of the underworld. The woman sleeping within awoke instantly with a start, but lay quiet, fearing she still dreamed, for in her dream she had been with Boston Blackie, her husband.

Again she heard the soft rap at the window. She sprang to the sash, looked out and threw it open, seizing in her arms the scarecrow of a man who stood there and dragging him inside.

"Mary!" he cried.

"Blackie!" she answered.

All the endearments of all the languages of the world accentuated a hundredfold were in the two words.

"God in heaven, I thank you," she whispered, falling to her knees with Blackie's stained and haggard face clasped to her breast.

BOOSTON BLACKIE is missing from his cell in the hospital, sir. He sawed two window-bars and got out during the night. He left his clothes rolled into a dummy on his bunk, and the night-guard didn't discover it until the morning count a moment ago. But he can't be far away. He couldn't have got over the wall and must be hidden somewhere about the prison, the night-captain thinks. He has ordered the whole force out to make a search."

The hospital turnkey saluted the Deputy Warden and stood awaiting his orders. There was no surprise in Martin Sherwood's eyes, and no excitement in his manner.

"And so he's gone," he said. "His convict suit in his bunk, you say?" The guard nodded.

"Tell the captain he needn't bother to search the prison yard or buildings. He's wasting his time," Sherwood continued. "Blackie has five to seven hours' start at least, and he's miles away from here now."

"But he can't be. He must be inside the walls. He couldn't have got over them," protested the guard.

"He's over the walls, safe enough," Sherwood returned with conviction. "Boston Blackie isn't a man to saw his way out of a cell and then hide in a dark corner of the prison and wait for us to find him. He's gone, without a doubt."

The Deputy pulled his phone toward

him and called the chief of police of San Francisco at his home.

"Boston Blackie, the safe-blower, has escaped," he said when a sleepy voice answered him over the wire. "What? It's the first time, yes, but there has to be a first time for everything, you know, particularly when you are dealing with a man like Blackie. Now, Chief, he's bound to go straight to Mary Dawson, a woman who is living somewhere in your town. I wish you would put your best men out quick to locate her. It ought to be easy, for every crook in town knows them both, and somebody will be sure to tell where she is living. You haven't a second to spare, for both she and Blackie will drop out of sight before night so completely we never will find them. We'll offer five hundred dollars reward for Blackie. Sure! All right. I'll be over."

Martin Sherwood hung up the phone and turned to the work before him with something akin to pleasurable anticipation in his face. Like all truly strong men he found satisfaction in a battle with a worthy foeman.

MEANWHILE, in Mary Dawson's Laguna Street apartment, Boston Blackie was no less alert than Martin Sherwood.

"Does anyone know this address?" he asked the woman who sat on his knee stroking his hair and running gentle, loving fingers sadly over the deep lines left in his haggard face by pain and illness.

"I moved only a month ago when you sent me word," she said. "Scarcely anyone knows. I met Diamond Frank and Stella last week, and they were up here to dinner.

"We must get away from here at once," Blackie said. "We've got to disappear so completely it will be humanly impossible to trace us. One overlooked clue—the slightest in the world—will lead the Deputy Warden to us. He's no ordinary copper. It's a hundred to one he has half the detectives in the town out hunting this flat now, for he knows, of course, that I'd go to you. But, little sweetheart, I'll promise you this: whether he finds us or not, he'll never take Boston Blackie back to San Gregorio. Have you my guns?"

Mary nodded, shuddering, and began to throw clothes into a trunk.

"Never mind packing the trunk, Mary," Blackie corrected. "Just throw together what you can get into a couple of suit-cases, dear. We'll leave everything else behind. We're not going to use any transfer-man in this move, little woman."

Mary sighed as she obeyed without question. Little feminine trinkets are dear to a woman, and she hated to leave them, but Blackie's word was the only law she knew.

There was nothing to distinguish the man and woman carrying suit-cases, who took a car near Mary's apartment and crossed to the other side of the city, from scores of other passengers who traveled with them—except the man's emaciation. They rented a room in a modest lodging-house on the edge of a good residence district.

"Mary," said Blackie the moment they were alone, "there's work for you to do

quickly. We're safe here until to-night, but no longer. Go downtown to Levy's theatrical costuming shop. Tell them you're playing a grandmother's part in an amateur play and get a complete old woman's outfit—white wig, clothes, shoes, everything. Get a cheap hat and a working-girl's hand-me-down, too. You're too well dressed not to attract attention where we're going. Draw every dollar we have in the bank just as soon as possible, for every moment you are on the street is a danger. You better bring something to eat, too—just a loaf of bread, for I ruined my stomach with lye to get into the prison hospital, and I can't eat anything but crusts. Above everything, be careful no one recognizes you and trails you out here. Every copper in town must be looking for us by this time."

He drew two revolvers from the suitcase, looked carefully to their loads and laid them on the bed.

"I'm going to sleep while you're gone. I didn't get much rest last night," he said, smiling happily.

AT noon that day, while Boston Blackie lay sleeping in the cross-town lodging-house, the police located Mary Dawson's Laguna Street apartment. Diamond Frank had casually mentioned the address to another crook, who happened to mention it to a bartender who was a stool-pigeon; and so, deviously but surely, it finally reached headquarters.

The chief of police called in a dozen of his best men, armed them and sent them out in two autos.

"Take no chances with him, boys," the chief warned. "When he's lying dead in a morgue, it might be safe to walk in on him, but I wouldn't gamble on it then unless I had seen him killed. He's a bad one. Take care of yourselves."

The chief's men did so to the very best of their ability. They put officers with drawn guns at every door and window—outside. When everything was ready and not even a mouse could have escaped from the house without being riddled by a dozen bullets, the captain in charge of the expedition asked who would volunteer to enter the apartment and arrest the escaped convict. The policemen shifted uneasily on their feet and glanced expectantly at each other, but no one spoke. Somebody had an inspiration.

"Let's send the landlady to the door with a phony letter," he suggested. "When the girl comes to the door, we'll grab her and bust in on Blackie before he knows we're in the joint."

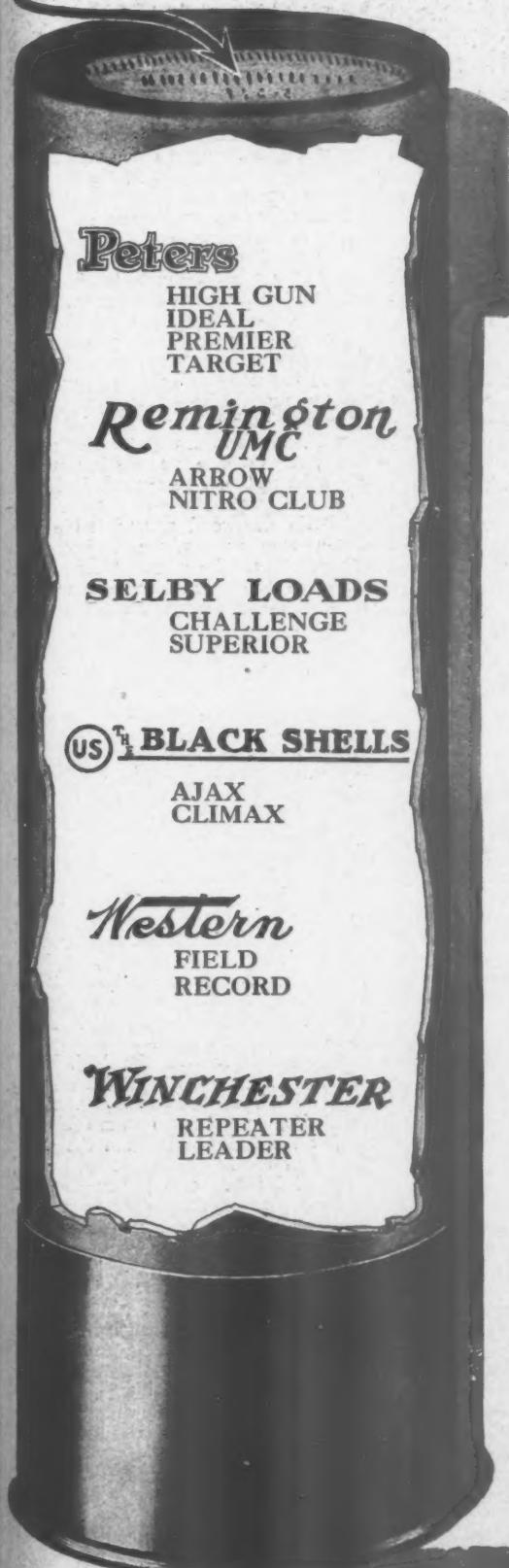
The plan was adopted. The landlady knocked on the door, with four brawny men behind her ready to seize whoever opened it. There was no response. Repeated knocks were equally fruitless. Finally the landlady took a passkey and opened the door.

"Gone," chorused the detectives as they saw the empty rooms.

"The girl's out somewhere probably to meet him. Then they'll come back here, both of 'em," the captain declared. "They haven't blowed. Look at the trunks and clothes. Now we'll get 'em dead to rights. We'll just plant inside here and cover them when they come back."

But the guards in Mary's flat stayed

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When you buy loaded shotgun shells you buy by name. You ask for your favorite make and see to it that you get it.

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Hercules Smokeless Shotgun Powders, Infallible and "E.C.", may be obtained in the standard makes of shells given at the left. The shell you shoot is among them. You can obtain a Hercules powder in that shell by asking for it when you buy.

On the top wad of every shell, and on the side of the box in which the shells are sold, is printed the name of the powder with which the shell is loaded. Look for the name when buying. See that it is either Infallible or "E.C.".

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there three days ready to pounce on the man—who never came. Meanwhile Sherwood started a canvass of every hotel and lodging-house in the city. On the third day a detective brought in the information that a landlady, when shown Blackie's picture, identified it as that of a man who came with his wife and rented a room on the morning of the escape. They had two suit-cases. The woman went out and came back with some packages. The next morning when she went to collect her rent for the second day, the couple had gone. That was all the landlady could tell.

"I thought so," Sherwood mused when the news was phoned him. "He's hidden somewhere he thinks is perfectly secure. Every exit from the city is guarded, but that's pretty much wasted effort, for Boston Blackie, if I know him, won't stir from his place of refuge for weeks, maybe months. The man who finds him now will have real reason to compliment himself. And," he added with unalterable determination, "I'm going to be that man."

Sherwood turned the management of the prison over to a subordinate and spent his time directing the investigation of the hundreds of clues the reward brought to the police. But all proved futile. Fewer and fewer cues came in. A newer sensation crowded stories of the hunt for Boston Blackie from the first pages of the newspapers. The police frankly were beaten. Only Martin Sherwood kept at the task.

Sherwood puzzled and pondered for days without finding the clue he sought. Every detail of the escaped convict's appearance as he last saw him on the prison lawn was graven photographically on his brain. He remembered the emaciated face, the too-brilliant eyes, the shrunken shoulders from which the flesh had fallen away during his illness in the hospital.

"The doctor said that illness was real," he pondered. "Stomach trouble, he said, and he's not a man to be fooled. Blackie was really sick, without doubt, and yet that sickness couldn't have been mere chance. He hadn't eaten anything but outer crusts of bread for weeks. Even the night he escaped he left the inside of a loaf in his cell. Ah! The inside of a loaf—and he always did that—always threw away the inside of bread loaves because he couldn't digest them."

Martin Sherwood sprang to his feet more nearly excited than he had been in years.

"It's a long chance," he said to himself. "But it is a chance. He'll be more than human if he has thought of that too."

The Deputy Warden ordered his car and drove out to the city incinerator where the garbage wagons of the city consigned their ill-smelling burdens to a cleansing flame. Sherwood explained to the superintendent.

"Tell every garbage-collector in the city," he said, "that I'll pay the man who finds the hollowed-out insides of loaves of bread in a garbage can one hundred dollars for the address from which that can was filled."

"IN three days, Mary, just three short days, we'll sail out through the Golden Gate. You and I will be together

with a new world ahead, and Martin Sherwood behind, nursing the bitterness of defeat!"

Mary, with a better, sweeter happiness in her eyes than Boston Blackie had ever seen there, clung to him as he spoke. They were in the two small rooms—kitchen and bedroom—in which they had lain securely hidden during the ten days which had elapsed since Blackie's flight from prison. Their landlady, who scrubbed office-building floors at night to support herself, lived alone on the floor below. The house was an attic cottage with a garden, in San Francisco's sunny Mission. Boston Blackie and his Mary sat hand in hand planning a future without a flaw—a future as rosy-hued as the girl's cheeks. The realization of their hopes was very near now. In three days the *Colon* sailed for Central American ports. Their passage was paid. The hunt for Blackie had died down. Once aboard the steamer and out of the harbor, a matter of little-risk now, they would be safe and free and unafraid.

So they sat and planned in happy whispers,—for caution still bade them be low-voiced while their landlady was in the house,—while just below them, low-voiced and cautious too, Martin Sherwood questioned that landlady.

"I have no roomers but a Miss Collins and her mother, who is an invalid, poor soul. They have the two rooms in the attic," she was telling the Deputy. "The girl is learning shorthand and don't go out much. The old lady is crippled with rheumatism and can't leave the rooms. Oh, they are nice, quiet, respectable people, sir."

Sherwood was deeply puzzled. From the garbage-can behind this house had come a half-dozen loaves of bread in three days, with the crusts—and only the crusts—eaten off. He had come to the house after painstaking preparation, feeling that Boston Blackie and victory were within his grasp. The landlady's story of a girl who studied shorthand, and an invalid mother, found no place in his theory of what he would find there, and yet it was evident the woman spoke the truth.

"What does the girl look like? What is the color of her hair?" he asked.

"Red, sir—a beautiful red like a polished copper kettle."

Mary's hair was coal black. For the first time Martin Sherwood's confidence was shaken.

"When did they come here?" he asked.

"Why, let me see." The woman reckoned on her fingers. "It was a week ago Thursday, sir, in the evening. They saw my advertisement in the paper and came just before I went to work—which is nine o'clock, sir."

Blackie had escaped early on the morning of the day she mentioned. On that Thursday night he and Mary had disappeared from the lodging-house which was their first place of refuge. The date and hour of their arrival decided Sherwood. He would have a look at this red-haired girl and her invalid mother.

"I would like to go up and see them for a moment," he told the woman. "I'm an officer." He showed his star. "Oh, no, nothing wrong at all. I just want to see them. I like to keep track of people in the district."

"Certainly, sir. I'll call Miss Collins and—"

"No, no—that isn't necessary," hastily interrupted Sherwood. "I'll just step upstairs and knock."

THOUGH he tried to step lightly, as Sherwood's tread sounded on the uncarpeted stairway there was a sudden shuffling of feet on the floor above. He smiled, for that augured well, and he felt for the gun slung just inside his coat. Then he rapped.

Muffled sounds came from behind the door. A chair squeaked as it was pushed across the floor. A few seconds of silence; then, plain and unmistakable, came the sound of a woman sobbing hysterically. Sherwood tried the door, found it locked and knocked again peremptorily.

The door suddenly was flung wide open, and in the flood of light from within a woman faced him—a woman with a wealth of bronze hair that should have been black, a woman with tears on cheeks that were as bloodless as death, a woman whom he instantly recognized as Boston Blackie's Mary.

Martin Sherwood sprang inside with drawn revolver ready to answer the stream of lead he expected from some corner of the room. None came. Instead he saw a woman, white-haired and evidently feeble, sitting beside a bed with bowed head while her body shook with convulsive sobs. On the bed, covered with a sheet that was drawn up over the face, lay a silent, motionless form that told its own story.

Sudden disappointment gripped Martin Sherwood's heart. Had the man he had rated so highly cheated him of his long-coveted triumph only by the coward's expedient of suicide?

"Where's Boston Blackie?" he demanded, his gun still covering the room.

Mary pointed silently to the still figure on the bed.

"Dead!" exclaimed the Deputy Warden. "When? How?"

"An hour ago," she sobbed. "You starved him to death in your prison." She dropped to her knees. "God have mercy on us now!" she prayed.

Sherwood strode to the bed, beside which the aged woman still sat sobbing, and leaning over, lifted the sheet. As he did so his gun for the first time failed to cover all the room. Beneath the sheet, instead of the face he expected, he saw a roll of blankets carefully molded and tied into the semblance of a human form. Before he could turn, cold steel was pressed against the base of his brain.

"Drop that gun, Sherwood," said Boston Blackie's voice from behind him. "Drop it quick. Raise it one inch, and you'll be as dead as you thought I was."

Sherwood hesitated as a full realization of the new situation flashed through his mind; then he smiled as he thought of the posse he had thrown around the house and let his revolver slip through his fingers to the bed. Here was a worthy antagonist—a bit too worthy, as the cards lay just then! But the deal was far from done.

"Pick up his gun, Mary, and lay it on the table in the corner well out of the Deputy's way," directed Blackie. "Then see if he has another. I don't care to move the muzzle of my gun from his neck."



Three Packer Girls —

MOTHER

Hasn't Mother young-looking hair? She might even admit it herself, if you were to ask her.

She might admit, perhaps more readily, one secret of her young-looking hair. For years —in fact, ever since she wore pig-tails—Mother has used, regularly, a certain well-known pine-tar soap for shampooing.

Now, Mother is bringing up girls of her own. She considers it a very vital part of their bringing up to see that they get as good a start as she herself was given, toward lasting hair-beauty and hair-health.

Write for our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," 36 pages of practical information. Sent free on request. Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed, cleanses delightfully and refreshes the scalp—keeping the hair soft and attractive. Liberal sample bottle 10 cents.

DOROTHY

Dorothy is fifteen—that age at which a girl's hair is apt to present "problems" to a mother as conscientious as Dorothy's mother is.

But Mother foresaw all this when Dorothy was still a "toddler." So it is not surprising, perhaps, that Dorothy's hair is today the envy of most of her neighborhood chums.

To the systematic use of PACKER'S STAR SOAP from childhood up, is due much of the credit. This regular habit of Dorothy's—and Mother's too —has certainly helped them both in maintaining healthful scalp conditions, and promoting beautiful hair.

FLORENCE

Florence is the "baby of the family"—just turned six. She has a very real admiration for Mother and Dorothy.

When they shampoo, she insists on having the nice, thick, creamy pine-tar lather rubbed thoroughly into every part of her scalp, too. It feels so good.

A few years from now, when people are admiring the pretty girl in her teens, Florence will realize—what she can't be expected to realize now—that "you cannot begin too early"—if you aspire to a fine head of hair. A sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap will give you a start. Sent for 10c.

Packer's Tar Soap

(Pure as the Pines)

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 87y, 81 Fulton Street, New York City

just yet. Now," he continued, "slip off these skirts. I'm not overly well used to them, even though I've worn them for ten days, and if Mr. Sherwood should forget the company he's in and get suddenly reckless, they might be in my way."

"Now turn round, Sherwood, and face the music," ordered Blackie a moment later.

The Deputy Warden turned and faced the convict behind whom lay a discarded white wig and an old woman's garments. He met his captor's eyes without a tremor, and smiled.

"Well done, Blackie, I must admit," he said. "But I should have known that when you didn't shoot as I came in, things weren't what they seemed."

"I didn't expect you, Sherwood," Blackie replied, "but as you see, I made preparations to receive you in case you came."

THE convict's face grew pale and suddenly grave. His grip on the gun leveled at the Deputy's head tightened.

"You understand, of course, Sherwood, I've got to kill you," he said then.

"As matters stand, naturally it wouldn't surprise me," the Deputy answered. His voice was absolutely calm and unshaken, his eyes without the remotest trace of fear.

"If you have anything to say or do or think, be quick," said the convict.

"I haven't—thank you."

The men stared into each other's eyes, the silence broken only by Mary's sobs.

"I hate to kill a man as brave as you in cold blood," said Boston Blackie slowly. "You're a brave man, Sherwood, even when you don't hold all the cards in the game as you do inside your prison. I hate to kill you, but I've got to. I can't tie and gag you. You'd get free before we could get away from the city. I can't risk that."

"Naturally not," said Sherwood.

"I couldn't trust your promise not to bother me, in a life-and-death matter like this, if I let you go alive," continued Blackie with troubled eyes.

"I wouldn't give it if you did." There was no hesitation in the answer.

"Well, then." The gun that covered the Deputy Warden's head swayed downward till the muzzle covered his heart. "Are you ready?"

"Any time," said Sherwood.

The hammer rose under the pressure of the convict's finger on the trigger. Mary Dawson, crying hysterically now, turned away her face and covered her ears.

"Do you want to go, Mary, before I—I do what I must do?" asked Blackie, realizing what the scene with its inevitable end must mean to the girl. "It would be better for you to go, dear."

"No, no," she cried. "I want to share with you all blame for what you do. I won't go till you do."

Sherwood turned his eyes curiously on the woman. Sherwood knew what he would have risked for such a woman and such love.

Boston Blackie's face was strangely gray. The hammer of the revolver rose, hesitated, fell—then rose again. The Deputy, his gaze returning from the woman's face, looked into the gun unflinchingly and in silence. Another pause freighted with that sort of tension that

crumbles the strongest; then slowly the convict let the muzzle of his weapon drop below the heart of the man he faced.

"Sherwood," he said in a voice that broke between his words, "I hate you as I hate no living man, but I can't kill you as you stand before me unarmed and helpless. I'm going to give you a chance for your life." He stepped backward and picked up the Deputy Warden's revolver. He pushed a table between himself and the man he couldn't kill. He laid the revolvers side by side on it, one pointing toward him, the other toward Sherwood. The clock on the mantel showed three minutes of the hour.

"Sherwood," he said, "in three minutes that clock will strike. I'm exactly as far from the guns as you. On the first stroke of the clock we'll reach together for them—and the quickest hand wins."

MARTIN SHERWOOD studied Boston Blackie's face with something in his eyes no other man had ever seen there. He glanced toward the guns on the table. It was true he was exactly as near them as the convict. Nothing prevented him from reaching them, and firing at the first touch of his finger on the trigger. Blackie deliberately had surrendered his irresistible advantage to give him, Martin Sherwood, his prison-torturer, an even chance for life. For the first time the Deputy's eyes were unsteady and his voice throaty and shaken.

"I won't bargain with you, Blackie," he said.

"You're afraid to risk an even break?"

"You know I'm not," Sherwood answered, his gaze turning once more to the woman who stood by the door, staring panic-stricken. It was plain that the issue to be decided in that room was life or death to her as well as to the men.

Boston Blackie reached toward his gun, hoping the Deputy Warden would do likewise and, in one quick exchange of shots, the strain he knew was breaking his nerve. Sherwood let Blackie recover his weapon without moving a muscle. Once more the convict's revolver rose till it covered Martin Sherwood's heart. They stood again as they had been, the Deputy at the mercy of the escaped prisoner.

Seconds passed, then minutes, without a word or a motion on either side of the table over which the triangular tragedy was being settled not at all as any of those concerned had planned. The strain was unbearable. The muscles of the convict's throat twitched. His face was drawn and distorted.

"Pick up that gun and defend yourself," he cried.

"No," shouted Sherwood, the calm which his mighty will had until then sustained snapping like an overtightened violin-string.

"You want to make me feel myself a murderer," cried Blackie in anguish. "Why didn't I give you bullet for bullet when you came in the door? I could have killed you then. Now I can't unless you'll fight. Once more I ask you, will you take an even break?"

"No," cried Sherwood again.

With a great cry—the cry of a strong man broken and beaten—Boston Blackie threw his gun upon the floor.

"You win, Sherwood," he sobbed, losing self-control completely for the first

time in a life of daily hazards. "You've beaten me."

He staggered drunkenly toward Mary and folded her in his arms.

"I tried to force myself to pull the trigger by thinking of the life we hoped for together, dear, but I couldn't do it," he moaned brokenly. "I'll go back with him now. Everything is over."

"I'm glad you didn't, dear," she cried, clinging to him. "It would have been murder. I don't want you to do that, even to save our happiness. But I'll wait for you, dear one, wait till your time is done and you come back to me again."

BOSTON BLACKIE straightened his shoulders and turning to Sherwood, held out his wrists for the handcuffs.

"Come, come," he urged. "For God's sake don't prolong this. Don't stand there gloating. Take me away."

Martin Sherwood, with something strangely new transfiguring the face Boston Blackie knew and hated, reached to the table and picked up his gun slowly. Just as slowly he dropped it into his pocket. He looked into the two grief-racked faces before him, long and silently.

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you folks," he said quietly at last. "I came here looking for an escaped convict named Boston Blackie. I have found only you, Miss Collins, and your mother. I'm sorry my misinformation has subjected you both to annoyance. The police officers who are outside"—the Deputy Warden opened a crack in the window-curtain and pointed out to them dim shapes in the darkness—"and who surround this house, will be withdrawn at once. Had Boston Blackie been in this room, and had he by some mischance killed me, his shot would have brought a dozen men armed with sawed-off shotguns. Escape for him was absolutely impossible. I saw to that before I entered here alone to capture him. But it all has been a blunder. The man I wanted to take back to prison is not here, and I can only hope my apology will be accepted."

Blackie stared at him with blazing, unbelieving eyes. From Mary came a cry in which all the pent-up anguish of the lifetime that had been lived in the last half-hour found sudden relief.

"Good night, folks," said Martin Sherwood, offering Boston Blackie his hand. The convict caught it in his own, and the men looked into each other's eyes for a second. Then the Deputy Warden went out and closed the door behind him.

Mary sprang into Blackie's arms, and they dropped together into a chair, dazed with a happiness greater than either had ever known.

"He is a man," said Blackie. "He is a man even though he's a copper."

Martin Sherwood let himself out of the house and beckoned the cordon of police to him as he looked back at the windows of the attic rooms and spoke softly to himself.

"He is a man," he said. "He is a man, even though he is a convict."

It was the greatest praise and the greatest concession either had ever made to another man.

Boston Blackie will appear again in an early issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE—and in a story even more thrilling than the foregoing.

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